HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

SELECTED

FROM

VARIOUS AUTHORS.

SING YE PRAISES WITH UNDERSTANDING.
PSALMN XLVII.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

A TABLE

to find

ANY HYMN

by the

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GOD.

HYMN I. Dr. Doddridge.

God's *love to the world in ſending* Christ *for its redemption.* John iii. 16.

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious ſong:
Aſſiſt the choir, ye tribes of ev'ry tongue:
Wide as the world his ſov'reign mercy reigns;
Wide as the world reſound the rapt'rous ſtrains,
Ye angels, join the joyful acclamation,
And ſing that love, that brings to men ſalvation.

2 His gracious eye beheld in full ſurvey
Where *Adam's* race in mingled ruin lay;
No human aid the danger could avert:
No angel's hand could ſoothe the raging ſmart;
In his own breaſt divine compaſſion riſes,
And the grand ſcheme the court of heav'n ſurprizes.

3 God's only Son with peerleſs glories bright,
His Father's faireſt image and delight,
Juſtice and grace the victim have decreed,
To wear our fleſh, and in that fleſh to bleed,
Proſtrate in duſt, ye ſinners, all adore him,
And tremble, while your hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wondrous work is done; the cov'nant ſtood,
And *Jeſus* expiates human guilt with blood;
Nail'd to the tree, he bows his ſacred head;
A mangled corpſe he ſojourns with the dead;
Riſing, he ſends his word through ev'ry nation;
Sinners believe, and gain compleat ſalvation.

5 Father of grace, accept our humble praiſe;
O let it run through everlaſting days!
And thou, bleſt Saviour, ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
Accept the ſouls dear-ranſom'd with thy blood;
And to thoſe ſongs, form all our feeble voices,
In which the choir round thy bright throne rejoices.

II. Dr. Doddridge.

God *ſupplying the neceſſities of his people.* Phil. iv. 19, 20.

1 MY God, how chearful is the ſound!
How pleaſant to repeat!
Well may that heart with pleaſure bound,
Where God hath fix'd his ſeat.

2 What want ſhall not our God ſupply
From his abundant ſtores?
What ſtreams of mercy from on high
An arm almighty pow'rs.

3 From *Chriſt*, the everliving Spring,
Theſe ample bleſſings flow:
Prepare our lips, his name to ſing,
Whoſe heart hath lov'd us ſo:

4 Now to our Father and our God
Be endleſs glory giv'n,
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the higheſt heav'n.

III. BERRIDGE.

HYMN *to the Divine Goodneſs.*

1 THY *goodneſs* Lord our ſouls confeſs,
Thy *goodneſs* we adore;
A ſpring whoſe bleſſings never fail,
A ſea without a ſhore.

2 Sun, moon, and ſtars thy *love* atteſt
In ev'ry golden ray:
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And *love* returns the day.

3 Thy *bounty* ev'ry ſeaſon crowns
With all the bliſs it yields;
With joyful cluſters loads the vines,
With ſtrengthning grain the fields.

4 But chiefly thy *compaſſions*, Lord,
Are in the *goſpel* ſeen:
There, like a ſun, thy mercy ſhines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Thy Son, thy nobleſt choiceſt gift,
Was from thy boſom ſent,
To bear from off our ſinking world
Its load of puniſhment.

6 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Are publiſh'd in his name:
Ours is the life, the glory ours,
And his the death and ſhame.

7 How wide the reign of ſovereign grace,
How ſtrong the current rolls,
That bears to heav'n's unbounded bliſs
Millions of ruin'd ſouls!

IV. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

A ſong of praiſe to GOD.

1 TO God the univerſal king
Let all mankind their tribute bring;
All that have breath, your voices raiſe,
In ſongs of never-ceaſing praiſe.

2 The ſpacious earth on which we tread,
And wider heav'ns ſtretch'd o'er our head,
A large and ſolemn temple frame,
To celebrate its builder's fame.

3 Here the bright ſun that rules the day,
As through the ſky he makes his way,
To all the world proclaims aloud
The boundleſs ſov'reignty of God.

4 When from his courts the ſun retires,
And with the day his voice expires,
The moon and ſtars adopt the ſong,
And through the night the praiſe prolong.

5 The liſt'ning earth with rapture hears
Th' harmonious muſic of the ſpheres;
And all the tribes the notes repeat,
That God is wiſe, and good, and great.

6 But man endow'd with nobler pow'rs,
His God in nobler ſtrains adores:
His is the gift to know the ſong,
As well as ſing with tuneful tongue.

V. L. M. BROWN.

The unity of GOD. Deut. vi. 4.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cauſe
Of earth and ſeas and worlds unknown;
All things are ſubject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2 Thy glorious being ſingly ſtands,
Of all within itſelf poſſeſt,
Control'd by none are thy commands,
Thou for thyſelf alone art bleſt.

3 To thee alone ourſelves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other Gods we diſavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their way.

4 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone;
Give to all nations thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

VI. L. M. STEELE.

The eternity of GOD *and man's mortality*, Pſ. xc.

1 LORD, thou haſt been thy children's God,
All powerful, wiſe, and good, and juſt,
In ev'ry age their ſafe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their truſt.

2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or ſpread the ſtarry heaven abroad,
Or form'd the various face of earth,
From everlaſting thou art God.

3 Great Father of Eternity,
How ſhort are ages in thy ſight!
A thouſand years how ſwift they fly,
Like one ſhort ſilent watch of night.

4 Uncertain life, how ſoon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how ſhort our bloom!
Like ſprings gay verdure now we riſe,
Cut down ere night, to fill the tomb.

5 Teach us to count our ſhort'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wiſdom's ſacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

6 O make our ſacred pleaſures grow,
In ſweet proportion to our pains,
'Till all our tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Nor one uneaſy thought complains.

7 Let thy Almighty work appear,
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliſs thy ſervants ſhare,
Continued to thy children ſhine.

8 Thy glorious image fair impreſt,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection bleſt,
May all our labours own thy care!

VII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

The immutability of God, *and the mutability of the Creation*, Pſ. cii. 25---28.

1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our ſouls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while we praiſe
The Ancient of eternal Days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unſurpriz'd ſurvey,
Saw'ſt nature riſing yeſterday;
And as to-morrow, ſhall thine eye
See earth and ſtars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's viſion bright,
Thou dwell'ſt in ſelf-exiſtent light;
Which ſhines with undiminiſh'd ray,
While ſuns and worlds in ſmoke decay.

Our days a tranſient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling ſun;
And in the firmeſt ſtate we boaſt,
A moth can cruſh us into duſt.

But let the creatures fall around:
Let death conſign us to the ground:
Let the laſt gen'ral flame ariſe,
And melt the arches of the ſkies.

Calm as the ſummer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature ſee,
While grace ſecures us an abode
Unſhaken as the throne of God.

VIII. Sevens. B. FRANCIS.

The Majeſty of GOD.

GLORY to th' eternal King,
Clad in majeſty ſupreme!
Let all heaven his praiſes ſing,
Let all worlds his power proclaim.

Through eternity he reigns
In unbounded realms of light;
He the univerſe ſuſtains,
As an atom in his ſight.

O let my tranſported ſoul
Ever on his glories gaze,
Ever yield to his controul,
Ever ſound his lofty praiſe!

IX. L. M. BEDDOME.

The Wiſdom of GOD.

WAIT O my ſoul, thy Maker's will;
Tumultuous paſſions, all be ſtill,
Nor let a murm'ring thought ariſe,
His ways are juſt, his counſels wiſe.

2 He in the thickeſt darkneſs dwells,
Performs his work, the cauſe conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth ſupport his throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and ſeas,
He executes his firm decrees;
And by his ſaints it ſtands confeſt,
That what he does is ever beſt.

4 Wait then, my ſoul, ſubmiſſive wait,
Proſtrate before his awful ſeat;
And 'midſt the terrors of his rod,
Truſt in a wiſe and gracious God.

X. C. M. Steele.

The Goodneſs of God. Nahum i. 7.

1 YE humble ſouls, approach your God
With ſongs of ſacred praiſe,
For he is good, immenſely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ranſom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodneſs known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A ſafe defence, a peaceful home,
When ſtorms of trouble riſe.

4 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The ſouls who truſt in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliſs divinely free.

5 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours ſhall we raiſe?
Not all the raptur'd ſouls above
Can render equal praiſe.

XI. C. M.

The Holineſs of GOD. Iſa. viii. 13.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us ſing.

2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But ſinners and their wicked ways
Shall periſh from his ſight.

3 The deepeſt reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my ſoul, to God;
Lift with thy hands, a holy heart,
To his ſublime abode.

4 With ſacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart ſhall pleaſe him more
Than the beſt forms of ſpeech.

5 Thou holy God! preſerve my ſoul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face ſhall ſee.

XII. L. M. Beddome.

The Juſtice and Goodneſs of God.

1 GREAT God, my Maker, and my King,
Of thee I'll ſpeak, of thee I'll ſing;
All thou haſt done, and all thou doſt,
Declares thee good, proclaims thee juſt:

2 Thy ancient thoughts, and firm decrees,
Thy threatnings and thy promiſes,
The joys of heaven, the pains of hell,
What angels taſte, what devils feel.

3 Thy terrors and thine acts of grace,
Thy threatning rod, and ſmiling face,
Thy wounding and thy healing word,
Sinners undone, by grace reſtor'd.

4 While theſe excite my fear and joy:
While theſe my tuneful lips employ;
Accept, O Lord, the humble ſong,
The tribute of a trembling tongue.

XIII. L. M. Dr. Watts's Lyric Poems.

God created above all praiſe.

1 ETERNAL power! whoſe high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where ſtars revolve their little rounds.

2 The loweſt ſtep above thy ſeat
Riſes too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall arch-angel tries
To reach the height with wondering eyes.

3 Lord, what ſhall earth and aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too,
From ſin and duſt to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!

Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to liſp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our ſoaring thoughts behind.

God is in heaven, but man below,
Be ſhort our tunes, our words be few:
A ſacred reverence checks our ſongs,
And praiſe ſits ſilent on our tongues.

XIV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Abba; *Father*, Gal. iv. 6.

SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, while a worm would raiſe its head,
Diſdain a Father's name.

My Father God! how ſweet the ſound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could ſo delight the ear.

Come, ſacred ſpirit, ſeal the name
On my expanding heart;
And ſhew, that in Jehovah's grace
I ſhare a filial part.

Cheer'd by a ſignal ſo divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the ſign deceive.

XV. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Rejoicing in GOD, Jer. xxiii. 24.

THE righteous Lord, ſupremely great,
Maintains his univerſal ſtate;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footſtool bends.

2 Yet juſtice ſtill with power preſides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And ſaints are lovely in his ſight.

3 No more, ye wiſe, your wiſdom boaſt,
No more, ye ſtrong, your valour truſt;
No more, ye rich, ſurvey your ſtore,
Elate with heaps of ſhining ore.

4 Glory, ye ſaints, in this alone,
That God, your God, to you is known;
That you have own'd his ſovereign ſway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

5 Our wiſdom, wealth, and power we find,
In one Jehovah, all combin'd;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our ſouls in raptures riſe.

6 All elſe, which we our treaſure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happineſs can move,
Whom God the bleſſed deigns to love?

XVI. L. M.

GOD *the proper object of praiſe.*

1 YE ſons of men, in ſacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praiſe:
But O what tongue can ſpeak his fame!
What mortal verſe can reach the theme!

2 Enthron'd amid the radiant ſpheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
His boundleſs wiſdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praiſe.

3 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,

He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And meaſur'd out the azure ſky.

4 In all our Makers vaſt deſigns,
Omnipotence with wiſdom ſhines;
His works through all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impreſs of his name.

5 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our ſouls his high perfections ſing;
O let his praiſe employ our tongues,
And liſt'ning worlds approve the ſongs.

XVII. As the 150th Pſalm. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The never ceaſing goodneſs of GOD.

1 HOUSE of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodneſs ſing;
With ſacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
The Lord is good, his mercy never ending,
His bleſſings in perpetual ſhowers deſcending.

2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye ſeraphs bright, on ever blooming hills,
His honours ſound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever growing, hath been known;
Through your immortal life with love encreaſing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodneſs never ceaſing.

3 Thou earth enlight'ned by his rays divine,
Pregnant with graſs, and corn, and oil and wine,
Crown'd with his goodneſs, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confeſſing,
Which through each heart diffuſeth ev'ry bleſſing.

4 His goodneſs never ends; the dawn, the ſhade,
Still ſee new beauties thro' new ſcenes diſplay'd,
Succeeding ages bleſs this ſure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God,
The deathleſs ſoul thro' its immenſe duration,
Drinks from this ſource immortal conſolation.

5 Burſt into praiſe, my ſoul; all nature join;
Angels and men in harmony combine;
While human years are meaſur'd by the ſun,
And while eternity its courſe ſhall run,
His goodneſs in perpetual ſhow'rs deſcending,
Exalt in ſongs, and raptures never ending.

HOLY SCRIPTURE.

XVIII. C. M.

The Inſpired Word a ſource of knowledge, Pſalm CXIX. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inſpiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines ſhine
To guide our ſouls to heaven.

2 It ſweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light and joy, it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, ſhall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

XIX. Mr. BEDDOME.

The uſefulneſs of the ſcriptures, Pſalm xix.

WHEN Iſrael through the deſart paſs'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waſte,
And leſſen the fatigues they bore,

Such is thy glorious word, O God,
'Tis for our light and guidance given;
It ſheds a luſtre all abroad,
And points the path to bliſs and heaven.

It fills the ſoul with ſweet delight,
And quickens its inactive powers,
It ſets our wand'ring footſteps right,
Diſplays thy love, and kindles ours.

Its promiſes rejoice our hearts,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleaſure it imparts,
It comforts, and inſtructs us too.

Ye Britiſh iſles who have this word,
Ye ſaints, who feel its ſaving power,
Unite your tongues to praiſe the Lord,
And his diſtinguiſh'd grace adore.

XX. C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

The riches of GOD'S *word.*

LET avarice from ſhore to ſhore
Her fav'rite god purſue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love and joy,
Are opened to our ſight:
The pureſt gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 Her counſels of redeeming grace
Theſe ſacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light deſcending from above
Directs our doubtful feet:
Here promiſes of heavenly love
Our ardent wiſhes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redreſt,
And all our wants ſupplied:
Nought we can aſk to make us bleſt,
Is in this book denied.

6 For theſe ineſtimable gains
That ſo enrich the mind,
O may we ſearch with eager pains,
Aſſur'd that we ſhall find;

XXI. Mr. FELLOWS.

Peculiar meaſure.

THE law of the Lord
Is worthy our ſongs;
It is to his word
Our ſafety belongs:
For to its perfection
All wiſdom we owe;
And by its direction
We're guided below.

The ſimple may learn
Where happineſs lies;
Their errors diſcern,
And quickly grow wiſe.

The ſaints from this fountain
Refreſhment may gain,
And firm as a mountain
Their faith ſhall remain.

XXII. C. M. STEELE.

The excellency and ſufficiency of the holy Scriptures.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For theſe celeſtial lines!

2 Here, may the wretched ſons of want
Exhauſtleſs riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And laſting as the mind.

3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repaſt,
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taſte.

4 Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

5 O may theſe heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And ſtill new beauties may we ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

6 Divine inſtructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach us to love thy ſacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

XXIII. L. M. Mr. BEDDOME.

The goſpel of CHRIST.

1 GOD, in the goſpel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counſels known,
'Tis here his richeſt mercy ſhines,
And truth is drawn in faireſt lines.

2 Here ſinners of an humble frame
May taſte his grace, and learn his name,
'Tis writ in characters of blood
Severely juſt, immenſely good.

3 Here Jeſus, in ten thouſand ways,
His ſoul attracting charms diſplays,
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting ſtrains.

4 Wiſdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the ſinner live,
It bids the drooping ſaint revive.

5 Our raging paſſions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite ſouls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this bleſt volume ever lie
Cloſe to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's laſt hour my ſoul engage,
And be my choſen heritage.

XXIV. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path.
Pſalm cxix. 105.

1 HOW precious is the book divine
By inſpiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines ſhine
To guide our ſouls to heav'n.

2 Its light deſcending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Diſplays a Saviour's boundleſs love,
And brings his glories near.

3 It ſhews to man his wand'ring ways
And where his feet have trod;
And brings him to the matchleſs grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 When once it penetrates the mind,
It conquers every ſin;
Th' enlighten'd ſoul begins to find
The paths of peace divine.

5 It ſweetly chears our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Light, life and joy it ſtill imparts,
And quells our riſing fears.

6 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life ſhall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

XXV. L. M. Mr. NEEDHAM.

A ſummary view of the CREATION, Gen. i.

1 LOOK up, ye ſaints, direct your eyes
To him who dwells above the ſkies;
With your glad notes his praiſe rehearſe,
Who form'd the mighty univerſe.

2 He ſpoke, and from the womb of night
At once ſprang up the cheering light,
Him diſcord heard, and at his nod
Beauty awoke, and ſpoke the God.

3 The word he gave, th' obedient ſun
Began his glorious race to run;
Nor ſilver moon, nor ſtars delay,
To glide along th' ætherial way.

4 Teeming with life, air, earth and ſea
Obey th' Almighty's high decree;
To every tribe he gives their food,
Then ſpeaks the whole divinely good.

5 But to complete the wond'rous plan,
From earth, and duſt, he faſhions man;
In Man the laſt, in him the beſt,
The maker's image ſtands confeſt.

6 Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and ſoul anew;
Here bid thy pureſt light to ſhine,
And beauty glow with charms divine.

XXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Lyric Poems.

A ſong to creating wiſdom.

1 ETERNAL wiſdom! thee we praiſe,
Thee the creation ſings:
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and ſeas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.

2 Thy hand how wide it ſpread the ſky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing ſight,
Through ſkies, and ſeas, and ſolid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Infinite ſtrength, and equal ſkill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our ſouls with vaſt amazement fill,
And ſpeak the builder God.

5 But ſtill the wonders of thy grace
Our ſofter paſſions move;
Pity divine in Jeſu's face
We ſee, adore, and love.

XXVII. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

God's *Goodneſs to the Children of Men.* Pſa. cvii. 31.

1 YE ſons of men, with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his power and goodneſs ſound
Through all your tribes, the earth around.

2 Let the high heavens your ſongs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious fields of brilliant light;
Where ſun, and moon, and planets roll,
And ſtars that glow from pole to pole.

3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and ſhade,
Peopled with life of various forms,
Of fiſh, and fowl, and beaſts, and worms.

4 View the broad ſea's majeſtic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns:
That band remoteſt nations joins,
And on each wave his goodneſs ſhines.

5 But O! that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate love!
God's only Son in flesh array'd,
For man a bleeding victim made.

6 Thither, my soul, with rapture soar;
There in the land of praise adore;
The theme demands an angel's lay,
Demands an everlasting day.

XXVIII. L. M. STEELE.

Creation and Providence.

1 LORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys,
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine,

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty pow'r declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear:
And O! let man thy praise record;
Man thy distinguish'd care!

5 From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praiſe,
Of reaſon's light poſſeſs'd;
By revelation's brighteſt rays,
Still more divinely bleſs'd.

7 Thy Providence, his conſtant guard,
When threat'ning woes impend;
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely ſuccours lend.

8 On us thy Providence has ſhone
With gentle ſmiling rays;
O, may our lips and lives make known
Thy goodneſs and thy praiſe.

XXIX. L. M.

Providence equitable and kind. Pſa. cvii.

1 THROUGH all the various ſhifting ſcene
Of life's miſtaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unſeen
The beautiful viciſſitude.

2 Thou giveſt with paternal care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To teach their neceſſary ſhare
Of joy and ſorrow, health and pain.

3 Truſt we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terreſtrial ball?
When moſt ſecure, the coming hour,
If thou ſee fit, may blaſt them all.

4 When loweſt ſunk with grief and ſhame,
Fill'd with affliction's bitter cup,
Loſt to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raiſe us up.

5 Thy powerful conſolations cheer,
Thy ſmiles ſuppreſs the deep fetch'd ſigh,
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear
That ſecret wets the widow's eye.

6 All things on earth, and all in heaven
On thy eternal will depend;
And all for greater good were given,
And all ſhall in thy glory end.

7 This be my care, to all beſide,
Indifferent let my wiſhes be,
Paſſion be calm; and dumb be pride,
And fix'd, O God, my ſoul on thee.

XXX. C. M. COWPER.

The myſteries of Providence; or, light ſhining out of darkneſs.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take,
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
In bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace,
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding every hour,
The bud may have a better taſte,
But ſweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

XXXI. C. M. BEDDOME.

Myſteries to be explained hereafter, John xiii. 7.

1 GREAT God of Providence! thy ways
Are hid from mortal ſight;
Wrapt in impenetrable ſhades!
Or cloth'd with dazling light.

2 The wond'rous methods of thy grace
Evade the human eye;
The nearer we attempt t'approach,
The farther off they fly.

3 But in the world of bliſs above
Where thou doſt ever reign,
Theſe myſteries ſhall be all unveil'd,
And not a doubt remain.

4 The Sun of Righteouſneſs ſhall there
His brighteſt beams diſplay,
And not a hovering cloud obſcure
That never ending day.

XXXII. C. M. ADDISON.

The traveler's Pſalm.

1 HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O Lord,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When, by the dreadful tempeſt borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

4 The ſtorm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The ſea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is ſtill.

5 In 'midſt of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodneſs we'll adore,
We'll praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preſerv'ſt that life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, when death ſhall be our lot,
Shall join our ſouls to thee.

XXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

Praiſe for the bleſſings of Providence and Grace,
Pſalm cxxxix.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In ſongs of grateful praiſe.

2 In life's firſt dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Each rolling year new favours brought,
From thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4 While ſweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer bleſſings claim thy praiſe,
The bleſſings of thy grace.

5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known thy ſacred word,
Where all thy glories ſhine.

6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakneſs dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raiſe me to the ſkies.

7 Then ſhall my joyful powers unite,
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy ſons of light
In everlaſting praiſe.

XXXIV. S. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Conſider the Ravens, Luke xii. 24.

1 DISMISS your anxious care,
O all ye ſons of need;
Conſider how the *ravens* are,
By heav'nly bounty fed.

2 Jehovah will provide,
Your cloathing and your food;
Think how the *ravens* are ſupply'd;
And truſt a faithful God.

3 You have no preſent ſtore
Laid up for future needs;
Yet *he* will not forget the *poor*,
Who hungry *ravens* feeds.

4 Your Father will beſtow
On you your daily bread;
The *ravens* neither reap nor ſow,
And yet are richly fed.

5 How mean theſe creatures are!
Yet God ſupplies their wants;
And he that doth for *ravens* care,
Will not forget his ſaints.

6 For you the Saviour died;
Heav'n is prepar'd for you;
He that for *ravens* doth provide,
Will feed his children too.

7 If *Satan* ſhould ſuggeſt,
God will not hear your cry,
He hears young *ravens* in their neſt,
And anſwers from the ſky.

His gracious word believe,
Forget your long complaint;
If God doth food to *ravens* give,
His children ſhall not want.

XXXV. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

ELIJAH *fed by Ravens*, 1 Kings xvii. 6.

1 WHEN God's own people ſtand in need,
His goodneſs will provide ſupplies;
Thus when *Elijah* faints for bread,
A raven to his ſuccour flies.

2 At God's command, with ſpeedy wings,
The hungry bird reſigns its prey,
And to the rev'rend prophet brings
The needful portion day by day.

3 This method may be counted ſtrange;
But happy was *Elijah's* lot;
For nature's courſe ſhall ſooner change
Than God's dear children be forgot.

4 This wonder has been oft renew'd,
And ſaints by ſweet experience find,
Their evils over-rul'd for good,
Their *foes* to friendly deeds inclin'd.

5 Who can diſtruſt that mighty hand
Which rules with univerſal ſway,
Which nature's laws can countermand,
Or feed us by a bird of prey.

XXXVI. As the 150th Pſalm. Mrs. BARBAULD.

Praiſe to the Creator.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let every nation hear,
And at his footſtool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopled earth his praiſe proclaim,
Then ſend it down, to hell's deep glooms reſounding,
Through all her caves in dreadful murmurs ſounding.

2 He rules with wide and abſolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the ſtedfaſt land,
Jehovah reigns, unbounded and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne;
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Uſurp, or ſhare the throne of the Creator.

3 He ſaw the ſtruggling beams of infant light
Shoot through the maſſy gloom of antient night,
His ſpirit huſh'd the elemental ſtrife,
And brooded o'er the kindling ſeeds of life;
Seaſons and months began their long proceſſion
And meaſur'd o'er the year in bright ſucceſſion.

4 The joyful ſun ſprung up th' etherial way
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her ſhadowy light
Superior o'er the duſky brow of night,
Ten thouſand glittering lamps the ſkies adorning,
Numerous as dew drops from the womb of morning.

5 Earth's blooming face with riſing flowers he dreſt,
And ſpread a verdant mantle o'er her breaſt;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round the winding ſhores,
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with ſoft murmurs ſtill her banks careſſing.

6 At length she rose compleat in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless like a virgin bride,
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood
Her maker blest his work, and call'd it good,
The morning stars with joyful acclamation
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

7 Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Though built by God's right hand must pass away
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

8 The sun himself with weary clouds oppress
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest,
His golden urn shall broke and useless lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky:
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion
And bathe their glittering foreheads in the ocean.

9 But fix'd O God, for ever stands thy throne,
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone,
Th' eternal Fire that feeds each vital flame
Collected, or diffus'd is still the same
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

10 But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our last injurious praise;
Cease, cease your songs; the daring flight control;
Revere him in the stillness of the soul;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

XXXVII. L. M.

The univerſality of GOD.

1 THE earth and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim:
He gives the ſun his genial pow'r,
And ſends the ſoft refreſhing ſhow'r.

2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men;
To men who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

3 Nor to the human race alone,
Is his paternal goodneſs ſhown;
The tribes of earth, and ſea, and air,
Enjoy his univerſal care.

4 Not ev'n a ſparrow yields its breath,
Till God permit the ſtroke of death;
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father and the friend of all.

XXXVIII. As the 113th Pſalm. ADDISON.

Confidence in Divine Perfection.

1 THE Lord my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring ſteps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,
My ſteadfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill;
Thy friendly hand ſhall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful ſhade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

XXXIX. C. M. Mr. BROWN.

Confidence in GOD *our* FATHER.

1 O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend.
In every act appear.

2 With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants ſupply;
The heav'nly bleſſings ſtill impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wiſdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we ſubmit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

4 In thy paternal love and care,
With chearful hearts we truſt;
Thy tender mercies boundleſs are,
And all thy thoughts are juſt.

5 We cannot want while God provides;
What he ordains is beſt;
And heav'n, whate'er we want beſides,
Will give eternal reſt.

THE GOSPEL.

XL.

1 THY faithfulneſs, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, ſo loving and kind!
Thy mercy ſo tender To all the loſt race;
The fouleſt offender May turn and find grace.

2 The mercy I feel, to others I ſhew:
I ſet to my ſeal, That Jeſus is true:
Ye all may find favour, Who come at his call,
O come to my Saviour: His grace is for all.

3 To ſave what was loſt, From heaven he came:
Come, ſinners, and truſt In Jeſus's name!
He offers you pardon, He bids you be free!
"If ſin is your burden, O come unto me!"

XLI. L. M. DR. DODDRIDGE.

The Goſpel jubilee, Pſalm lxxvix. 15.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet ſound,
And ſpread the joyful tidings round,
Let every ſoul with tranſport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thouſand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of ſin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty aſſert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your boaſt, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden ſtreets and pearly gates.

Her bleſt inhabitants no more,
Bondage, and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immenſely great,
Their joy ſtill riſes with the debt.

O happy ſouls that know the ſound!
Celeſtial light their ſteps ſurround,
And ſhew that jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years ſhall run.

XLII. C. M. Dr. Watt's Lyric Poems.

God *glorious, and ſinners ſaved*, Iſa. xliv. 23.

FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known thro' the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands thro' the ſkies.

But when we view the ſtrange deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion join,
In their divineſt forms.

Our thoughts are loſt in reverend awe,
We love and we adore;
The firſt archangel never ſaw
So much of God before.

4 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature gueſs
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice or the grace.

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

6 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

XLIII. L. M. STEELE.

Weary ſouls invited to reſt, Matt. xi. 28.

1 COME, weary ſouls with ſin diſtreſt,
Come and accept the promis'd reſt;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And caſt your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppreſs'd with guilt, a painful load;
O come, and ſpread your woes abroad;
Divine compaſſion, mighty love,
With all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundleſs ocean flows,
To cleanſe your guilt and eaſe your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endleſs peace!
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bleſs the kind inviting voice.

Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And ſweetly influence every breaſt,
And guide us to eternal reſt.

XLIV.

Yet there is room. Luke xiv. 22.

YE dying ſons of men,
Immerg'd in ſin and woe,
The goſpel's voice attend,
While Jeſus ſends to you:
Ye periſhing and guilty come,
In Jeſus' arms there yet is room.

No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuſes frame;
He bids you come to day,
Though poor, and blind and lame;
All things are ready, ſinners, come,
For every trembling ſoul there's room.

Believe the heavenly word
His meſſengers proclaim;
He is a gracious Lord,
And faithful is his name:
Backſliding ſouls, return and come,
Caſt of deſpair there yet is room.

Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wandring ſheep, draw near,
Chriſt calls you from above,
His charming accent hear!
Let whoſoever will now come:
In mercy's breaſt there ſtill is room.

XLV. C. M. Mr. Steele.

The Saviour's Invitation, John vii. 37.

1 THE Saviour calls---let every ear
Attend the heavenly ſound;
Ye doubting ſouls, diſmiſs your fear,
Hope ſmiles reviving round.

2 For every thirſty, longing heart,
Here ſtreams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliſs impart
To baniſh mortal woe.

3 Ye ſinners come, 'tis mercy's voice,
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys---
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts,
To thee let ſinners fly;
And take the bliſs thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

XLVI. Mr. Rowland Hill's Collection.

The Goſpel Trumpet.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The joyful ſolemn ſound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remoteſt bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ranſom'd ſinners, home!

2 The goſpel trumpet hear,
The news of heav'nly grace;
Ye happy ſouls draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee, &c.

3 Jeſus our great high prieſt,
A ſacrifice was made;
Ye weary ſpirits reſt,
Ye mourning ſouls be glad;
The year of jubilee, &c.

4 Ye ſlaves of ſin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
Secure in Jeſus dwell,
And on his fulneſs live:
The year of jubilee, &c.

5 Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee, &c.

XLVII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Good Tidings.

1 O Jeſus, our Lord,
Thy name be ador'd
For all the rich bleſſings convey'd thro' thy word.

2 The Ancient of Days
His glory diſplays;
And ſhines on his ſervants with cheriſhing rays.

3 The trumpet of God
Is ſounding abroad
The language of mercy, ſalvation through blood.

4 Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the bleſſings of this goſpel day.

5 The people who know
The Saviour below,
With chearful affection to worſhip him go.

6 This bleſſing be mine,
Through favour divine;
But, O my Redeemer, the glory be thine.

7 The work is of grace,
Thine, thine be the praiſe,
And mine to adore thee, and tell of thy ways.

XLVIII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Invitation to Sinners.

1 THE goſpel reports
A total reprieve
From ſins of all ſorts
For all who believe;
Their guilt and pollution
Doth Jeſus remove,
In him is an ocean
Of infinite love.

2 Come, laden with ſin,
Ye ſeekers of God,
And waſh and be clean
In Jeſus's blood.
The publican, harlot,
The drunkard, and knave,
Whoſe ſins are as ſcarlet,
Forgiveneſs may have.

3 The vileſt of men
He kindly forgives;
Backſliders again
He freely receives.

Come then, ye deriders
Of God and his word,
Return, ye backſliders,
Return to the Lord.

4 If Jeſus be thine,
And thou art but his,
The practice of ſin
You'll ſurely diſmiſs.
Be willing to venture
Your ſouls in his hand,
And ſoon ſhall you enter
The heavenly land.

XLIX. Sevens.

Redeeming Love.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jeſu's name:
Ye, who his ſalvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who ſee the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs redeeming love.

3 Mourning ſouls dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop and taſte redeeming love.

5 Welcome all, by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his ſpirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We ſhall all the fulneſs prove,
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He ſubdu'd th' infernal powers,
Thoſe tremendous foes of ours,
From their curſed empire drove;
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each cheerful ſtring.
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe redeeming love.

L. PRISIDENT DAVIES.

The Pardoning God, Micah viii. 18.

1 GREAT God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike, and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrival'd ſhine;
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare,
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare,
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

3 Angels and men, reſign your claim
To pity, mercy, love, and grace,
Theſe glories crown Jehovah's name
With an incomparable blaze.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

4 In wonder loſt, with trembling joy,
We take the pardon of our God,
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye,
A pardon ſeal'd with Jeſu's blood.
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

5 O may this ſtrange, this matchleſs grace,
This godlike miracle of love
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all th' angelic choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

LI. L. M. Dr. GIBBONS.

Divine Forgiveneſs, Luke vii. 47.

1 FORGIVENESS! tis a joyful ſound
To malefactors doom'd to die;
Publiſh the bliſs the world around;
Ye ſeraphs, ſhout it from the ſky!

2 'Tis the rich gift of love divine,
'Tis full, out-meaſuring every crime;
Unclouded ſhall its glories ſhine,
And feel no change, by changing time.

3 O'er ſins unnumbered as the ſand,
And like the mountains for their ſize,
The ſeas of ſovereign grace expand,
The ſeas of ſovereign grace ariſe.

4 For this ſtupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours ſhall we ſhew?
Where much tranſgreſſion is forgiv'n
Let love in equal ardours glow.

5 By this inſpired, let all our days,
With various holineſs be crown'd,
Let truth and goodneſs, prayer and praiſe
In all abide, in all abound.

LII. L. M. Mr. STOGDON.

GOD *ready to forgive*, or, *deſpair ſinful.*

1 WHAT mean theſe jealouſies and fears?
As if the Lord was loth to ſave,
Or lov'd to ſee us drench'd in tears,
And ſink with ſorrow to the grave.

2 Does he want ſlaves to grace his throne?
Or rules he by an iron rod?
Loves he the deep deſparing groan?
Is he a tyrant, or a God?

3 Not all the ſins which we have wrought
So much his tender bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious thought,
That he's unwilling to forgive.

4 What though our crimes are black as night?
Or glowing like the crimſon morn?
Immanuel's blood will make them white,
As ſnow through the pure ether borne.

5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,
And well may rebel-worms ſurprize,
But was not thy incarnate Son
A moſt amazing ſacrifice?

6 "I've found a ranſom," ſaith the Lord,
No humble penitent ſhall die;
Lord, we would now believe thy word,
And thy unbounded mercies try!

LIII. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

O Zion that bringeſt good tidings, Iſa. xl. 9.

1 LET ſinners regard
The meſſage from heav'n;
How kind is the word
To miniſters giv'n!
With ſweet elevation,
Ye ſervants of God,
Go publiſh ſalvation
Through Jeſus's blood.

2 Your voices lift up,
The meſſage declare,
That ſinners may hope
Who ſeem to deſpair;
Let nothing affright you,
Or fill you with dread;
But let it delight you
The tidings to ſpread.

3 Here's health for the ſick,
Here's life for the dead;
Here's ſtrength for the weak;
If hungry there's bread;
Proclaim to the guilty
A pardon divine;
And ſhew how the filthy
Are cleanſed from ſin.

4 Through Jeſus, the blind
With ſight ſhall be bleſt;
The weary ſhall find
True comfort and reſt;
The naked have cloathing,
And riches the poor;
Thoſe ſunk in ſelf-loathing,
Shall languiſh no more.

5 Theſe meſſages you
Muſt daily unfold,
That *Gentile* and *Jew*
Their Lord may behold;
To every creature
The tidings declare,
That God in our nature
Has deign'd to appear.

6 His love is ſo free,
He graciouſly choſe
To die on the tree,
To ranſom his foes;
Let ſinners adore him,
As bearing their ſhame,
Come bending before him,
And hope in his name.

7 O publiſh his death,
The myſtery tell;
He yielding his breath
To ſave us from hell;
Then, glorioufly ſing,
He went to his throne;
His love is ſurpriſing,
And muſt be made known.

LIV. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Encouragement for the guilty.

1 COME, guilty ſouls, and flee away
To Chriſt, and heal your wounds;
This is the welcome goſpel day,
Wherein free grace abounds.

2 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son
To drink the cup of wrath:
And Jeſus ſays, he'll caſt out none
That come to him by faith.

LV.

1 WHAT could your Redeemer do
More than he hath done for you?
To procure you peace with God
Could he more than ſhed his blood?
After all his waſte of love,
All his drawings from above,
Why will ye your Lord deny?
Why will you reſolve to die.

2 Turn, he cries, ye ſinners turn:
By his life, your God hath ſworn,
He would have you turn and live,
He would all the world receive,
If your death were his delight,
Would he you to love invite?
Would he aſk, obteſt, and cry,
Why will you reſolve to die.

3 Sinners turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him inſincere;

Now, ev'n now, your Saviour ſtands,
All day long he ſpreads his hands;
Cries ye will not happy be;
No ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you reſolve to die?

4 Can ye doubt if God is love?
If to all his bowels move?
Will ye not his word receive?
Will ye not his oath believe?
See your ſuffering Lord appears!
Jeſus weeps: believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood they cry!
Why will you reſolve to die?

LVI.

1 GOD, the offended God moſt high,
Ambaſſadors to rebels ſends,
His meſſengers his place ſupply,
And Jeſus begs us to be friends.

2 Us, in the ſtead of Chriſt, they pray,
Us, in the ſtead of God intreat,
To caſt our arms, our ſins away,
And find forgiveneſs at his feet.

3 Our God in Chriſt, thine embaſſy,
And proffer'd mercy we embrace:
And gladly reconcil'd to thee,
Thy condeſcending mercy praiſe.

4 Poor debtors, at our Lord's requeſt,
A full acquittance we receive!
And criminals with pardon bleſt,
We at our Judge's inſtance live.

LVII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Goſpel Feaſt. Luke xiv. 22.

1 THE King of heaven his table ſpreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradiſe, with all its joys,
Could ſuch delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endleſs life are given;
Through the rich blood that Jeſus ſhed
To raiſe the ſoul to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have ſtray'd,
In ſin's dark mazes come;
Come, from the hedges, and highways
And grace ſhall find you room.

4 Millions of ſouls, in glory now,
Were fed, and feaſted here;
And millions more, ſtill on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 Yet is his houſe and heart ſo large
That millions more may come,
Nor could the whole aſſembled world
O'er-fill the ſpacious room.

CHRIST.

LVIII.

1 O Love divine! what haſt thou done?
The Lamb of God hath dy'd for me!
The Father's well beloved Son
Bore all my ſins upon the tree;
The Lamb of God for me hath died,
My Lord my love is crucified.

2 Behold him all ye that paſs by,
The bleeding prince of life and peace!
Come, ſee ye worms, your Saviour die,
And ſay was ever grief like his!
He for the vileſt ſinner died,
My Lord my love is crucified.

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
We all are bought with Jeſu's blood:
Pardon and peace flow from his ſide,;
My Lord, my love is crucified.

4 Then let us ſit beneath his croſs,
And gladly catch the healing ſtream;
All things for him account but loſs,
And give up all our hearts to him;
Of nothing ſpeak or think beſide,
My Lord my love is crucified.

LIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Love to others urged from CHRIST'S *love, in giving himself a ſacrifice*, Eph. v. 2.

1 NOW be that ſacrifice ſurvey'd,
That ranſom which the Saviour paid;
That ſight familiar to my view,
Yet always wondrous, always new.

2 The Lamb of God that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to ſinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing ſmart!

3 Bleſt *Jeſus*, while thy grace I ſing,
What grateful tribute ſhall I bring,
Let all my powers and paſſions be
Engag'd for him, who died for me.

4 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught,
Nor be thy new command forgot,
That, if their maſter's death can move,
Thy ſervants ſhould each other love.

5 When to thy ſacred croſs we fly,
There let each ſavage paſſion die;
While the warm ſtreams of blood divine
Melt our cold hearts to love like thine.

LX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST *precious to the Believer*, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis muſic to mine ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That all the earth might hear

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wiſh
In thee doth richly meet:
Nor to mine eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 Thy grace ſtill dwells upon my heart,
And ſheds its fragrance there;
The nobleſt balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my fear.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
Then ſpeechleſs claſp thee in mine arms,
My joy in life and death.

LXI. Mr. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

The Brazen Serpent.

1 WITH fiery ſerpents greatly pain'd,
When *Iſrael's* grieving tribes complain'd;
A ſerpent ſtrait the prophet made,
Of molten braſs to view diſplay'd.

2 Around the fainting crowds attend,
To heav'n their mournful ſighs aſcend:
They hope, they look, whilſt from the pole,
A pow'r deſcends, and makes them whole.

3 But oh, what healing to the heart
Doth our Redeemer's croſs impart!
What life by faith our ſouls receive,
What *pleaſures* do his *ſorrows* give!

4 Still may I view the bloody croſs,
And other objects count but loſs;
Here ſtill be fix'd my feaſted eyes,
Viewing with joy the ſacrifice.

5 Jeſus the Saviour! balmy name!
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim;
By thy atoning blood ſet free,
My life, my hope is all from thee.

LXII. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Theſe things have I ſpoken to you, that in me ye might have peace, John xvi. 33.

1. HOW ſweet is the voice
Of Jeſus our Lord!
Come, let us rejoice,
Believing his word;
While ſinners ſhall ever
Be toſs'd like the ſeas,
Believers ſhall never
Want comfort and peace.

2 Afflictions attend
Your pilgrimage here;
But I am your friend,
Then what ſhall you fear?
The world may diſtreſs you,
And *Satan* may teize,
But ſtill I will bleſs you
With comfort and peace.

3 Your peace to obtain,
My blood has been ſhed;
I ſuffered pain,
And death in your ſtead;

By bleeding and dying,
I gain'd your releaſe,
And on me relying,
Your ſouls ſhall have peace.

4 My goſpel reveals
The gift I impart;
The Comforter ſeals
The truth in your heart;
The word I have ſpoken
Your conſcience ſhall eaſe,
I give you my token,
That ye might have peace.

5 Take heed of the ſnares
Of miſchief and ſtrife,
Diſtractions and cares,
Reſpecting this life;
Be conſtantly trying
Your Maker to pleaſe,
And, living or dying,
In me you have peace.

LXIII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

The Kingdom of JESUS CHRIST.

1 LET men on earth, and angels bring
Their honours to the Saviour King:
Let ſinners own his ſov'reign ſway,
And ev'ry land his will obey.

2 O'er worlds below and worlds above
He rules by wiſdom, pow'r and love;
He curbs his foes, and guards his friends;
His wide dominion never ends.

3 In *Zion* he maintains his throne,
And makes his kingly glory known;
Nor hell nor death can e'er withſtand
The pow'r of his almighty hand.

4 The ſaints ſhall reign with Chriſt their head
When gloomy death himſelf is dead:
There ſhall they ſhine in bliſs complete,
And caſt their crowns at Jeſu's feet.

LXIV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Redeemer's Meſſage, Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a ſong.

2 On him, the ſpirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the priſoners to releaſe,
In Satan's bondage held,
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray:
And on the eyes oppreſt with night,
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hoſannas*, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

LXV. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt. Luke xxiv. 34.

1 YES, the Redeemer roſe;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conqu'ring head:
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And ſink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To Jeſus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
Jeſus who bled
Hath left the dead;
He roſe to day.

Ye mortals catch the ſound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell.
Tranſported cry;
Jeſus who bled
Hath left the dead
No more to die.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Around the throne of God!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

LXVI. Sevens.

The Reſurrection, 1 Cor. xv. 56.

CHRIST, the Lord, is riſen to day,
Sons of men, and angels ſay,
Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Loves redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight the battle won:
Lo! the ſuns eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
Chriſt hath burſt the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
Chriſt hath open'd paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death is now thy ſting?
Once he dy'd our ſouls to ſave;
Where's thy victory, boaſting grave?

LXVII. Sevens.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey:
See! he riſes from the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom. Hallelujah.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe;
Let the earth's remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound. Hallelujah.

3 Now, ye ſaints, lift up your eyes,
Now to glory ſee him riſe,
In long triumph up the ſky,
Up to waiting worlds on high. Hallelujah.

4 Heaven diſplays her portals wide,
Glorious hero, through them ride;
King of glory, mount thy throne,
Thy great father's, and thy own. Hallelujah.

5 Praiſe him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praiſe, and ſweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous ſong,
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong. Hallelujah.

6 Every note with wonder ſwell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal ſting! Hallelujah.

LXVIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Reſurrection of JESUS. Matt. xxvii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble ſouls, that ſeek the Lord,
Chace all your fears away:
And bow with pleaſure down to ſee
The place where Jeſus lay.

2 Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such wonders love can do:
Thus cold in death that boſom lay,
Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3 But raiſe your eyes, and tune your ſongs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The conqu'ror could detain.

4 With joy like his ſhall every ſaint
His empty tomb ſurvey;
Then riſe, with his aſcending Lord,
To realms of endleſs day.

LXIX. L. M. Mr. WESLEY's Collection.

CHRIST's *Aſcenſion.* Pſ. xxiv. 27.

OUR Lord is riſen from the dead,
Our Jeſus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors, give way!

3 Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold the radiant ſcene;
He claims thoſe manſions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jeſus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the ſolemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlaſting doors give way.

6 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of boundleſs power poſſeſt,
The King of ſaints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bleſt.

LXX. L. M. STEELE.

The exalted Saviour.

1 NOW let us raiſe our cheerful ſtrains,
And join the bliſsful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they ſing his wondrous love.

2 While ſeraphs tune the immortal ſong,
O may we feel the ſacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3 Jeſus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels---yes, 'tis he!
How bright! How lovely! How admir'd!

4 Jeſus, who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place,
O what returns can mortals give,
For ſuch immeaſurable grace?

5 Were univerſal nature ours,
And art with all her boaſted ſtore;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the offer poor.

6 Yet tho' for bounty, ſo divine!
We ne'er can equal honours raiſe;
Jeſus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praiſe.

LXXI. Mr. MADAN's Collection.

The Kingdom of CHRIST. Phil. iv. 4.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and ſing,
In triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye ſaints, rejoice.

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The Lord of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above;
Lift up the heart, &c.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, &c.

4 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

LXXII. L. M. Mr. FAWCETT.

Bread of Life, John vi. 35. 48.

1 DEPRAVED minds on ashes feed,
Nor love, nor seek for heavenly bread;
They choose the husks which swines do eat,
Or meanly crave the serpents meat.

2 Jesus, thou art the living bread,
By which our needy souls are fed:
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

3 Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply:
But this will suit my wretched case,
Abroad, at home, in every place.

4 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,
Who aſk for bread at mercy's door;
This living food deſcends from heav'n,
As manna to the *Jews* were giv'n.

5 This precious food my heart revives,
What ſtrength, what nouriſhment it gives,
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celeſtial bread!

LXXIII. L. M. Mr. Beddome.

Bright and Morning Star, Rev. xxii. 16.

1 YE worlds of light, that roll ſo near
The Saviour's throne of ſhining bliſs,
O tell how mean your glories are,
How faint and few, compar'd with his.

2 We ſing the bright and morning ſtar
(Jeſus the ſpring of light and love;)
See how its rays diffus'd from far,
Conduct us to the realms above.

3 Its cheering beams, ſpread wide abroad,
Point out the puzzled chriſtian's way;
Still as he goes he finds the road
Enlightend with a conſtant ray.

4 Thus when the Eaſtern Magi brought
Their royal gifts, a ſtar appears,
Directs them to the babe they ſought,
And guides their ſteps, and calms their fears.

5 When ſhall we reach the world of light,
Where this bright ſtar will brighteſt ſhine;
Leave far behind theſe ſcenes of night,
And view a luſtre ſo divine?

LXXIV. C. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

Chief among ten thouſand, or, the excellencies of Chriſt.
Cant. v. 10--16.

1 TO Chriſt, the Lord, let every tongue
Its nobleſt tribute bring:
When he's the ſubject of the ſong,
Who can refuſe to ſing.

2 Survey the beauties of his face,
And on his glories dwell;
Think of the wiſdom of his grace,
And all his triumphs tell.

3 Majeſtic ſweetneſs ſits enthron'd
Upon his awful brow:
His head with radiant glories crown'd
His lips with grace o'erflow.

4 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the ſons of men:
Fairer he is than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

5 He ſaw me plung'd in deep diſtreſs,
He fled to my relief;
For me he bore the ſhameful croſs,
And carried all my grief.

6 His hand a thouſand bleſſings pours
Upon my guilty head:
His preſence gilds my darkeſt hours,
And guards my ſleeping bed.

7 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And ſaves me from the grave.

8 To heaven the place of his abode
He brings my weary feet:
Shews me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

9 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thouſand hearts to give,
Lord, they ſhould all be thine.

LXXV. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Corner Stone, 1 Pet. ii, 6. Iſa. xxviii. 16, 17.

1 LORD, doſt thou ſhew a corner ſtone
For us to build our hopes upon,
That the fair edifice may riſe
Sublime in light beyond the ſkies?

2 We own the work of ſovereign love;
Nor death nor hell theſe hopes ſhall move,
Which fix'd on this foundation ſtand,
Laid by thy own almighty hand.

3 Thy people long this ſtone have tried,
And all the powers of hell defy'd:
Floods of temptation beat in vain;
Well doth this rock the houſe ſuſtain.

4 When ſtorms of wrath around prevail,
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail,
'Tis here our trembling ſouls ſhall hide,
And here ſecurely they abide.

5 While they that ſcorn this precious ſtone,
Fond of ſome quickſand of their own
Borne down by weighty vengeace die
And buried deep in ruin lie.

LXXVI. C. M.

Desire of all Nations, Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners from earth's remotest end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around,
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.

4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy:
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

LXXVII. L. M. M. STEELE.

Our Example, John xiii. 15.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love!
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blending with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

Whene'er the angry paſſions riſe,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to ſtrife;
To Jeſus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the chriſtian life!

O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And theſe the rules by which we live.

To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!

Diſpenſing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
O, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

LXXVIII. Mr. HART.

Fountain opened for Sinners, Zec. xiii. 1.

THE fountain of Chriſt,
Lord, help us to ſing,
The blood of our Prieſt,
Our crucify'd King;
The fountain that cleanſes
From ſin and from filth,
And richly diſpenſes
Salvation and health.

2 This fountain from guilt
Not only makes pure,
And gives, ſoon as felt,
Infallible cure;
But if guilt removed,
Return and remain,
Its pow'r may be proved
Again and again.

3 This fountain unſeal'd
Stands open for all
Who long to be heal'd,
The great and the ſmall:
Here's ſtrength for the weakly
That hither are led;
Here's health for the ſickly,
And life for the dead.

4 This fountain though rich,
From change is quite clear,
The poorer the wretch
The welcomer here:
Come needy, and guilty,
Come loathſome, and bare;
Though lep'rous and filthy,
Come juſt as you are.

5 This fountain in vain
Has never been try'd,
It takes out all ſtain,
Whenever apply'd:
The fountain flows ſweetly
With virtue divine,
To cleanſe ſouls completely,
Though leprous as mine.

LXXIX. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Head of the Church, Eph. iv. 15, 16.

1 JESUS, I ſing thy matchleſs grace,
That calls a worm thy own;
Gives me among thy ſaints a place,
To make thy glories known.

2 Allied to thee, our vital head,
We act and grow, and thrive:
From thee divided, each is dead,
When moſt he ſeems alive.

3 Thy ſaints on earth, and thoſe above,
Here join in ſweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

4 O may our faith each hour derive
Thy ſpirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain ſhall ſtrive
This bond to diſunite.

5 Thou the whole body wilt preſent
Before thy Father's face;
Nor ſhall a wrinkle or a ſpot
Its beauteous form diſgrace.

LXXX. Sevens.

Immanuel, Matt. i. 23. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 GOD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it ſhine in endleſs fame:
God and Man in Chriſt unite,
O myſterious depth and height!

2 God *with us!* amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye ſaints, his grace admire,
Swell the ſong with holy fire.

3 God *with us!* but tainted not
With the firſt tranſgreſſor's blot;
Yet did he our ſins ſuſtain,
Bear, endure, the curſe, the pain.

4 God *with us!* O bliſsful theme!
Let the impious not blaſpheme,
Jeſus ſhall in judgment ſit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.

5 God *with us!* O wondrous grace!
Let us ſee him face to face,
That we may Immanuel ſing,
As we ought, our God and King.

LXXXI. C. M. Mr. STEELE.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd,
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright thoſe glories ſhine.

3 Infinite power and boundleſs grace,
In him unite their rays:
You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his praiſe.

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King;
We long to love, as angels do,
And wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
Lord, teach our ſongs to riſe!
Thy love can animate the train,
And bid it reach the ſkies.

LXXXII. C. M.

The Spiritual Coronation, Cant. iii. 2.

Angels.

1 ALL hail the power of Jeſus' name!
Let angels proſtrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Martyrs.

2 Crown him ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the ſtem of Jeſſe's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Converted Jews.

3 Ye choſen ſeed of Iſrael's race,
A remnant weak and ſmall;
Hail him who ſaves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Believing Gentiles.

4 Ye Gentile ſinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every age.

5 Babes, men, and ſires, who know his love,
Who feel your ſin and thrall;
Now joy with all the hoſts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners of every nation.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terreſtrial ball,
To him all majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ourſelves.

7 O that, with yonder ſacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the *everlaſting* ſong,
And crown him Lord of all.

LXXXIII. C. M. STEELE.

PEARL *of great price*, Matt. xiii. 46.

1 YE glittering toys of earth, adieu,
A nobler choice be mine:
A *real* prize attracts my view;
A treaſure's all divine.

2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye ſpecious baits of ſenſe;—
Ineſtimable worth appears,
The Pearl of price immenſe!

3 Jeſus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely ſweet!
Jeſus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleaſure meet.

4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boaſted ſtores reſign;
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.

5 Should earth's vain treaſures all depart,
Of this dear gift poſſeſs'd,
I'd claſp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bleſs'd.

LXXXIV. L. M. STEELE.

SAVIOUR *the only one*, Acts iv. 12.

1 JESUS, the ſpring of joy divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jeſus, no other name but thine,
Can ſave us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boaſting reaſon find
The way to happineſs and God;
Here weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

3 No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlaſting love,
To the bright realms of endleſs day.

4 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the bliſsful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

LXXXV. L. M. Dr. S. Stennett.

SUN, Pſalm lxxxiv. 2.

1 GREAT God, amid the darkſome night,
Thy glories dart upon my ſight,
While, wrapt in wonder, I behold
The ſilver moon, and ſtars of gold.

2 But when I ſee the ſun ariſe,
And pour his glories o'er the ſkies,
In more ſtupendous forms I view
Thy greatneſs and thy goodneſs too.

3 Thou Sun of Suns, whoſe dazzling light
Tries and confounds an angel's ſight,
How ſhall I glance mine eyes at thee,
In all thy vaſt immenſity?

4 In every work thy hands have made,
Thy power and wiſdom are diſplay'd:
But O what glories all divine
In my incarnate Saviour ſhine.

5 He is my ſun, beneath his wings,
My ſoul ſecurely ſits and ſings;
And there enjoys like thoſe above,
The balmy influence of thy love.

6 O may the vital ſtrength and heat
His cheering beams communicate,
Enable me my courſe to run
With the ſame vigour as the ſun.

LXXXVI. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.
1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

1 MY God, aſſiſt me, while I raiſe
An anthem of harmonious praiſe;
My heart thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
And ſpread its banners to thy name.

2 In Chriſt I view a ſtore divine;
My Father. all that ſtore is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee beſtow'd;
Hail to my Saviour, and my God.

3 Condemn'd thy criminal I ſtood,
And awful juſtice aſk'd my blood;
That welcome Saviour, from thy throne
Brought righteouſneſs and pardon down,

4 My ſoul was all o'erſpread with ſin,
And lo; his grace hath made me clean;
He reſcues from th' infernal foe,
And full redemption will beſtow.

5 Ye ſaints, aſſiſt my grateful tongue:
Ye angels, warble back my ſong:
For love like this demands the praiſe
Of heavenly harps, and endleſs days.

LXXVII. K--------.

All in all, or, the teſtimony concerning JESUS, *the ſoul of prophecy*, Rev. xix. 10.

1 THE Bible is juſtly eſteem'd
The glory ſupreme of the land,
Which ſhews how a ſinner's redeem'd
And brought to Jehovah's right hand.

With pleaſure we freely confeſs
The Bible all books does outſhine,
But Jeſus, his perſon and grace,
Affords it that luſtre divine.

2 In every *prophetical book*
Where God his decrees hath unſeal'd,
With joy we behold as we look,
The wonderful Saviour reveal'd:
His glories project to the eye,
And prove it was not his deſign,
Thoſe glories concealed ſhould lie,
But there in full majeſty ſhine.

3 The *firſt gracious promiſe* to man,
A bleſſed prediction appears,
His work is the ſoul of the plan,
And gives it the glory it wears,
How cheering the truth muſt have been;
That Jeſus the promiſed ſeed,
Should triumph o'er Satan and ſin,
And hell in captivity lead.

4 The *ancient Levitical law*
Was prophecy after its kind,
In types the believers foreſaw
The Saviour who ranſom'd mankind.
The altar, the lamb, and the prieſt,
The blood that was ſprinkled of old
Had life, when the people could taſte
The bleſſings thoſe ſhadows foretold.

5 Review each prophetical *ſong*,
Which ſhines in prediction's rich train,
The ſweeteſt to Jeſus belong,
And point out his ſufferings and reign.
Sure David his harp never ſtrung
With more of true ſacred delight,
Than when of the Saviour he ſung,
And he was reveal'd to his ſight.

6 May Jeſus more precious become—
His word be a lamp to our feet,
While we in this wilderneſs roam,
Till brought in his preſence to meet:
Then, then will we gaze on thy face,
Our Prophet, our Prieſt, and our King:
Recount all thy wonders of grace,
Thy praiſes eternally ſing.

LXXXVIII. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Submiſſion to the Will of GOD.

1 "FATHER divine," (the Saviour crv'd,
While horrors preſs'd on ev'ry ſide,
And proſtrate on the ground he lay)
"Remove this bitter cup away."

2 But if theſe pangs muſt ſtill be borne,
Or helpleſs man be left forlorn,
I bow my ſoul before thy throne,
And ſay, *thy will, not mine, be done.*

3 Thus our ſubmiſſive ſouls would bow,
And, taught by Jeſus, lie as low;
Our hearts, and not our lips alone,
Would ſay, *thy will, not ours, be done.*

4 Then, though like him in duſt we lie,
We'll view the bliſsful moment nigh,
Which from our portion in his pains,
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

LXXXIX. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Chriſt our Shepherd. John x.

1 JESUS, ſhepherd of the ſheep,
Gracious is thine arm to keep,
All thy flocks with tender care,
Feed in paſtures large and fair.

2 Thou doſt call them by their names,
While thy boſom bears the lambs;
Gently leading thoſe with young,
Screening them from heat and wrong.

3 Thee the ſheep profeſs and own,
Thee they love, and thee alone;
Known of them, and known to thee,
They will never from thee flee.

4 Strangers they will not obey,
Thee they follow as the way;
They delight to find thee near;
They delight thy voice to hear.

5 Every wand'ring ſheep behold,
Bring us back into thy fold;
On thy ſhoulders bear us home,
Suffer us no more to roam.

6 Lead to paſtures fair and green,
Where thy lovely face is ſeen;
Bid us to the fountain go,
Where the living waters flow.

7 Walk before us in the way,
Keep us leſt we run aſtray;
Teach us in thy ſteps to tread,
And conform us to our head.

8 When thy ſheep in judgment ſtand,
Place us there at thy right hand;
Speak the ſentence of the bleſt,
Bid us enter endleſs reſt.

XC. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Jeſus the ſinners Confidence.

1 WHEN Jeſus, our ſhepherd, is near,
How quickly all ſorrows depart!
New glories around us appear
New ſpirits enliven the heart.
His preſence gives peace to the ſoul,
And Satan aſſaults us in vain;
If Jeſus his power control,
His malice we boldly diſdain.

2 But ah what a change do we find,
Whene'er we of Jeſus loſe ſight?
Our fears all return to the mind,
Our day is ſoon chang'd into night.
Then Satan his efforts renews,
To vex and enſnare us again:
Our pleaſing enjoyments we loſe,
And only lament and complain.

3 By what we ſo often paſs through,
We learn our own weakneſs to know;
We learn what the ſhepherd can do,
How much to his mercy we owe;
'Tis he who ſupports us through all,
Poor ſinners he loves to ſuſtain;
He anſwers our prayer when we call,
And then we can praiſe him again.

4 Why then ſhould we murmur and grieve,
Since Jeſus is always the ſame?
He promiſes never to leave
The ſoul that confides in his name:
To ſave us from all that we fear,
Himſelf he reſign'd to be ſlain;
We truſt that he ſtill will appear
To cheriſh and comfort again.

5 While here, in an enemy's land,
We cannot be always at peace;
If Jeſus, our friend is at hand,
We ſure ſhall have timely releaſe:
'Ere long he will bid us remove
From regions of ſorrow and grief,
To reſt in his preſence obove,
And give us eternal relief.

XCI. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Chriſt the Sinner's Sacrifice.

1 ALL ye that paſs by
To Jeſus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Our ranſom and peace,
Our ſurety he is,
Come ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

2 The Lord in the day
Of mercy did lay,
Our ſins on the Lamb, and he bore them away,
He dy'd to atone
For ſins not his own
The Father hath puniſh'd for us his dear Son.

3 Come, lift up your eyes
At Jeſus's cries
Behold how he ſuffers! how patient he dies!
For ſinners like me
He dies on the tree,
His death is accepted, believers are free.

4 With joy we approve
This wonderful love?
O wonder to all both below and above!
Love mov'd him to die,
This therefore we cry,
Our Jeſus has lov'd us, we cannot ſay why.

5 But this we can tell
He lov'd us ſo well,
By loſing his life he redeem'd us from hell:
He ranſom'd our race;
O how ſhall we praiſe,
Or worthily ſing his unſpeakable grace!

FAITH AND HOPE.

XCII. L. M. STEELE.

Hope encouraged by a view of the Divine Perfections.
1 Sam. xxx. 6.

1 WHY ſinks my weak deſponding mind,
Why heaves my heart the anxious ſigh?
Can ſovereign goodneſs be unkind?
Am I not ſafe if God is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life and time and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine!

4 Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

XCIII. L. M.

Trust and confidence, or, looking beyond present appearances. Hab. iii. 17, 18.

1 AWAY my unbelieving fear!
Let fear no more in me take place;
My Saviour doth not yet appear,
He hides the brightness of his face:
But shall I therefore let him go,
And basely to the tempter yield?
No, in the strength of Jesus, no!
I never will give up my shield.

2 Although the vine its fruit deny,
Although the olive yield no oil,
The withering fig-tree droop and die,
The field elude the tiller's toil;
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet I will triumph in the Lord,
The God of my salvation praise.

3 Away, each unbelieving fear,
Let fear to cheering hope give place;
My Saviour *will* at length appear,
And ſhew the brightneſs of his face:
Though now my proſpects all be croſt,
My blooming hopes cut off I ſee,
Still will I in my Saviour truſt,
Whoſe boundleſs love can reach to me.

4 In hope, believing againſt hope,
His promis'd mercy will I claim;
His gracious word ſhall bear me up,
To ſee ſalvation in his name:
Soon, my dear Saviour, bring it nigh!
My ſoul ſhall then outſtrip the wind,
On wings of love mount up on high,
And leave the world and ſin behind.

XCIV. L. M.

Humble truſt, or, Deſpair prevented.

1 DID Jeſus die, but not for me?
Am I forbid to ſeek my God,
Is there not pardon rich and free!
Proclaim'd through Jeſu's precious blood?

2 Who then ſhall drive my trembling ſoul
From thee, my God to black deſpair?
Who has ſurvey'd the ſacred roll,
And found my name not written there.

3 Preſumptuous thought! to fix the bound,
To limit mercy's ſovereign reign:
What other happy ſouls have found,
I'll ſeek, nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 I own my guilt, my ſins confeſs:
Can men or devils make them more?
Of crimes, already numberleſs,
Vain the attempt to ſwell the ſcore.

5 Were the black liſt before my ſight,
While I remember thou haſt dy'd,
'Twould only urge my ſpedier flight,
To ſeek ſalvation at thy ſide.

6 Lord, at thy feet I'll caſt me down,
To thee reveal my guilt and fear;
And---if thou ſpurn me from thy throne---
I'll be the firſt who periſh'd there.

XCV. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Chriſtian's temptations moderated, a proof of GOD'S *fidelity.* 1 Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be ſtrong,
And make Jehovah's arm their ſong;
His ſhield is ſpread o'er every ſaint,
And thus ſupported, who ſhall faint.

2 What though the hoſts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God reſtrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will diſplay
A ſtrength proportioned to our day;
And, when united trials meet,
Will ſhew a path of ſafe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promiſe good,
Which Jeſus ratify'd with blood:
Still is he gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
And ſtill in him let Iſrael truſt.

REPENTANCE.

XCVI. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *hath commanded all men every where to repent.*
Acts xvii. 30.

1 REPENT, the voice celeſtial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The wretch that ſcorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the ſovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are diſpatch'd abroad
To warn the world of ſin.

3 The ſummons reach through all the earth;
Let earth attend and fear:
Liſten ye men of royal birth,
And let your vaſſals hear.

4 Together in his preſence bow,
And all your guilt confeſs;
Embrace the bleſſed Saviour now;
Nor trifle with his grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful trumpet ſound,
And call you to his bar:
For mercy knows the appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

6 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts ſubdu'd by goodneſs fall,
And weep and love and praiſe.

XCVII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

What ſhall I do to be ſaved?

1 WITH melting heart, and weeping eyes,
My guilty ſoul for mercy cries;
What ſhall I do, or whither flee,
T' eſcape the vengeance due to me.

2 Till now, I ſaw no danger nigh;
I liv'd at eaſe nor fear'd to die;
Wrapt up in ſelf-deceit, and pride,
I ſhall have peace at laſt, I cry'd.

3 But when, great God, thy light divine
Had ſhone in this dark ſoul of mine,
Then I beheld, with trembling awe,
The terrors of thy holy law.

4 How dreadful now my guilt appears,
In childhood, youth, and growing years!
Before thy pure, diſcerning eye,
Lord, what a filthy wretch am I!

5 Should vengeance ſtill my ſoul purſue,
Death, and deſtruction are my due!
Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,
And bid a dying ſinner live.

6 Does not thy ſacred word proclaim,
Salvation free in Jeſu's name?
To him I look, and humbly cry,
O ſave a wretch condem'd to die.

XCVIII. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

The Penitent.

1 MY God to thee I would return;
O help me by thy grace;
With penitential grief to mourn,
And all my ſins confeſs.

2 The world, with its alluring toys,
Hath long enſnar'd my mind,
With painted ſhews o' carnal joys,
Which leave a ſting behind.

3 Guilty, and ſelf-condemn'd I lie,
Before thy awful throne;
I know I have deſerv'd to die:
Yet ſave me through thy Son.

4 In his dear name may I partake
The pardon I implore;
And, for thy ſov'reign mercy's ſake,
My wand'ring feet reſtore.

5 Thy healing grace, O God, impart;
Relieve my trembling ſoul;
O let thy comforts chear my heart,
And all my fears control.

6 Confirm me by thy pow'r divine,
Leſt I again ſhould ſtray;
Seal me, my God, for ever thine,
And keep me in thy way.

CONVERSION.

XCIX. C. M.

The loſt ſheep found; or, joy in heaven, on the converſion of a ſinner, Luke xv. 3, 4.

1 WHEN ſome kind ſhepherd from his fold,
Has loſt a ſtraying ſheep,
Through vales, o'er hills he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's ſteep.

2 But O the joy! the tranſport ſweet!
When he the wanderer finds!
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his ſhoulder binds.

3 Homeward he haſtes to tell his joys,
And make his bliſs complete:
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful ſhepherd greet.

4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one ſinner turns;
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His ſins and errors mourns!

5 Pleas'd with the news the ſaints below,
In ſongs their tongues employ;
Beyond the ſkies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.

6 Well pleas'd the Father ſees and hears
The conſcious ſinner weep,
Jeſus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his ſheep.

7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
A wandering ſheep's return'd they ſing,
And ſtrike the ſounding lyre.

C. C. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

The converted Thief, Luke xxiii. 42.

1 AS on the croſs the Saviour hung,
And wept, and bled, and dy'd,
He pour'd ſalvation on a wretch
That languiſh'd at his ſide.

2 His crimes with inward grief and ſhame,
The penitent confeſs'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Chriſt,
And thus his prayer addreſs'd:

3 Jeſus, thou Son and heir of heaven,
Thou ſpotleſs Lamb of God,
I ſee thee bath'd in ſweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from theſe ſcenes of woe
In triumph thou ſhalt riſe,
Burſt through the gloomy ſhades of death,
And ſhine above the ſkies.

5 Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour think of me;
And in the victories of thy death,
Let me a ſharer be.

6 His prayer the dying Jeſus hears,
And inſtantly replies,
To day thy parting ſoul ſhall be
With me in paradiſe.

CI. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

Praiſe to GOD *for renewing grace.*

1 TO God my Saviour, and my King,
Fain would my ſoul her tribute bring;
Join me, ye ſaints, in ſongs of praiſe,
For ye have known and felt his grace.

2 Wretched and helpleſs once I lay,
Juſt breathing all my life away;
He ſaw me welt'ring in my blood.
And felt the pity of a God.

3 With ſpeed he flew to my relief,
Bound up my wounds, and ſooth'd my grief;
Pour'd joys divine into my heart,
And bade each anxious fear depart.

4 Theſe proofs of love my deareſt Lord,
Deep in my breaſt I will record:
The life which I from thee receive,
To thee, behold, I freely give.

5 My heart and tongue ſhall tune thy praiſe
Through the remainder of my days:
And when I join the powers above,
My ſoul ſhall better ſing thy love.

PRAISE.

CII. Mr. OLIVER.

Praiſe to the God of Abraham.

1 THE God of Abraham praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of Love!
Jehovah, great I AM!
By earth and heaven confeſt,
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſs'd.

2 The God of Abraham praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command,
From earth I riſe and ſeek the joys
At his right hand.
I'd all on earth forſake,
Its wiſdom, fame and power;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tower.

3 The God of Abraham praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm is friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Through Jeſu's blood.

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn,
I on his oath depend,
I ſhall, on eagle's wings up-borne,
To heaven aſcend:
I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his power adore;
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART THE SECOND.

5 Though nature's ſtrength decay,
And earth and hell withſtand;
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At God's command;
The wat'ry deep I paſs,
With Jeſus in my view,
And through the howling wilderneſs,
My way purſue.

6 The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſt:
The land of ſacred liberty,
And endleſs reſt.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
The trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteouſneſs;
Triumphant o'er the world and ſin,
The Prince of Peace.
On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill maintains;
And glorious with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 The ranſom'd nations bow,
Before the Saviour's face,
Joyful the radiant crowns they throw,
O'erwhelm'd with grace:
He ſhews his ſcars of love;
They kindle to a flame,
And ſound through all the worlds above,
The ſlaughter'd Lamb.

9 The whole triumphant hoſt
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt!
They ever cry.
Hail Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and majeſty are thine,
And endleſs praiſe.

CIII. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

The ſacrifice of Praiſe.

1 LET ev'ry tuneful accent riſe,
To him that rules the earth and ſkies,
The infinite unknown;
His goodneſs ſhines around the ſphere,
And richly crowns the rolling year,
With bleſſings from his throne.

2 'Tis he ordains the blooming ſpring
Her ſofteſt ſweeteſt charms to bring,
And wear her lovely dreſs;
'Tis he that clothes the fertile vale,
Bids fragrance breathe in ev'ry gale,
The rural ſcene to bleſs.

3 But he hath richer gifts in ſtore
For which our grateful hearts adore
The ſource of ev'ry good;
He gives us, rebels loſt in ſin,
Pardon, and peace, and life divine,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

4 When deſtitute of help and hope,
His ſov'reign mercy rais'd us up,
And ſnatcht us from deſpair;
So free, ſo boundleſs is his love,
He calls us to the realms above,
And ſoon ſhall bring us there.

5 Our voices ſhall in concert join
In ſongs of harmony divine;
The theme is ever new:
Let muſic all her graces bring,
Awake, awake, each tuneful ſtring,
To pay the tribute due.

CIV. L. M. Mr. ADDISON.

Praiſe to GOD *from the heavenly bodies.*

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heavens, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim,

2 Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's pow'r diſplay;
And publiſhes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening ſhades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth.

4 Whilſt all the ſtars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtial ball;
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found.

6 In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

CV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe for Creation and Providence.

1 I Sing th' almighty power of God,
That bade the mountains riſe;
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad,
And built the lofty ſkies.

2 I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command
And all the ſtars obey.

3 I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are diſplay'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky!

5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known,
And clouds ariſe, and tempeſts blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are ſubject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is preſent there.

7 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why ſhould I then forget the Lord,
Who is forever nigh?

CVI. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Sincere Praiſe.

1 ALMIGHTY Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

2 Nature in every dreſs
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thouſand ways t' expreſs
Thine undiſſembled praiſe.

3 My ſoul would riſe and ſing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the homage due.

4 Let joy and worſhip ſpend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my ſoul, aſcend,
In grateful ſongs of praiſe.

CVII. C. M.

God our conſtant benefactor.

1 GREAT God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks ſhall raiſe;
Inſpire our hearts to tune the ſongs,
Which celebrate thy praiſe.

2 From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

3 Thy pow'r, our ever preſent guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee deſcends.

4 Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings,
How ſweet is our repoſe:
The morning light renews the ſprings
From whence our comfort flows.

5 In celebration of thy praiſe
We will employ our breath:
And walking ſtedfaſt in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

CVIII. Mrs. Barbauld.

Praiſe to God in Proſperity and Adverſity.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praiſe,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous ſource of every joy,
Let thy praiſe our tongues employ.

2 For the bleſſings of the field,
For the ſtores the gardens yield,
For the wine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's uſe.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow ſheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuſe.

4 All that ſpring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the ſmiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing ſtores:

5 Theſe to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our bleſſings flow;
And for thee my ſoul ſhall raiſe
Grateful vows and ſolemn praiſe.

6 Yet ſhould riſing whirlwinds tear
From its ſtem the ripening ear,
Should the fig-tree's blaſted ſhoot
Drop her green untimely fruit.

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her ſtore;
Though the ſick'ning flocks ſhould fall,
And the herds deſert the ſtall;

8 Should thine alter'd hand reſtrain
Th' early and the latter rain,
Blaſt each opening bud of joy,
And the riſing year deſtroy;

9 Yet to thee my ſoul ſhould raiſe
Grateful vows, and ſolemn praiſe;
And when every bleſſing's flown,
Love thee---for thyſelf alone.

CIX. C. M. Mr. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Praiſe to GOD *in Life and Death.*

1 MY ſoul ſhall praiſe thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vaſt, thy boundleſs praiſe.

2 In every ſmiling happy hour,
Be this my ſweet employ;
Thy praiſe refines my earthly bliſs,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When gloomy care, and keen diſtreſs,
Afflict my throbbing breaſt,
My tongue ſhall learn to ſpeak thy praiſe,
And lull each pain to reſt.

4 Nor ſhall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life with all its active pow'rs
Shall ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

5 And when theſe lips ſhall ceaſe to move,
When death ſhall cloſe theſe eyes,
Then ſhall my ſoul to nobler heights
Of joy and tranſport riſe.

6 Then ſhall her powers in endleſs ſtrains,
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
And an eternal day.

CX. C. M. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Praiſe to GOD *through all the changes of Life.*

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God;
I'll ſing the honours of thy name,
And ſpread thy praiſe abroad.

2 My ſoul in pleaſing wonder loſt,
Thy various love ſurveys;
Where ſhall my grateful lips begin,
Or where conclude thy praiſe.

3 In every period of my life,
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each tranſient ſcene,
And crown each paſſing year.

4 In all theſe mercies may my ſoul
A father's bounty ſee;
Nor let the gifts thy grace beſtows
Eſtrange my heart from thee.

5 Teach me in time of deep diſtreſs
To own thy hand, my God;
And in ſubmiſſive ſilence hear
The leſſons of thy rod.

6 In every varying mortal ſtate,
Each bright, each gloomy ſcene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and ſerene.

7 Then will I cloſe mine eyes in death
Without one anxious fear,
For death itſelf is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

CXI. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Praiſe to GOD *through the whole of our exiſtence.*

1 GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe,
The ſong ſhall wake with op'ning light,
And chear the dark and ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my reſt,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſes rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the ſigh.

3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak.

4 But oh! when that laſt conflicts o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo through the heav'nly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

6 The chearful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs ſoul can live;
A work ſo ſweet, a theme ſo high,
Demands and crowns eternity,

CXII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.

A ſong of Triumph.

1 COME let us aſcend,
My companion and friend,
To a taſte of the banquet above,
If through mercy divine,
For our Saviour we pine,
Let us mount the bleſt chariot of love.

2 If in Chriſt we confide,
We are bold to outride
The ſtorms of affliction beneath:
With the prophet we ſoar
To that heavenly ſhore,
And outfly all the arrows of death.

3 By faith we are come
To our permanent home,
By hope we the rapture improve;
By love we ſtill riſe,
And look down on the ſkies
For the heaven of heavens is love!

4 Who on earth can conceive,
How happy we live
In the city of God the great King!
What a concert of praiſe,
When our Jeſus's grace,
Th' whole heavenly company ſing.

5 What a rapturous ſong,
When the glorify'd throng,
In the ſpirit of harmony join!
Join all ye glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres,
For the burden is mercy divine.

6 Hallelujah they cry,
To the king of the ſky,
To the great everlaſting I AM:
To the Lamb that was ſlain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

7 The Lamb on the throne,
Lo! he dwells with his own,
And to rivers of pleaſure he leads:
With his mercy's full blaze,
With the ſight of his face,
Our beautify'd ſpirits he feeds.

8 Our foreheads proclaim
His ineffable name:
Our bodies his glory diſplay:
A day without night
We feaſt in his ſight,
And eternity ſeems as a day!

CXIII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Praiſe to Chriſt.

1 YE ſervants of God,
Your maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of Jeſus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His preſence we have:

The great congregation
His triumph will ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To Jeſus our King,

3 Salvation to God
Who ſits on the throne;
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son;
Our Jeſus's praiſes
All angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him is right
All glory, and power,
And wiſdom, and might;
All honour and bleſſing,
With angels above,
And thanks never-ceaſing
For Jeſus's love.

CXIV. Mr. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.

Praiſe to the Creator and Redeemer.

1 HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe
Thy mercy and power,
Thou God of all grace!
With honour and bleſſing
Before thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing,
Thee Father of all.

2 The heavens and earth,
And water and air,
To thee owe their birth,
Subſiſt by thy care;
While angels are ſinging
Thy praiſes above,
We mortals are bringing
Our tribute of love.

LOVE.

CXV. Sevens. Mr. NEWTON.

Loveſt thou me. John xxi. 16.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it cauſes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no;
Am I his, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeleſs frame?
Hardly, ſure, can they be worſe,
Who have never heard his name.

3 Could my heart ſo hard remain,
Prayer a taſk and burden prove;
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's Love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild
Fill'd with unbelief and ſin,
Can I deem myſelf a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

6 Yet I mourn my ſtubborn will,
Find my ſin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy his ſaints to meet,
Chooſe the ways I once abhorr'd;
Find at times, the promiſe ſweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord decide the doubtful caſe!
Thou who art thy people's ſun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I've never lov'd before,
Help me to begin to day.

CXVI. S. M. Mr. Beddome.

Chriſtian Love, Gal. iii. 28.

1 LET party names no more
The chriſtian world o'erſpread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Chriſt their head.

2 Among the ſaints of earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the ſame inheritance,
With mutual bleſſings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be baniſh'd far away;
Thoſe ſhould in ſtricteſt friendſhip dwell,
Who the ſame Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Reſemble that above,
Where ſtreams of pleaſure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

CXVII. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The heart purified to unfeigned Love of the Brethren by the ſpirit, 1 Pet. i. 2.

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal love,
Vouchſafe our frozen hearts to move;
With ardour ſtrong theſe breaſts inflame
To all that own a Saviour's name.

2 Still let the heavenly fire endure
Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure:
Let every heart and every hand
Join in the dear fraternal band.

3 Celeſtial Dove, deſcend and bring
The ſmiling bleſſings on thy wing;
And make us taſte thoſe ſweets below,
Which in the bliſsful manſions grow.

CXVIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Love to our Neighbour; or, the good Samaritan, Luke x. 29---37.

1 FATHER of mercies, ſend thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient ſouls,
The image of thy love.

2 O may our ſympathizing breaſts
That gen'rous pleaſure know;
Kindly to ſhare in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When the moſt helpleſs ſons of grief
In low diſtreſs are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And ſwift our hands to aid.

4 So Jeſus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the ſkies;
And, midſt the embraces of his God,
He felt compaſſion riſe.

5 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raiſe us from the ground;
And ſhed the richeſt of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

CXIX. C. M.

Love to our enemies from the example of CHRIST.
Luke xxiii. 34. Matt. v. 44.

1 ALOUD we ſing the wond'rous grace,
Chriſt to his murd'rers bare;
Which made the tort'ring croſs its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal bleſſings down
On thoſe who wrought his death.

3 Jeſus, this wond'rous love we ſing,
And whilſt we ſing admire;
Breathe on our ſouls, and kindle there,
The ſame celeſtial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For our enemies will pray;
With love, their hatred, and their curſe,
With bleſſings will repay.

CXX. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Love to CHRIST, John xxi. 15.

1 DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and ſee;
Would I not turn each idol out,
Which dares to rival thee:

2 Haſt thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would diſdain to feed?
Haſt thou a foe, before whoſe face
I fear thy cauſe to plead?

3 Would not my ardent ſpirit vie,
With angels round the throne,
To execute thy ſacred will,
And make thy glory known.

4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame!

5 Thou know'ſt I love thee, gracious Lord,
But O! I long to ſoar
Far from the ſphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

CXXI. L. M. Mr. Brown.

Love to all mankind.

1 O God my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I have or hope, the ſpring!
Send down thy ſpirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

2 With pity let my breaſt o'erflow,
When I beheld a wretch in woe;
And bear a ſympathizing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.

3 And when another's proſp'rous ſtate
Shall joy within himſelf create,
Let me too in his triumph join,
And count his peace and pleaſure mine.

4 Yea, ſhould my neighbour ſpiteful prove,
Still let me vanquiſh ſpite with love;
Slow to reſent, though he would grieve,
But always ready to forgive.

5 Let love in all my conduct ſhine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine:
Let me thine humble foll'wer prove,
Father of grace, and God of love.

CHRISTIANS.

CXXII.

1 HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus join'd,
And ſav'd by grace alone:
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know:
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above:
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realms they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne!
We in the kingdom of thy grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holieſt leads:
From thence our ſpirits riſe:
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

CXXIII. Mr. WESLEY.

1 REJOICE evermore, with angels above,
In Jeſus's pow'r, in Jeſus's love;
With glad exultation, your triumph proclaim,
Aſcribing ſalvation to God and the Lamb.

2 Thou Lord our relief in trouble haſt been;
Haſt ſav'd us from grief, haſt ſav'd us from ſin;
The pow'r of thy Spirit, hath ſet our hearts free,
And we now inherit all fullneſs in thee.

3 All fulneſs of peace, all fulneſs of joy,
And ſpiritual bliſs, that never ſhall cloy:
To us it is given in Jeſus to know
A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.

4 No longer we join, while ſinners invite,
Nor envy the ſwine their brutiſh delight;
Their joy is all ſadneſs, their mirth is all vain,
Their laughter is madneſs, their pleaſure is pain!

5 O might they at laſt with ſorrow return!
The pleaſures to taſte, for which they were born;
Our Jeſus receiving, our happineſs prove,
The joy of believing, the heaven of love.

CXXIV. S. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Active Chriſtian, Luke xii. 35---38.

1 YE ſervants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Obſervant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his ſight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we ſpeak, he's near:
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy ſervant he,
In ſuch a poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with rapture ſee,
And be with honour crown'd.

5 Chriſt ſhall the banquet ſpread
With his own royal hand,
And raiſe that faithful ſervant's head,
Amidſt th' angelic band.

CXXV. S. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Love to the Saints.

1 I Love the ſons of grace,
The heirs of bliſs divine,
Who walk in paths of righteouſneſs,
And fly from ev'ry ſin.

2 They will my faults reprove,
When heedleſsly I err;
How do I prize their faithful love,
Their kind and tender care!

3 They Jeſu's image bear;
How lovely is the ſight;
They ſhall at length with him appear
In everlaſting light.

4 They love the Father's name,
And gladly do his will;
They humbly follow Chriſt the Lamb,
In purity and zeal.

5 Their footſteps I'll purſue,
With vigour till I die;
Rejoicing in the pleaſing view
Of meeting them on high.

6 It is a ſweet employ
To join in worſhip here;
But how divine muſt be the joy,
To ſee each other there!

CXXVI. S. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Brotherly Love.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in chriſtian love;
The fellowſhip of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent pray'rs;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The ſympathizing tear.

4 When we aſunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to ſee the day.

6 From ſorrow, toil and pain,
And ſin we ſhall be free;
And perfect love and friendſhip reign
Through all eternity.

CXXVII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Being in the fear of GOD *all the day long.* Proverbs xxiii. 17.

1 THRICE happy ſouls, who born from heaven,
While yet they ſojourn here,
Humbly begin their days with God,
And ſpend them in his fear!

2 So may our eyes, with holy zeal,
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the ſacred pages o'er,
And praiſe thy name and pray.

3 Midſt hourly cares our love preſents
Its incenſe to thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs
Our hearts be thine alone.

4 As ſanctify'd to noble ends,
Be each refreſhment ſought;
And by each various Providence
Some wiſe inſtructions brought.

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll ſeek the ſhelter of thy wings,
And in thy ſtrength confide.

6 As different ſcenes of life ariſe,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee amidſt the ſocial band,
In ſolitude with thee.

7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breaſt;
And, ſafely folded in thine arms,
Reſign our powers to reſt!

8 In ſolid pure delights, like theſe,
Let all our days be paſt;
Nor ſhall we then impatient wiſh,
Nor ſhall we fear the laſt.

CXXVIII. C. M. Mr. NEEDHAM.

Fear of GOD, Prov. xiv. 26.

1 HAPPY beyond deſcription he
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, ſacred paſſion, ever dwells
With its fair partner, love:
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their ſource is from above.

3 Let terrors fright th' unwilling ſlave,
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful he does his Father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let but thy fear, moſt holy God!
Poſſeſs this ſoul of mine,
Then ſhall I worſhip thee aright,
And taſte thy joys divine.

CXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Holy Fortitude, 1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 AM I a ſoldier of the croſs,
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2 Muſt I be carried to the ſkies,
On flowery beds of eaſe;
While others fought to win the prize,
And ſail'd through bloody ſeas!

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I muſt fight, if I would reign;
Increaſe my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5 Thy ſaints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die:
They hear the triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their eye.

6 When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all thy armies ſhine
In robes of victory through the ſkies,
The glory ſhall be thine.

CXXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Gravity and Decency.

1 ARE we not ſons and heirs of God!
Are we not bought with Jeſu's blood?
Do we not hope for heavenly joys?
And ſhall we ſtoop to trifling toys?

2 Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport and play,
To wear out time, and waſte the day.

3 Doth vain diſcourſe, or empty mirth,
Well ſuit the honours of our birth?
Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4 What if we wear the richeſt veſt?
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt;
This fleſh with all its gaudy forms,
Muſt drop to duſt and feed the worms.

5 Lord, raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher,
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then with a heaven-directed eye,
We'll paſs theſe glittering trifles by.

6 We'll look on all the toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To promis'd manſions in the ſkies.

CXXXI. L. M. Steele.

Happy poverty; or, the poor in ſpirit bleſſed,
Matt. v. 3.

1 YE humble ſouls, complain no more,
Let faith ſurvey your future ſtore;
How happy, how divinely bleſt;
The ſacred words of truth atteſt.

2 When conſcious grief laments ſincere,
And pours the penitential tear;
Hope points to your dejected eyes,
The bright reverſion in the ſkies.

3 In vain the ſons of wealth and pride
Deſpiſe your lot your hopes deride:
In vain they boaſt their little ſtores,
Trifles are *theirs*, a kingdom *yours*.

2 A kingdom of immenſe delight,
Where health, and peace, and joy unite;
Where undeclining pleaſures riſe,
And every wiſh hath full ſupplies:

3 A kingdom which can ne'er decay,
While time ſweeps earthly thrones away,
The ſtate which power and truth ſuſtain,
Unmov'd for ever muſt remain.

6 There ſhall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious friend that dy'd for you;
That dy'd to ranſom, dy'd to raiſe
To crowns of joy, and ſongs of praiſe.

CXXXII. Sevens. Mr. CENNICK.

Rejoicing in Hope, Iſai. xxxv. 10. Luke xii 32.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'lling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
Chriſt our advocate is made;
Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You on Jeſus' throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful ſtand
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee!

CXXXIII. L. M. Dr. S. Stenett.

Our bodies the Temples of the Holy Ghoſt, 1 Cor. vi. 19. 1 John v. 21.

1 AND will th' offended God again
Return and dwell with ſinful men?
Will he within this boſom raiſe
A living temple to his praiſe.

2 The joyful news tranſports my breaſt,
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly gueſt!
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the King of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign:
Thy ſceptre o'er my paſſions ſway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reaſon and conſcience ſhall ſubmit,
And pay their homage at thy feet:
To thee I'll conſecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

5 No idol-god ſhall hold a place
Within this temple of thy grace;
Dagon before the ark ſhall fall,
And vengeance ſeize the prieſts of *Baal.*

CHURCH.

CXXXIV. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Church, the birth-place of the ſaints, and GOD'S *care of it,* Pſalm lxxxvii. 5.

On opening a new place of Worſhip.

1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth eſtabliſh his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Avow our temples for his own?

2 We bring the tribute of our praiſe,
And ſing that condeſcending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us ſinful mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful care we bleſs,
Which guards our ſynagogues in peace,
That no tumultous foes invade,
To fill our worſhippers with dread.

4 Theſe walls we to thy honour raiſe;
Long may they echo with thy praiſe;
And thou, deſcending, fill the place
With choiceſt tokens of thy grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and chear his friends.

6 And in the great deciſive day;
When God the nations ſhall ſurvey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

CXXXV. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

1 JESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid all jars forever ceaſe.

2 By thy reconciling love,
Every ſtumbling-block remove,
Each to each unite endear,
Come and ſpread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous pitiful and kind,
Meek in every thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us each for other care,
Each his brother's burden bear,
To thy church the pattern give,
Shew how true believers live.

5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Shew how true believers die.

CXXXVI. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

At meeting or departing.

1 WE bleſs the Lord, whoſe tender care,
Directs us on where'er we ſtray;
Whoſe conſtant love ſhall ſtill prepare,
To guide us in the narrow way.

2 We bleſs the Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Whoſe beams command our night to ceaſe;
Whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs,
Whoſe paths are all the paths of peace.

3 Thy cloudy pillar all the day
Shall guard us through the burning light:
While brighter glories ſhall diſplay
Thy cheering preſence through the night.

4 As thoſe that follow thee above,
Where'er thy ſtately footſteps ſtray,
Through ſtreets of gold, and realms of love,
In ſhining robes of bright array.

5 So let us learn where'er we go
To yield obedience to thy call;
To ſeek thy footſteps here below,
And ſerve thee as our all in all.

CXXXVII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

On taking Members into Society.

1 WELCOME ye well belov'd of God,
Ye heirs of grace, redeem'd by blood;
Welcome with us your hands to join,
Dear partners of our lot divine:
Bleſſings abundant from above,
Give them we pray, thou God of love.

2 With us the pilgrim ſtate embrace;
We travel to a bliſsful place,
The new Jeruſalem above,
The throne of God the ſeat of love:
The Holy Ghoſt that knows the way,
Conduct you on from day to day.

3 The ſtaff of promiſe now receive,
The weary footſteps to relieve,
The chief ſupport the pilgrim knows,
Leaning on this he forward goes:
Thus if for reſt your ſpirits call,
Truſting on this ye cannot fall.

4 Thus onward move with ſteady pace;
Stedfaſt purſue the goſpel race:
Fill'd with the power of heavenly love,
Ye ſhall the ſtrength of Jeſus prove:
Commiſſion'd angels ſoon ſhall come,
And waft you to your wiſh'd for home.

CXXXVIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The goodneſs of GOD *acknowledged in giving Paſtors after his own heart*, Jer. iii. 15.

At the Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 SHEPHERD of *Iſrael*, thou doſt keep
With conſtant care thy humble ſheep:
By thee inferior paſtors riſe
To feed our ſouls, and bleſs our eyes.

2 To all thy churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart;
Whoſe courage, watchfulneſs, and love
Men may atteſt, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active tender care,
Healthful may all thy ſheep appear,
And, by their fair example led,
The way to *Zion's* paſture tread.

4 Here haſt thou liſt'ned to our vows,
And ſcatter'd bleſſings on thy houſe;
Thy ſaints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As ſheep without a guide deplore.

5 Compleatly heal each former ſtroke,
And bleſs the ſhepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raiſe,
And own this tribute of our praiſe.

CXXXIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The inſtitution of a Goſpel-Miniſtry from CHRIST. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

At the Ordination or Settlement of a Miniſter.

1 FATHER of mercies in thy houſe
Smile on our homage, and our vows;
While with a grateful heart we ſhare
Theſe pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he roſe,
In ſplendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence ſprung th' *Apoſtle's* honour'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the prophetic ſage;
And hence the *evangelic* page.

4 In lowlier forms, to bleſs our eyes,
Paſtors from hence, and *teachers* riſe;
Who though with feeble rays they ſhine,
Still gild a long-extended line.

5 From *Chriſt* their varied gifts derive,
And fed by *Chriſt* their graces live:
While guarded by his potent hand,
Midſt all the rage of hell they ſtand.

6 So ſhall the bright ſucceſſion run
Though the laſt courſes of the ſun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall riſe and flouriſh large and fair.

7 *Jeſus* our Lord their hearts ſhall know,
The ſpring, whence all theſe bleſſings flow:
Paſtors and people ſhout his praiſe
Through the long round of endleſs days.

CXL. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for ſouls in the view of the great account, Heb. xiii. 17.

At the Ordination of a Miniſter.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their ſolemn charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cauſe of ſmall import
The *Paſtor's* care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for ſouls, for which the Lord
Did heav'nly bliſs forego;
For ſouls, which muſt for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

4 All to the great tribunal haſte,
Th' account to render there;
And ſhouldſt thou ſtrictly mark our faults,
Lord, how ſhould we appear?

5 May they that *Jeſus*, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer ſee;
And watch thou daily o'er their ſouls,
That they may watch for thee.

CXLII. Sevens. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

For perſons joined in Fellowſhip.

1 NOW with joint conſent we ſing,
Glory to our God and King;
All our hearts and voices raiſe
To proclaim the Saviour's praiſe.

2 While in him we live and move,
He defends us by his love,
Wand'ring through this defart land,
He upholds us by his hand.

3 He in every time and place,
Manifeſts his guardian grace;
Every day and every hour,
Shields us by his conſtant power.

4 While we ſee each other's face;
Gladly we unite to bleſs
Him that leads us by his love
To his bliſsful throne above.

5 May we walk with God below,
In his likeneſs daily grow,
Till our joyful ſpirits riſe,
To behold him in the ſkies.

LXLII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The GOD *of Spirits ſought to ſupply vacancies in the congregations of his people*, Numbers xxvii. 15--17.

1 FATHER of Spirits, from thy hand,
Our ſouls immortal came;
And ſtill thine energy divine
Supports th' eternal flame.

2 By thee our ſpirits all are known;
And each remoteſt thought
Lies wide expanded to thine eye,
By whom their pow'rs were wrought.

3 To thee, when mortal comforts fail,
Thy flock deſerted flies;
And, on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our chearful hope relies.

4 When o'er thy faithful ſervant's duſt
Thy dear aſſemblies mourn,
In ſpeedy tokens of thy grace,
O *Iſrael's* God, return.

5 The pow'rs of nature all are thine,
And thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne thy churches up
Through ev'ry riſing race.

6 Erect thy ſacred influence here,
And here thy ſuppliants bleſs,
And change, to ſtrains of chearful praiſe,
Their accents of diſtreſs.

7 With faithful heart, with ſkilful hand,
May this thy flock be fed;
And with a ſteady growing pace,
To *Zion*'s mountain led.

CXLIII. Dr. Doddridge.

Support in the gracious preſence of God *under the the loſs of Miniſters, and other uſeful friends,* Joſhua i. 2. 4. 5.

1 NOW let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry.
Why ſhould thoſe eyes be drown'd in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh.

2 What though the arm of conqu'ring death
Does God's own houſe invade?
What though the prophet and the prieſt
Be number'd with the dead?

3 Though earthly ſhepherds dwell in duſt,
The aged, and the young,
The watchful eye in darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive tongue,

4 Th' eternal ſhepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye ſtill guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

5 "Lo, I am with you, ſaith the Lord,
My church ſhall ſafe abide;
For I will ne'er forſake my own,
Whoſe ſouls in me confide."

6 Through ev'ry ſcene of life and death,
This promiſe is our truſt;
And this ſhall be our children's ſong,
When we are cold in duſt.

PERSEVERANCE.

CXLIV. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Perſeverance.

1 LORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways,
Conduct me in thy fear,
And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace,
That I may perſevere.

2 O never let me turn aſide,
Nor leave the path divine;
Let faith, and love, and zeal abide;
Let patience ne'er decline.

5 Supported by a lively hope,
May I the ſtorm endure;
Let ſov'reign mercy hold me up,
And I ſhall walk ſecure.

4 Should all the pow'rs of darkneſs ſtrive
My peace to diſcompoſe,
Upheld by thee, my ſoul ſhall live
Triumphant o'er her foes.

5 Their ſnares ſhall unſucceſsful prove;
My purpoſe firm ſhall be,
While bonds of everlaſting love
Unite my heart to thee.

6 Should perſecution's hotteſt flame
Be kindled all around,
And griefs and fears of every name,
Thro' all the path abound:

7 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Suſtain a feeble worm,
I ſhall eſcape, ſecure from harm,
Amidſt the dreadful ſtorm.

8 Be thou my all-ſufficient friend,
Till all theſe toils ſhall ceaſe;
Guard me thro' life, and let my end
Be everlaſting peace.

CXLV. Sevens. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Hold thou me up, and I ſhall be ſafe.

1 WHERE for ſafety ſhall I fly?
Mighty God, to thee I cry;
Dangers ev'ry where attend,
Let thy arm my ſoul defend.

2 Round me troops of foes I ſee;
None can keep me, Lord, but thee;
Be my conſtant ſtrength and ſtay,
Guard me in this evil day.

3 Thy protecting care I crave;
Pow'r is thine, O God, to ſave;
Matchleſs wonders thou haſt wrought,
Far beyond the reach of thought.

4 Let thy gracious hand impart
Strength and comfort to my heart;
Ever keep me near to thee,
Till I'm call'd thy face to ſee.

5 Here I find no ſettled reſt:
Lord prepare me for thy breaſt;
And till that tranſporting day,
Onward lead me in thy way.

6 There thy ſaints, the ſons of light,
Dreſt in robes of ſnowy white,
From their foes and dangers free,
Wear the palm of victory.

SIN AND SINNERS.

CXLVI. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The effects of the Fall lamented, Pſalm cxix. 136. 138.

1 ARISE, my tendereſt thoughts, ariſe;
To torrents melt my ſtreaming eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguiſh feel
Thoſe evils which thou canſt not heal.

2 See human nature ſunk in ſhame:
See ſcandal pour'd on Jeſus' name;
The Father wounded through the Son;
The world abus'd; the Soul undone.

3 See the ſhort courſe of vain delight
Cloſing in everlaſting night;
In flames, that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful ſcene;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men;
And fain my pity would reclaim,
And ſnatch the fire brands from the flame.

5 But feeble my compaſſion proves,
And can but weep, where moſt it loves;
Thy own all-ſaving arm employ,
And turn theſe drops of grief to joy.

CXLVII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Againſt Swearing.

1 ANGELS adore Jehovah's name,
And devils tremble at his word,
While men, with impious tongues, blaſpheme,
Nor dread thy wrath Almigthy Lord.

2 Are not our lips our own, they cry,
Their haughty minds diſdain control;
Then round their dreadful curſes fly,
But fall upon their guilty ſoul.

3 Harden'd in ſin, the wretches dare
Provoke a juſt and jealous God;
With rage infernal curſe and ſwear.
Regardleſs of his vengeful rod.

4 Ungrateful mortals, thus to uſe
The glory of the human frame;
Their benefactor they abuſe,
And turn their glory into ſhame.

5 Awake, and tremble; ye profane;
Heaven's wrath is kindled o'er your head;
Take not *his* holy name in vain,
Whose look can strike a nation dead.

6 Lest you beneath your curses die,
O seek for pardon while you live;
With broken hearts for mercy cry,
Mercy can ev'ry sin forgive.

CXLVIII. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Awake, &c. Eph. v. 14.

1 AWAKE, awake, O drowsy soul,
From carnal sloth arise;
Before the threat'ning thunders roll,
To rouze thee with surprize.

2 Why wilt thou still in darkness live,
Involv'd in shades of night?
When Jesus calls thee to receive
The rays of heav'nly light.

3 He teaches thee thyself to know;
He sets before thine eyes;
Thy danger and thy refuge too,
And calls thee to arise.

4 He'll be thy bright, thy glorious sun,
Thy gloomy path to cheer:
Onward thy willing feet shall run,
Secure from ev'ry snare.

5 His light shall open to thy view
The glories of the skies,
And prospects ever rich and new
Shall bless thy wond'ring eyes.

6 He will direct thee on thy way,
And shew thee all his will,
And to the realms of endless day,
His hand shall guide thee still.

CXLIX. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Let the wicked forsake his way, Isa. lv. 7.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'Tis mercy speaks to day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea, that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek his face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of his word,
Renouncing ev'ry sin;
Submit to him, your sov'reign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

7 His love exceeds your higheſt thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your num'rous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

CL. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Hating Covetouſneſs. Exod. xviii. 21.

1 THE man of covetous deſigns
Only to preſent things inclines;
Gold is his god; he labours moſt
For earthly gain and ſhining duſt.

2 Diſtracting cares diſturb his breaſt,
Employ his time and break his reſt,
For heav'nly wealth he will not ſtrive,
He only ſeeks on earth to thrive.

3 Forgetful of his ſtarving ſoul,
His thoughts on meaner ſubjects roll;
To gain the world he's moſt inclin'd,
And caſts immortal crowns behind.

4 A thouſand guileful arts he tries,
He deals in treachery and lies;
Nor conſcience, nor the Lord's commands,
Will e'er reſtrain his griping hands.

5 If God ſhould frown on his deſigns,
He frets, he murmurs, and repines;
Whate'er he has, he nought enjoys;
For diſcontent his peace deſtroys.

6 His harden'd heart will never move,
Nor melt with ſympathizing love:
He pities not the hungry poor,
But frowns the needy from his door.

7 Lord, ſave me from an earthly mind;
My noble pow'rs were not deſign'd
To reſt in ought the world can give;
O let me on thy fulneſs live.

CLI. L. M. Mr. Scott.

The one thing needful.

1 WHY will ye laviſh out your years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling cares?
While in the various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

2 Why will ye chaſe the fleeting wind,
And famiſh an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn a heav'nly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jeſus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conſcience gives you pain;
And ſhall they join their pleas in vain?

4 Not ſo your dying eyes ſhall view
Thoſe objects, which ye now purſue;
Not ſo ſhall heav'n and hell appear,
When the deciſive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy grace impart
To fix conviction on the heart;
Thy grace unveils the blindeſt eyes,
And makes the haughtieſt ſcorner wiſe.

BACKSLIDERS.

CLII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The fatal conſequences of forſaking the hope of Iſrael.
Jer. xvii. 13, 14.

1 GREAT God who art thine *Iſrael's* hope,
Its Saviour, and its praiſe,
Attend, while we to thee devote
The remnant of our days.

2 How wretched they that leave the Lord,
And from his word withdraw!
That loſe the goſpel from their ſight,
And wander from his law.

3 O thou eternal ſpring of good,
Whence living waters flow,
Let not our thirſty erring ſouls
To broken ciſterns go.

4 Like characters inſcrib'd in duſt
Are ſinners borne away;
And all their treaſures they can boaſt,
The portion of a day.

5 But, Lord, to thee my heart ſhall turn
To heal it, and to ſave;
The joys, that from thy favour flow,
Shall bloom beyond the grave.

CLIII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Inconſtancy.

1 PITY, dear Lord, thy feeble child,
By ſin and *Satan* oft beguil'd;
Daily to thee, I ſtill return,
My own inconſtancy to mourn.

2 Thou ſee'ſt me wav'ring to and fro;
And toſs'd with various winds that blow;
Thou haſt compaſſion for the weak;
The bruiſed reed thou wilt not break.

3 O ſettle my unſtable heart,
Let me not from thy truth depart,
Confirm my faith, increaſe my love,
And fix my heart on things above.

4 Let my whole ſoul united be,
By firmer ties, dear Lord, to thee;
Let me my few remaining days
Be ſtedfaſt in thy work and ways.

CLIV. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Peter's Fall and Recovery.

1 HOW did the pow'rs of darkneſs rage
Againſt the Son of God!
While cruel men on earth engage
To ſhed his precious blood.

2 His friends forſook him with ſurprize,
When that dread ſcene began;
And one perfidiouſly denies
He ever knew the man.

3 How feeble human efforts prove
Againſt temptation's pow'r!
E'en Peter's flaming zeal and love
Are vanquiſh'd in an hour.

4 His firmeſt purpoſe will not ſtand;
Behold his guilt and ſhame!
Lord, keep me by thy mighty hand,
Or I ſhall do the ſame.

5 At length the ſuff'ring Saviour turns,
And looks with pitying eyes;
Peter relents, withdraws and mourns,
And loud for mercy cries.

6 So boundleſs is Jehovah's grace,
He hears the humble pray'r;
If I am found in *Peter's* caſe,
I would not ſtill diſpair.

7 Look on me, Lord, with eyes of love,
My wand'ring ſoul reſtore;
My guilt forgive, my fears remove,
And let me fall no more.

CLV. C. M. W-------.

Crown him.

1 BACKSLIDERS, who your miſery feel,
Attend your Saviour's call,
Return he'll your backſliding heal;
O crown him Lord of all.

2 Though crimſon ſins increaſe your guilt,
And painful is your thrall;
For broken hearts his blood was ſpilt;
O crown him Lord of all.

3 Take with you words, approach his throne,
And low before him fall;
He underſtands the ſpirits groan;
O crown him Lord of all.

4 Whoever comes he'll not caſt out,
Although your faith be ſmall;
His faithfulneſs you cannot doubt;
O crown him Lord of all.

WORSHIP.

CLVI. P. M. Mr. B. FRANCIS.

On opening a place of Worſhip.

1. IN ſweet exalted ſtrains
The King of glory praiſe;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns.
Through everlaſting days,
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Suſtains or ſinks the diſtant poles.

2. To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories ſhine:
Fair Salem, ſtill his choſen reſt,
Is with his ſmiles and preſence bleſt.

3. Then King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to ſhow,
How God can dwell with men below.

4. Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the ſkies:
Here may the word melodious ſound,
And ſpread celeſtial joys around.

CLVII. S. M. Dr. S. STENETT.

The pleaſures of ſocial Worſhip.

1. HOW charming is the place,
Where my Redeemer God,

Unveils the beauties of his face,
And ſheds his love abroad.

2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great reſort,
Are once to be compar'd with this,
Where Jeſus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy ſeat,
With radiant glory crown'd
Our joyful eyes behold him ſit,
And ſmile on all around.

4 To him their prayers and cries
Each humble ſoul preſents:
He liſtens to their broken ſighs,
And grants them all their wants.

5 To them his ſovereign will
He graciouſly imparts,
And in return accepts with ſmiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6 Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy bleſt abode,
Among the children of thy grace;
The ſervants of my God.

CLVIII. Sevens. Mr. D. TURNER.

The excellency of Public Worſhip.

1 LORD of hoſts, how lovely fair,
E'en on earth, thy temples are;
Here thy waiting people ſee
Much of heaven, much of thee.

2 From thy gracious preſence flows,
Bliſs that ſoftens all our woes;

While thy ſpirits holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure deſire.

3 Here we ſupplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'ſt thy glories known,
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taſte thy love and ſing thy praiſe.

4 Thus with feſtive ſons of joy
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
'Till from earth to heaven we ſoar.

CLIX. Mr. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.

Enjoyment in Chriſtian Worſhip.

1 YE that in theſe courts are found,
Liſt'ning to the joyful ſound,
Loſt and helpleſs as ye are,
Sons of ſorrow, ſin, and care,
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

2 Turn to Chriſt your longing eyes,
View his bloody ſacrifice:
See through him your ſins forgiv'n,
Pardon, holineſs, and heav'n:
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the goſpel brings.

PRAYER.

CLX C. M. F-------.

Prayer for Perſeverance, Pſalm cxix. 17.

1 LORD, haſt thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;

And grant me ſuch ſupplies of grace,
That I may perſevere.

2 Let but thy own Almighty arm
Suſtain a feeble worm,
I ſhall eſcape, ſecure from harm,
Amid the dreadful ſtorm.

3 Be thou my all-ſufficient friend,
Till all my toils ſhall ceaſe;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlaſting peace.

CLXI. S. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Prayer.

1 THIS duty God requires,
That men ſhould ſeek his face,
And offer up their warm deſires
Before the throne of grace.

2 This privilege he grants
His ſaints below the ſky,
That they ſhould tell him all their wants,
And *Abba* Father cry.

3 He lends a gracious ear,
And in the trying hour,
He makes his matchleſs love appear,
And magnifies his pow'r.

4 Let needy ſinners pray,
Nor from his throne depart;
His mercy will not long delay
To heal the broken heart.

5 Since Jeſus pleads above,
The God of Grace will hear,

And give the bleſſings of his love,
When humble ſouls draw near.

6 Then knock at Mercy's gate,
Deſpair not, but believe;
And ſtill with expectation wait,
Till God the token give.

CLXII. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Seeking to GOD *for the communication of his Spirit.*
Ezek. xxxvi. 37.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And ſend thy various bleſſings down;
While by thine *Iſrael* thou art ſought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, ſacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldeſt heart with love;
Soften to fleſh the rugged ſtone,
And let thy godlike power be known.

3 Come thou, and from the haughtieſt eyes
Shall floods of pious ſorrow riſe;
Whilſt all their glowing ſouls are borne
To ſeek that grace which now they ſcorn.

4 O let a holy flock await,
Num'rous around thy temple gate,
Each preſſing on with zeal to be
A living ſacrifice to thee.

5 In anſwer to our fervent eries,
Give us to ſee thy church ariſe:
Or, if that bleſſing ſeem too great,
Give us to mourn its low eſtate.

CLXIII. C. M.

Humble pleadings for Mercy.

1 LORD, at thy feet we ſinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;

With heavy heart and downcaſt eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 On us the vaſt extent diſplay
Of thy redeeming love;
Take all our heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

3 We ſink with all this weight oppreſt,
Sink down to death and hell;
Oh, give our troubled ſpirits reſt,
Our numerous fears diſpel.

4 'Tis mercy, mercy we implore,
O let thy bowels move;
Thy grace is an exhauſtleſs ſtore,
And thou thyſelf art love.

5 Oh, for thy own, for Jeſus' ſake,
Our many ſins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking ſoon relieve.

6 Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
And thy dominion own;
Nor let a rival more pretend
To repoſſeſs thy throne.

CLXIV. C. M.

The Requeſt.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliſs
Thy ſov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;

The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the ſweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy preſence through my journey ſhine,
And crown my journey's end.

FAMILY.

CLXV. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Family Devotion.

1 FATHER of men thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our family with peace:
From thee they ſpring and by thy hand
Their root and branches are ſuſtain'd.

2 To God, moſt worthy to be prais'd;
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, Lord of heav'n, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

3 To thee let each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows;
Our ſervants there, and riſing race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

CLXVI.

Going to a new habitation.

1 GREAT God, where'er we pitch our tent,
Let us an altar raiſe.
And there with humble frame preſent
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

2 To thee we give our health and ſtrength,
While health and ſtrength ſhall laſt,

For future mercies humbly truſt,
Nor e'er forget the paſt.

CLXVII. S. M

Prayer for infants; or, children, day by day, given to God.

1 GREAT God, now condeſcend,
To bleſs our riſing race;
Soon may their willing ſpirits bend
To thy victorious grace!

2 O! what a vaſt delight
Their happineſs to ſee!
Our warmeſt wiſhes all unite,
To lead their ſouls to thee.

3 Dear Lord, thy ſpirit pour
Upon our infant ſeed,
O bring the long'd-for happy hour
That makes them thine indeed.

4 May they receive thy word,
Confeſs the Saviour's name,
Then follow their deſpiſed Lord,
Through the baptiſmal ſtream.

5 Then let our favour'd race
Surround thy ſacred board,
There to adore thy ſovereign grace,
And ſing their dying Lord.

CLXVIII, C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST'S *condeſcending regard to little Children.*
Mark x. 14.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle ſhepherd ſtand,
With all-engaging charms:
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
The Lord of angels came.

3 We bring them, Lord, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we truſt;
That care ſhall heal our bleeding hearts
If weeping o'er their duſt.

YOUTH.

CLXIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Regard to Scripture preſſed upon young perſons, that they may cleanſe their way, Pſalm cxix.

1 INDULGENT God, with pitying eye
The ſons of men ſurvey.
And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport
In a deſtructive way.

2 Ten thouſand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb;
Each in an hour may plunge them down,
Where hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandring minds,
Amus'd with airy dreams,
That heav'nly wiſdom may diſpel,
Their viſionary ſchemes.

4 With holy caution may they walk,
And be thy word their guide;
Till each, the deſart ſafely paſs'd,
On *Zion's* hill abide.

CLXX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The encouragement which young perſons have, to ſeek and love CHRIST, Prov. viii. 17.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In ſmiling crowds draw near,
And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converſe with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendſhip to purſue.

3 The ſoul that longs to ſee my face,
Is ſure my love to gain;
And thoſe, that early ſeek my grace,
Shall never ſeek in vain.

4 What object, Lord, my ſoul ſhould move,
If once compar'd with thee?
What beauty ſhould command my love,
Like what in *Chriſt* I ſee?

5 Away, ye falſe deluſive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
Tis here I fix my laſting choice,
And here true bliſs I find.

ZEAL.

CLXXI. C. M. Mr. BEDDOME.

Holy Zeal and Diligence.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities purſue,
How ſlow th' advances which I make,
With heaven itſelf in view.

2 Inſpire my ſoul with holy zeal;
Great God my love inflame;

Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
I would with fervour ſtrive;
And all theſe powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

CLXXII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Running the Chriſtian Race, Phil. iii. 12---14.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, ſtretch ev'ry nerve,
And preſs with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand preſents the prize
To thine aſpiring eye.

3 A cloud of witneſſes around
Hold thee in full ſurvey;
Forget the ſteps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

5 Bleſs'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
We lay our laurels down.

CLXXIII. L. M. Dr. S. STENNETT.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

1 MY captain ſounds the alarm of war,
Awake! the powers of hell are near!
To arms! to arms! I hear him cry,
'Tis your's to conquer or to die.

2 Rous'd by the animating ſound,
I caſt my eager eyes around;

Make haſte to gird my armour on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my ſhield,
Thy word, my God, the ſword I wield:
With ſacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inſpires my heart.

4 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,
Reſolv'd to put my foes to flight;
While Jeſus kindly deigns to ſpread,
His conqu'ring banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I truſt;
His bleeding croſs is all my boaſt;
Through troops of foes he'll lead me on
To vict'ry, and a victor's crown.

CLXXIV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Perſecution to be expected by every true Chriſtian,
2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 GREAT Leader of thine Iſrael's hoſts,
We ſhout thy conqu'ring name;
Legions of foes beſet thee round,
And legions fled with ſhame.

2 A vict'ry glorious and complete
Thou by thy death didſt gain;
So in thy cauſe may we contend
And Death itſelf ſuſtain!

3 By our illuſtrious general fir'd,
We no extremes would fear;
Prepar'd to ſtruggle and to bleed,
If thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the footſteps thou haſt drawn
To triumph and renown;

Nor ſhun thy combat and thy croſs,
May we but ſhare thy crown.

BENEVOLENCE.

CLXXV. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Charity.

1 BLEST is the man whoſe gen'rous mind,
To works of mercy is inclin'd;
The love of Chriſt his heart conſtrains,
And in his breaſt compaſſion reigns.

2 With bounteous hand he feeds the poor,
He gives and ſtill poſſeſſes more;
A faithful God will thus regard
His deeds which merit no reward.

3 The ſons of need his pity move,
He melts with ſympathetic love;
He gives to thoſe who can't repay,
Nor dares to frown the poor away.

4 A bleſſing Providence commands
On ev'ry labour of his hands;
In health, or ſickneſs, he ſhall find
The Lord is gracious, good, and kind.

5 The merciful ſhall mercy have
In that bright world beyond the grave,
Whilſt thoſe who have no mercy ſhewn,
The God of mercy will diſown.

CLXXVI. L. M.

Liberality; or, the duty and pleaſure of Benevolence.

1 O What ſtupendous mercy ſhines
Around the majeſty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his ſons,
Their ſouls renew'd their ſins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a ſun:
Hold forth your fair though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great ſalvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and ſickneſs help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counſellor and ſtay;
Adopt the fatherleſs, and ſmooth
To uſeful, happy life his way.

5 Let age with want and weakneſs bow'd,
Your bowels of compaſſion move;
Let e'en your enemies be bleſt,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 Yet after all, renounce your deeds,
Renounce ſelf righteouſneſs with ſhame;
Thus will you glorify yonr God,
And thus adorn the chriſtian name.

RESIGNATION.

CLXXVII. L. M.

Agur's Wiſh, Prov. xxx. 7, 8, 9.

THUS *Agur* breath'd his warm deſire;
"My God, two favours I require,
"In neither my requeſt deny,
"Vouchſafe them both before I die.

"Far from my heart and tents exclude
"Thoſe enemies to all that's good;
"*Folly*, whoſe pleaſures end in death,
"And *falſehood's* peſtilential breath.

3 "Be neither wealth nor want my lot;
"Below the dome, above the cot,
"Let me my life unanxious lead,
"And know nor luxury nor need."

4 These wishes, Lord, *we* make our own:
O shed in moderation down
Thy bounties, till this mortal breath,
Expiring tunes thy praise in death?

5 But shouldst thou large possessions give,
May we with thankfulness receive
Th' exuberance---still our God adore,
And bless the needy from our store.

6 Or should we feel the pains of want,
Submission, resignation grant,
'Till thou shalt send the wish'd supply,
Or call us to the bliss on high.

CLXXVIII. C. M. Mr. BEDDOME.

Resignation; or, God our Portion.

1 MY times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possest by me,
They were entirely thine:

3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

4 What is the world with all its ſtore?
Tis but a bitter ſweet;
When I attempt to pluck the roſe,
A prickling thorn I meet.

5 Here perfect bliſs can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midſt changing ſcenes and dying friends,
Be *Thou* my all in all.

CLXXIX. C. M. STEELE.

Filial Submiſſion, Heb. xii. 7.

1 AND can my heart aſpire ſo high,
To ſay my Father God!
Lord at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiſs the rod.

2 I would ſubmit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wiſe;
Let ev'ry anxious thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint murmur riſe.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkſome gloom,
And bid me wait ſerene;
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the ſcene.

4 My Father, O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And aſk the bliſs thoſe words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

CLXXX. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

In His favour his life.

1 FANTASTIC delights
No more I deſire,
To infinite heights
My wiſhes aſpire;

Lord, thou art my treaſure,
My portion and choice;
And in thy good pleaſure
My ſoul ſhall rejoice.

2 The world I reſign,
And all it can give;
Lord, if I am thine,
Securely I live.
If thou art my Saviour,
In thee I have all;
I'm bleſt in thy favour,
Whate'er me befal.

3 In all my diſtreſs
Thy mercy is near,
My griefs to redreſs,
And vanquiſh my fear;
For thou art omniſcient
Each danger to ſpy:
And God all-ſufficient
My needs to ſupply.

4 When earth can afford
No comfort or eaſe,
I find in thy word
Celeſtial peace:
If all the creation
Upon me ſhould frown,
Thy glorious ſalvation
My wiſhes will crown.

CLXXXI. S. M. Mr. SCOTT.

Worldly anxiety reproved.

1 WHY do I thus perplex
My breath of life and air,
With fears of diſtant ills, and vex
My heart with fruitleſs care!

2 Can thought and toil increaſe
My days appointed ſum?
Why waſte I then my time, my peace,
To hoard for years to come?

3 Theſe covetous deſires,
Theſe reſtleſs cares I leave
To them whoſe hope at death expires,
And who in chance believe.

4 Will he whoſe bounty gave
My life, its food deny?
Who form'd my nature apt to crave,
Its cravings not ſupply.

5 Behold the flowers that grow,
That for the furnace ſtand.
With what rich dies their garments glow
Without the lab'ring hand.

6 The tribes that wing the ſky,
That neither ſow nor reap,
Send up to God their daily cry,
Who gives them food and ſleep.

7 Then, let tomorrow's cares
Until tomorrow ſtay:
The trouble which the day prepares,
Suffices for to day.

8 To nobler work applied
My ſoul ſhall upwards climb;
And truſt my Father to provide
The needful things of time.

FOR DAYS OF FASTING AND PRAYER.

CLXXXII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

GOD *intreated for Zion*, Iſaiah lxiii. 6, 7.

For a Faſt-day.; or, a day of prayer for the revival of Religion.

1 INDULGENT Sov'reign of the ſkies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raiſe their cries,
Wilt thou the great Jehovah, hear?

2 How ſhall thy ſervants give thee reſt,
Till *Zion's* mould'ring walls thou raiſe?
Till thy own pow'r ſhall ſtand confeſs'd,
And make *Jeruſalem* a praiſe.

3 For this, a lowly ſuppliant crowd
Here in thy ſacred temple wait:
For this, we lift our voices loud,
And call, and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,
And view the deſolation round,
See what wide realms in darkneſs lie,
And hurl their idols to the ground.

5 Loud let the goſpel trumpet blow,
And call the nations from afar;
Let all the iſles the Saviour know,
And earth's remoteſt ends draw near.

6 Let *Babylon's* proud altars ſhake,
And light invade their darkeſt gloom;
The yoke of iron bondage break,
The yoke of *Satan*, and of *Rome*.

7 With gentle beams on *Britain* ſhine,
And bleſs her princes, and her prieſts;

And, by thine energy divine,
Let ſacred love o'erflow their breaſts.

3 Triumphant here let *Jeſus* reign,
And on his vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the virtues of his train,
Adorn our church, adorn our iſle.

9 On all our ſouls let grace deſcend,
Like heav'nly dew in copious ſhow'rs,
That we may call our God, our friend,
That we may hail ſalvation ours.

10 Then ſhall each age and rank agree
United ſhouts of joy to raiſe;
And *Zion*, made a praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the praiſe.

CLXXXIII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

On a Faſt-day, February, 1780.

1 BEFORE thy face, great God, we mourn,
And to thy gracious throne draw nigh;
O let not thy fierce anger burn,
Look on us with propitious eye.

2 We own our nation's guilt is great;
We juſtly fear thy vengeful hand;
But let not ſtill thy love forget
Thy former kindneſs to our land.

3 O turn us from our ſinful ways,
The cauſe of all we feel and fear,
Pardon and heal this guilty race,
And kindly to our help draw near.

4 Give peace to this diſtracted ſtate,
Defend us from our foreign foes;

Leave not to their contempt and hate,
The land thy ancient mercy choſe.

5 Our ſinking commerce, Lord, revive;
Its deadneſs ſpreads diſtreſs around;
'Tis commerce makes a nation thrive,
And plenty every where abound.

CLXXXIV. C. M. Scott.

For a Faſt-day in Public Calamity.

1 WHEN *Abra'm* full of ſacred awe,
Before Jehovah ſtood,
And, with an humble fervent prayer,
For guilty *Sodom* ſu'd.

2 With what ſucceſs, what wondrous grace
Was his petition crown'd!
The Lord would ſpare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3 And could a ſingle pious ſoul
So rich a boon obtain?
Good God! and ſhall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain.

4 *Britain*, all guilty as ſhe is,
Her num'rous ſaints can boaſt;
See their united prayers aſcend;
And ſhall theſe prayers be loſt?

5 Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times!
Or does this ſinful land exceed
Gomorrha in her crimes.

6 Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;

Long has thy preſence bleſt our land:
Forſake us not, O God!

7 O may our people, prieſts, and king,
Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhare;
And know thee by that glorious name
The God who heareth prayer.

CLXXXV. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

On a Public Faſt.

1 SEE, gracious God, before thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy ſovereign grace alone,
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power diſplay:
Yet mercy ſpares this guilty land,
And ſtill we live to pray.

3 Great God, and why is Britain ſpar'd,
Ungrateful as we are?
O make thy awful warnings heard,
While mercy cries, forbear.

4 What numerous crimes increaſing riſe,
Throughout this ſinful iſle!
What land ſo favour'd from the ſkies!
And yet what land ſo vile!

5 How chang'd, alas, are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and ſhame!
What impious numbers, bold in ſin,
Diſgrace the chriſtian name!

6 Regardleſs of thy ſmile or frown,
Falſe pleaſures they deſire,

And ſink, with gay indifference, down
To everlaſting fire.

7 O turn thou us, Almighty Lord,
By thy victorious grace;
Then ſhall our hearts admire thy love,
And celebrate thy praiſe.

CLXXXVI. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

ABRAHAM's *Interceſſion for* SODOM, Gen. xvii. 32.

For a Faſt Day.

1 GREAT God! did pious *Abra'm* pray
For *Sodom's* vile abandon'd race?
And ſhall not all our ſouls be rous'd
For *Britain* to implore thy grace?

2 Baſe as we are, does not thine eye
Its choſen thouſands here ſurvey;
Whoſe ſouls, deep humbled, mourn the crouds
Who walk in ſin's deſtructive way?

3 O Judge ſupreme, let not thy ſword
The righteous with the wicked ſmite:
Nor bury in promiſcuous heaps
Rebels, and ſaints thy chief delight.

4 For theſe thy children ſpare thy land;
Avert the thunders big with death;
Nor let the ſeeds of latent fire
Be kindled by thy flaming breath.

5 O be not angry, mighty God,
While duſt and aſhes ſeek thy face;
But gently bending from thy throne,
Renew, and ſtill increaſe thy grace.

6 *Jeſus* the Interceſſor hear,
And for his ſake thy grace impart,

Which, while it ſtops the fiery ſtream,
Diſſolves the moſt obdurate heart.

7 *Sodom* ſhall change to *Zion* then,
And heav'nly dews be ſcatter'd round,
That plants of paradiſe may ſpring,
Where baleful poiſons curs'd the ground.

DELIVERANCE.

CLXXXVII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Deliverance celebrated, Pſalm cxvi. 8.

1 LOOK back, my ſoul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done;
Praiſe him for his unnumber'd gifts,
And praiſe him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eye-lids dried,
And reſcu'd from impending death,
When I in danger cried!

3 When on the bed of death I lay,
With ſickneſs ſore oppreſs'd,
How oft hath he aſſwag'd my grief,
And lull'd my eyes to reſt!

4 Back from deſtruction's yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And rais'd its feeble flame.

5 My broken ſpirit he hath chear'd,
When torn with inward grief;
And when temptations preſs'd me ſore,
Hath brought me ſwift relief.

6 My ſoul from everlaſting death
Is by his mercy brought,

To tell in *Zion's* ſacred gates
The wonders he had wrought.

7 Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace ſhall all its work compleat,
And teach me heav'nly ſongs.

CLXXXVIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Praiſe for recovery from ſickneſs, Pſal. cxviii. 18, 19.

1 SOV'REIGN of life, I own thy hand
In every chaſt'ning ſtroke;
And, while I ſmart beneath thy rod,
Thy preſence I invoke.

2 To thee in my diſtreſs I cried,
And thou haſt bow'd thine ear;
Thy pow'rful word my life prolong'd,
And brought ſalvation near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteouſneſs,
That with the pious throng;
I may record my ſolemn vows,
And tune my grateful ſong.

4 Praiſe to the Lord, whoſe gentle hand
Renews our lab'ring breath:
Praiſe to the Lord. who makes his ſaints
Triumphant ev'n in death.

4 My God, in thine appointed hour,
Thoſe heav'nly gates diſplay,
Where pain and ſin, and fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the bleſt
With raptures bow around,

My anthems to deliv'ring grace
In ſweeter ſtrains ſhall ſound.

TIMES OF TROUBLE.

CLXXXIX. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Be not afraid, it is I, John vi. 20.

1 CHILDREN of God, renounce your fears,
Lo! Jeſus for your help appears,
And kindly ſpeaks as he draws nigh,
Be not afraid, for it is I.

2 When in the awful tempeſt toſt,
You feel your ſtrength and courage loſt,
And mighty waves roll o'er your head,
Your Lord is near, *be not afraid.*

3 When mournful tidings come from far,
Or nations raiſe tumultuous war,
And wide their devaſtation ſpread,
Yet he is near, *be not afraid.*

4 The famine, peſtilence and ſword,
Are all obedient to his word;
He, riding on the ſtormy ſky,
Says, *fear ye not, for it is I.*

5 When earthly joys are from you torn,
Or when, with heartfelt grief you mourn,
To ſee your dear relations dead,
Yet Jeſus lives, *be not afraid.*

6 When fierce diſeaſe attacks your frame,
Your Saviour's love is ſtill the ſame;
In death's dark ſhade you need not fear
For Jeſus will be with you there.

7 When ſtars are from their orbits hurl'd,
And flames conſume the guilty world,

E'en then your judge will ſmiling cry,
Be not afraid, for it is I.

CXC. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

None of theſe things move me, Acts xx. 23.

1 LORD, I am thine, forſake me not,
But ſtill thy ſervant own;
Afflictions are my daily lot,
And ſorrows preſs me down.

2 A thouſand ſnares attend my path,
And I am prone to fall;
But, Lord, ſupport my feeble faith,
And bear me ſafe through all.

3 Thy goſpel is my treaſure ſtill,
I love thy holy laws;
I love to do my Father's will,
Whoe'er deſert his cauſe.

4 I would not caſt my hope away,
When dangers round appear;
From duty's path I would not ſtray,
Nor yield to ſlaviſh fear.

5 Lord, I would ſtill adhere to thee;
Let not my purpoſe move;
O may my faith more ſtedfaſt be,
And more intenſe my love.

6 May but Almighty grace defend
A feeble helpleſs worm,
Whate'er diſtreſſes may attend,
I'll weather out the ſtorm.

7 I long to reach the happy ſhore,
Of everlaſting peace,

Where threat'ning tempeſts riſe no more,
Where ſin itſelf ſhall ceaſe.

CXCI. S. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Through tribulation we muſt enter the kingdom of GOD, Acts xiv. 22.

1 WE'RE ſtrangers here below,
With various woes oppreſt,
And muſt through tribulation go
To our eternal reſt.

2 Thus Chriſt our glorious head
Aſcended to his throne;
Why ſhould his ſaints refuſe to tread
The way their Lord has gone.

3 The path to glory lies
Through anguiſh and diſtreſs;
But joyful we at length ſhall riſe,
The kingdom to poſſeſs.

4 'Tis needful that we bear
Our Father's rod of love;
We paſs through tribulation here,
But we ſhall reſt above.

5 We learn his will divine
Beneath the chaſt'ning rod;
It purifies the ſoul from ſin,
And brings us near to God.

6 With patience we'll ſuſtain
The burdens of the day;
And wait, till ſorrow, toil and pain
Shall all be done away.

7 The promis'd land is near,
We'll keep it ſtill in ſight;

Faith makes the pearly gates appear,
And all the realms of light.

CXCII. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul, why art thou diſquieted, &c. Pſalm xlii. 5.

1 O My ſoul, what means this ſadneſs?
Wherefore art thou thus caſt down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladneſs
Bid thy reſtleſs fears begone:
Look to Jeſus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though *Satan's* ſtrong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day?
And thy ſinful inclinations
Often fill thee with diſmay?
Thou ſhalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thouſand ills beſet thee
From without, and from within;
Jeſus ſaith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will ſave from hell and ſin:
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though diſtreſſes now attend thee,
And thou tread'ſt the thorny road;
His right hand ſhall ſtill defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praiſe him,
Praiſe the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him
Like the heav'nly hoſts above,
Who forever bow before him;
And unceaſing ſing his love!
Happy ſongſters!
When ſhall I your chorus join?

CXCIII. C. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

I will bear the indignation of the Lord, becauſe I have ſinned againſt him, Micah vii. 9.

1 WHILE pain and anguiſh me oppreſs,
My ſoul ſubmiſſive lies:
My God, who knows my ſore diſtreſs,
Will not my groans deſpiſe.

2 His *indignation I will bear*,
Since I have broke his laws;
Till he for my relief appear;
Till *he ſhall plead my cauſe*.

3 I wait for him with patient hope,
Along the gloomy night;
His mighty hand will raiſe me up,
And *bring me forth to light*.

4 The riches of his healing grace
I ſtill expect to prove;
I ſhall *behold his righteouſneſs*,
And triumph in his love!

CXCIV. C. M. Mr. NEEDHAM.

My grace is ſufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 KIND are the words that Jeſus ſpeaks
To cheer the drooping ſaint;
My grace ſufficient is for you,
Though nature's pow'rs may faint.

2 My grace its glories ſhall diſplay,
And make your griefs remove;
Your weakneſs ſhall the triumphs tell
Of boundleſs pow'r and love.

3 What though my griefs are not remov'd
Yet why ſhould I deſpair?
While my kind Saviour's arms ſupport
I can the burden bear.

4 Jeſus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
Tis good to truſt thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulneſs and love
Will ever be the ſame.

5 Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
I all things can perform;
And ſmiling triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging ſtorm.

CXCV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Divine mercy in afflictions, Iſa. xxvii. 8.

1 GREAT ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy pow'r divine:
We hear thy breath in every ſtorm,
For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they ſweep their founding way,
They work thy ſov'reign will;
And aw'd by thy majeſtic voice
Confuſion ſhall be ſtill.

3 Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blaſt
To them that ſeek thy face;
And mingles with the tempeſt's roar
And whiſpers of thy grace.

4 Thoſe gentle whiſpers let me hear,
Till all the tumult ceaſe;
And gales of paradiſe ſhall lull
My weary ſoul to peace.

EVENTS IMPROVED.

CXCVI. Mr. R. ELLIOT.

On CHRIST'S *Nativity*.---GOD *was manifeſted in the fleſh*. 1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 ARRIVES the long-expected morn:
Welcome, thou holy one of God;
Thanks to his name, the Saviour's born,
Born to redeem us by his blood.

2 He's come to do his Father's will,
He's come his people to redeem;
And every heart with gladneſs fill,
That truſts in God, and waits for him.

3 Freely he left his Father's throne,
High ſeat of majeſty above;
And heav'n and earth ſhall ſee, and own
To men, the greatneſs of his love.

4 Happy the ſoul that can ſubmit,
To him that cometh from above;
To bow with Mary at his feet,
And taſte the ſweetneſs of his love.

5 Ye happy ſouls that know his name,
Who love and ſerve, the living God;
Gladly to all the world proclaim,
The Saviour and his pard'ning blood.

CXCVII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The abounding of iniquity, and coldneſs of Chriſtian Love, Matt. xxiv. 12.

For a Faſt-day.

1 ALAS for *Britain*, and her ſons!
What hath ſhe not to fear?
The ſins, that ruin'd *Salem* once,
O how triumphant here!

2 Alas the ſtrong o'erflowing tide!
How fiercely doth it rage!
And each foreboding ſymptom joins
In terrible preſage.

3 Yet who hath eyes that can diſcern?
Or who an ear to hear?
Whoſe heart is trembling for the ark!
Or for his country dear.

4 Cold is the love of chriſtian breaſts,
If chriſtian breaſts remain;
And dying the laſt ſparks of zeal,
Or its laſt efforts vain.

5 Of *Britain*, oft chaſtis'd and ſav'd,
What ſhall the end be found?
Shall not the ſword, that waves ſo long,
Inflict the deeper wound.

6 O ſtay thine arm, all-gracious God;
The ſpirit largely pour;
He can the ſtreams of guilt reſtrain,
And dying love reſtore.

CXCVIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The angels' ſong at CHRIST'S *birth*, Luke ii. 13, 14.

1 HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no ſuch love have known
T' awake a cheerful ſong.

2 Good-will to ſinful men is ſhewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes
With meſſages from heav'n.

3 Juſtice and grace with ſweet accord
His riſing beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now ſuch a child is born.

4 Glory to God in higheſt ſtrains,
In higheſt worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives diſplay'd.

5 When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful realms,
Where *Chriſt* exalted reigns,
And learn of the celeſtial choir
Their own immortal ſtrains?

CXCIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

GOD's *delivering goodneſs acknowledged and truſted*, 2 Cor. i. 10.

A ſong for the 5th of November.

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
So oft reveal'd hath ſav'd our land;
And, when united nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt foes.

2 When mighty navies from afar
To *Britain* wafted floating war,
His breath diſpers'd them all with eaſe,
And ſunk their terrors in the ſeas.

3 While for our princes they prepare,
In caverns deep, a burning ſnare;
He ſhot from heav'n a piercing ray,
And the dark treach'ry brought to day.

4 Princes and prieſts again combine
New chains to forge, new ſnares to twine;
Again our gracious God appears,
And breaks their chains, and cut their ſnares.

5 Obedient winds at his command
Convey his *hero* to our land;
The ſons of Rome with terror view,
And ſpeed their flight, when none purſue.

6 Such great deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us Salvation brought;
And ſtill the care of guardian heav'n
Secures the bliſs itſelf hath giv'n.

7 In thee, we truſt, almighty Lord,
Continu'd reſcue to afford;
Still be thy pow'rful arm made bare,
For all thy ſervants hopes are there.

CC. Mr. JOHN BERRIDGE.

A Tempeſt Hymn.

1 HOW awful art thou ſeen, O God,
When lightnings iſſue forth,
And rattling thunders roll abroad,
To ſhake and tear the earth.

2 The clouds, affrighted at their blaze
Drop down their floods through fear;
And nature, liſt'ning with amaze,
Concludes her end is near.

3 If here we dread thy fiery breath,
Nor ſcarce with it can dwell,
O Lord, how dreadful is thy wrath
Which flameth out in hell?

4 The forked lightnings know thy will,
They mark thy beck'ning hand,
And harmleſs paſs, or blaſting kill
As thou doſt give command.

5 Thou only art our fenced tow'r,
Our help is in thy grace;
Defend us in this awful hour,
And guard our dwelling place.

6 Such tempeſts, like the fiery law,
Thy majeſty proclaim;
Oh fill our hearts with rev'rent awe
To glorify thy name.

CCI. Mr. JOHN BERRIDGE.

A Wedding Hymn.

1 SINCE Jeſus freely did appear,
To grace a marriage feaſt;
O Lord, we aſk thy preſence here,
To make a wedding gueſt.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands,
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bleſs the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries beſt!
Their ſubſtance bleſs, and peace beſtow,
To ſweeten all the reſt.

4 In pureſt love their ſouls unite,
And link in kindly care;
To render fam'ly burdens light,
By taking mutual ſhare.

5 True helpers may they prove indeed,
In pray'r, and faith, and hope,
And ſee with joy a godly ſeed
To build their houſhold up.

6 As Iſaac and Rebecca give,
A pattern chaſte and kind;
So may this new-met couple live,
In faithful friendſhip join'd.

CCIII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

The Song of the Angels, Luke ii. 8,---14.

1 THE heav'nly hoſts deſcend to tell
The birth of our Immanuel;
Ye ſwains they cry, to you we bring,
The tidings of the new-born King.

2 Forſake your fleecy charge, and run
To worſhip God's beloved Son;
This is the long expected morn.
For you the Prince of Life is born.

3 Glory to God, aloud they cry:
Glory to God, let men reply;
Let ſaints below and ſaints above,
Give glory to the God of love.

4 The humble ſwains enraptur'd ſtand
To hear the ſweet angelic band,
Proclaim, at our Redeemer's birth,
Glory to God, and peace on earth.

5 Lo! heaven's good will to men appears,
Suſpend your ſighs, and wipe your tears;
Let every voice a tribute raiſe,
And every tongue repeat the praiſe.

6 Let every grateful boſom glow,
And praiſe in lofty numbers flow;
In ſweeteſt ſtrains of muſic, ſing
The honours of th' eternal King.

7 Let ardent praiſe, like incenſe, riſe,
And fill the wide extended ſkies,
Since peace divine, through Chriſt deſcends,
To bleſs the earth's remoteſt ends.

CCIV. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Praiſe to GOD *for the reſtoration of Peace.*

1 COME, let us lift our voices high,
And with united hearts and tongues;
Praiſe him who reigns above the ſky,
Whoſe goodneſs far exceeds our ſongs.

3 Where ſhall our wond'ring ſouls begin,
To count thy matchleſs mercies, Lord?
To thee our noble thanks we bring;
Worthy art thou to be ador'd.

2 We, for our num'rous follies, lay,
Groaning beneath thy chaſt'ning rod;
Our grief increaſing day by day,
Till ſcoffers cried, where is your God.

4 We pray'd and faſted, wept and mourn'd;
Thine ear ſeem'd deaf to our diſtreſs;
But lo! our tears to joy are turn'd,
And our complaints are loſt in praiſe.

5 Now thou haſt made thy mercy known;
In all our troubles thou waſt nigh;
Thy loving kindneſs thou haſt ſhown,
And hearken'd to our humble cry.

6 No more we draw the pointed ſword,
To pierce and wound a brother's heart,
But peace and unity reſtor'd,
Bid war, and wrath, and hate depart.

CCV. C. M. Mr. MEDLEY.

The Birth of CHRIST, Luke ii. 14.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the ſolemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine
To hail th' auſpicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous ſong began,
And ſweet ſeraphic fire
Through all the ſhining legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift through the vaſt expanſe it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the ſong, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven can hold.

4 Down through the portals of the ſky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies ſhout,
And glory leads the ſong:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

6 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jeſus was born to die.

7 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Though earth, and time, and life ſhould fail,
Thy praiſe ſhall never end.

CCVI. Mr. SCOTT.

Hymn on the reſurrection of CHRIST.

1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death yield up thy mighty prey;
See he riſes from the tomb;
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour, angels, raiſe
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe
Let the worlds remoteſt bound
Hear the joy-inſpiring ſound.

3 Shout, ye ſaints, in rapt'rous ſong;
Let the ſtrains be ſweet and ſtrong;
Shout the Son of God, this morn
From his ſepulchre new born.

4 Hail, victorious Jeſus, hail,
On thy cloud of glory ſail
In long triumph through the ſky
Up to waiting worlds on high.

5 Heaven diſplays their portals wide,
Glorious hero through them ride;
King of glory, mount the throne,
Thy great Father's and thy own.

6 Powers of heaven, ſeraphic fires
Sing, and ſweep your ſounding lyres;
Sons of men, in humble ſtrain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.

7 Every note with wonder ſwell;
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell;
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, is now thy ſting?

CCVII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Nativity of CHRIST.

1 REJOICE, ye ſons of men, rejoice,
And ſend your fears away;
News from the regions of the ſkies,
Jeſus is born to day!

2 Jeſus, the Lord whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell on earth;
To day he makes his entrance here,
By a myſterious birth.

3 No gold, nor purple ſwaddling bands,
No robes of bright array;
A manger for his cradle ſtands,
His ſofteſt bed is hay.

4 Go, ſhepherds, where the infant lies,
And ſee his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes;
Go, ſhepherds, kiſs the Son.

5 Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace ſurround the earth;
Mortals ſhall know their Maker's love
And their Redeemer's birth.

SEASONS IMPROVED.

CCVIII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

For the New Year.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lengthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found;
Yet doth he us in mercy ſpare,
Another and another year.

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig tree down,
The pity of our Lord
Cry'd let it ſtill alone.
The Father mild inclines his ear,
And ſpares us yet another year.

4 Jeſus thy pleading blood,
From God obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year.

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let our precious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound;
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

CCIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Ebenezer; or, GOD's *helping hand reviewed and acknowledged,* 1 Sam. vii. 12.

For New-Year's Day.

1 MY helper God! I bleſs his name:
The ſame his pow'r, his grace the ſame,
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and cloſe the year.

2 I, 'midſt ten thouſand dangers ſtand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And ſee, when I ſurvey my ways,
Ten thouſand monuments of praiſe.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known;
And, while I tread this deſart land,
New mercies ſhall new ſongs demand.

4 My grateful ſoul, on *Jordan's* ſhore,
Shall raiſe one ſacred pillar more;
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inſcriptions of immortal love.

CCX. Dr. Doddridge.

The Year crowned with the Divine Goodneſs, Pſal. lxv. 11.

For New-Year's Day.

1 ETERNAL ſource of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praiſe our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whoſe goodneſs crowns the circling year.

2 While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand ſupports the ſteady pole:
The ſun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the ſkies.

3 The flow'ry ſpring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The ſummer rays with vigour ſhine
To raiſe the corn, and chear the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coaſts redundant ſtores;
And winters ſoften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

5 Seaſons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand ſucceſſive ſongs of praiſe;
Still be the chearful homage paid
With op'ning light and ev'ning ſhade.

6 Here in thy houſe ſhall incenſe riſe,
As circling Sabbaths bleſs our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, around our own.

7 O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown purſue the ſongs;
And in thoſe brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

CCXI. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Reflections on the waſte of Years, Pſal. xc. 9.

For New-Year's Day.

1 REMARK, my ſoul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How ſwift the weeks compleat their rounds!
How ſhort the months appear!

2 So faſt eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment ſhall ſurvey.

3 Yet like an idle tale, we paſs
The ſwift advancing year;
And ſtudy artful ways t' increaſe
The ſpeed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to ſee;
That I may act the chriſtian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So ſhall their courſe more grateful roll,
If future years ariſe;
Or this ſhall bear my ſmiling ſoul
To joy that never dies.

CCXII. Mr. R. ELLIOT.

An Evening Hymn---Watch and pray always, Luke xxi. 56.

1 HOW faſt my fleeting minutes run,
Another day is paſt and gone;
That valuable time is o'er,
And will be mine, alas! no more.

2 It once was mine, full well I know,
Beſtow'd in mercy on me too;
And every moment call'd aloud,
Mortal, prepare to meet thy God!

3 And now, my ſoul, the day is gone,
Reflect on all that thou haſt done;
Haſt thou or gain'd or loſt this day?
If God ſhould call, what ſhall I ſay?

4 My inward frame, what has it been?
What greater conqueſt over ſin?
Speak, O my ſoul, as unto God,
What luſt this day has been ſubdu'd?

5 'Tis mercy now that bears thee up,
Tis grace enables thee to hope;
Pardon and peace to find with God,
Through a dear Saviour's precious blood.

CCXIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Miſimproved privileges, and diſappointed hopes,
Jer. viii. 20.

1 ALAS, how faſt our moments fly!
How ſhort our months appear!
How ſwift through various ſeaſons haſte
The ſtill-revolving year!

2 Seaſons of grace, and days of hope,
While *Jeſus* waiting ſtands,
And ſpreads the bleſſings of his love
With wide extended hands.

3 But O, how ſlow our ſtupid ſouls,
Theſe bleſſings to ſecure!
Bleſſings, which through eternal years,
Unwith'ring ſhall endure.

4 Beneath the word of life we die;
We ſtarve amidſt our ſtore;
And what ſalvation ſhould impart
Heightens our ruin more.

5 Pity this madneſs, God of love,
And make us truly wiſe:
So from the pregnant ſeeds of grace
Shall glorious harveſts riſe.

CCXIV. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The near approach of Salvation an engagement to diligence and love, Rom. xiii. 11.

1 AWAKE, ye ſaints, and raiſe your eyes,
And raiſe your voices high;
Awake and praiſe the ſov'reign love,
That ſhews ſalvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies:
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
Welcome each cloſing year!

3 Not many years their round ſhall run,
Nor many mornings riſe,
Ere all its glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, ſpeed your courſe;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay;
Faſt as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

CCXV. Dr. DODDRIEGE.

The Wiſdom of Redeeming Time, Eph. v. 15, 16. *Morning, Birth-Day; or, New Year's Day.*

1 GOD of eternity, from thee
Did infant-time his being draw;
Moments, and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and ſlow they glide away;
Steady and ſtrong the current flows,
Loſt in eternity's wild ſea,
The boundleſs gulf, from whence it roſe,

3 With it the thoughtleſs ſons of men
Before the rapid ſtreams are borne
On to that everlaſting home,
Where not one ſoul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the ſhore on either ſide,
Preſents a gaudy flatt'ring ſhew,
We gaze, in fond amuſement loſt,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great Source of Wiſdom teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ryhour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its meaſure, and its pow'r.

CCXVI. Mr. JOHN BERRIDGE.

I will ſing of thy Mercy in the Morning.

A Morning Hymn.

1 THROUGH Jeſu's watchful care
I ſafely paſt the night;
His providential arm was near,
And kept off every fright.

2 No pains upon my bed
Prevented my repoſe,
But laying down my weary head
Refreſh'd with ſleep I roſe.

3 And here I ſtand poſſeſt
Of ſtrength and vigour new,
And with my limbs and ſenſes bleſt,
Another morn I view.

4 From thee my mercies flow,
In pearly drops they fall,
But give a thankful boſom too,
The ſweeteſt pearl of all.

5 Be thou my guide to day,
My arm whereon to reſt,
My ſun to cheer me on my way,
My ſhield to guard my breaſt.

6 From Satan's fiery dart,
And men of purpoſe baſe,
And from the plague within my heart,
Defend me by thy grace.

CCXVII. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Spring.

1 LO! the bright, the roſy morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful ſpring, with ſmiles returning,
Uſhers in the new-born year:
Nature, now in all her beauty,
With her gently moving tongue,
Prompts me to the pleaſing duty
Of a grateful, morning ſong.

2 Yonder riſe the lofty mountains,
Clad with herbage freſh and green;
Playing round the cryſtal fountains,
There the lowing herds are ſeen;
There, the ſtately foreſt bending
Thrives amidſt the limpid ſtreams;
Whilſt the ſource of day aſcending,
Crowns it with his mildeſt beams.

3 Now, the kind refreſhing ſhowers
Water all the plains around;
Springing graſs, and painted flowers,
O'er the ſmiling meads abound:
Now their vernal dreſs aſſuming,
Leafy robes adorn the trees;
Odours now, the air perfuming,
Sweetly ſwell the gentle breeze.

4 Praiſe to thee, thou great Creator;
Praiſe be thine from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my ſoul with ev'ry creature,
Join the univerſal ſong,
For ten thouſand bleſſings given,
For the richeſt gifts beſtow'd,
Sound his praiſe through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praiſe aloud.

CCXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The daily goodneſs of God.

1 GREAT God, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil, like early dew.

2 Thou ſpread'ſt the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

3 We yield our powers to thy command;
To thee we conſecrate our days:
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe.

CCXIX. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal Sabbath.

1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine houſe;
And own, as grateful ſacrifice,
The ſongs which from thy temples riſe

2 Thine earthly ſabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler reſt above;
To that our longing ſouls aſpire,
With cheerful hope, and ſtrong deſire.

3 No more fatigue, no more diſtreſs,
Nor ſin nor death ſhall reach the place;
No groans ſhall mingle with the ſongs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repoſe;
No midnight ſhade, nor clouded ſun,
But ſacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on theſe realms of pain and ſin;
Our ſouls would leave this weary road,
And ſleep in death, to reſt with God.

BAPTISM.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PENITENTS AT THE ORDINANCE OF BAPTISM.

CCXXI.

1 COME, lowly ſouls that mourn,
Depreſs'd with grief and ſhame;
Waſh'd in our Saviour's blood,
Now call upon his name.

2 Rejoice ye contrite hearts,
That tremble at his word;
In the baptiſmal laver plung'd,
As was your humble Lord.

3 Bath'd in repenting tears,
The ſins which you deplore,
Dead in your Saviour's grave ſhall lie,
And ſhall be ſeen no more.

4 Ye who in Chriſt believe,
And to his ſceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he has done for you.

5 Unſpotted robes you wear,
Your ſighs to ſongs are turn'd;
Garments of praiſe adorn you now,
Who late in aſhes mourn'd.

6 Ye with your Lord are ris'n,
Aſpire to things above:
Manſions for you your Lord prepares
In realms of light and love.

CCXXII. C. M. Mr. J. Stenett.

Immerſion.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plung'd,
In Jordan's ſwelling flood;
To ſhew he muſt be ſoon baptiz'd,
In tears, and ſweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his ſacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave,
Thus was the ſacred body rais'd
Out of the liquid grave.

3 When, lo! from realms of light and bliſs,
The heavenly dove comes down;
Lights on his venerable head,
Which rays of glory crown.

4 While his eternal Father's voice
An awful joy excites;
"This is my well-beloved ſon,
"In whom my ſoul delights."

5 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footſteps tread;
Would die, be buried, riſe with thee,
Our ever-living head.

6 We look to thee, our Saviour dear,
Bleſs us with power divine;
We would ſhew forth thy glory here,
And be for ever thine.

CCXXIII. Mr. FELLOWS.

Buried with Chriſt in Baptiſm, Rom. vi. 4.

1 JESUS, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide ſhalt be;
Thy commiſſion we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy paſſion,
And thy vict'ry o'er the grave;
We who know thy great ſalvation
Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.

3 Fearleſs of the world's deſpiſing,
We the ancient path purſue;
Bury'd with our Lord, and riſing,
To a life divinely new.

CCXXIV. Dr. WATTS.

Believers buried with Chriſt in Baptiſm, Rom. vi. 3, 4. &c.

1 DO we not know that ſolemn word,
That we are bury'd with the Lord,
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our ſin?

2 Our ſouls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Chriſt ariſe
And lives to God above the ſkies.

3 No more let ſin or Satan reign
Over our mortal fleſh again;
The various luſts we ſerv'd before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

CCXXV.

Chriſt Baptized in Jordan.

1 IN Jordan's tide the Baptiſt ſtands,
Immerſing the repenting Jews;
The Son of God the rite demands,
Nor dares the holy man refuſe:
Jeſus deſcends beneath the wave,
The emblem of his future grave.

2 Wonder, ye heav'ns! the Saviour lies
In deeps conceal'd from human view;
Ye ſaints, behold him ſink and riſe,
A fit example thus for you:
The ſacred record, while you read,
Calls you to imitate the deed.

3 But lo! from yonder opening ſkies,
What beams of dazzling glory ſpread!
Dove-like the Eternal Spirit flies,
And lights on the Redeemer's head;
Amaz'd they ſee the power divine,
Around the Saviour's temples ſhine.

4 But hark, my ſoul, hark and adore!
What ſounds are thoſe that roll along,
Not like loud Sinai's awful roar,
But ſoft and ſweet as Gabriel's ſong!
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"I ſee well-pleas'd what he had done."

5 Thus the eternal Father ſpoke
Who ſhakes creation with a nod;
Through parting ſkies the accents broke,
And bid us hear the Son of God:
O hear the awful word to-day,
Hear all ye nations, and obey!

CCXXVI. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Invitation to follow the Lamb.

1 HUMBLE ſouls, who ſeek ſalvation,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of revelation,
Tread the path that Jeſus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour,
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour
Own him as your ſovereign guide.

2 Hear the bleſt Redeemer call you,
Liſten to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befal you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jeſus ſays "Let each believer
"Be baptized in my name;"
He himſelf, in Jordan's river,
Was immers'd beneath the ſtream.

3 Plainly here his footſteps tracing,
Follow him without delay;
Gladly his command embracing,
Your forerunner leads the way;
View the rite with underſtanding;
Jeſus' grave before you lies;
Be interr'd at his commanding,
After his example riſe.

CCXXVII. L. M. Mr. GREGG, altered by Mr. B. FRANCIS.

Not aſhamed of Chriſt.

1 JESUS! and ſhall it ever be!
A mortal man aſham'd of thee!
Aſham'd of thee, whom angels praiſe,
Whoſe glories ſhine through endleſs days.

2 Aſham'd of Jeſus, ſooner far
Let evening bluſh to own a ſtar;
He ſheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted ſoul of mine.

3 Aſham'd of Jeſus! juſt as ſoon
Let midnight be aſham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my ſoul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bids darkneſs flee.

4 Aſham'd of Jeſus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I bluſh---be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Aſham'd of Jeſus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to waſh away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no ſoul to ſave.

6 Till then---nor is my boaſting vain---
Till then---I boaſt a Saviour ſlain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Chriſt is not aſham'd of me!

CCXXVIII.

The Candidates---They were baptized both Men and Women, Acts viii. 12.

1 GREAT God, we in thy courts appear,
With humble joy and holy fear,
Thy wiſe injunctions to obey;
The ſaints and angels hail the day!

2 Great things, O everlaſting Son,
Great things for us thy grace has done;
Conſtrain'd by thy almighty love,
Our willing feet to meet thee move.

3 In thy aſſembly, here we ſtand,
Obedient to thy great command;
The ſacred flood is full in view,
And thy ſweet voice invites us through.

4 The word, the ſpirit, and the bride,
Muſt not invite and be deny'd;
Was not the Lord, who came to ſave,
Interr'd in ſuch a liquid grave.

5 Thus we, dear Saviour, own thy name,
Receive us riſing from the ſtream;
Then to thy table let us come,
And dwell in Sion as our home.

CCXXIX. L. M.

The Adminiſtrator.

1 "GO teach the nations, and baptize,"
Aloud th' aſcending Jeſus cries:
His glad apoſtles took the word,
And round the nations preach'd their Lord.

2 Commiſſion'd thus, by Zion's king,
We to his holy laver bring
Theſe happy converts, who have known
And truſted in his grace alone.

3 Lord, in thy houſe they ſeek thy face,
O bleſs them with peculiar grace:
Refreſh their ſouls with love divine;
Let beams of glory round them ſhine.

CCXXX. C. M. Mr. JAMES NEWTON.

After Baptiſm, Mark xvi. 16.

1 "PROCLAIM," ſaith Chriſt, "my wondrous [grace
"To all the ſons of men:
"He that believes, and is baptiz'd
"Salvation ſhall obtain."

2 Let plenteous grace deſcend on thoſe,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have publicly declar'd,
That Jeſus is their Lord.

3 With cheerful feet, may they advance
And run the chriſtian race;
And through the troubles of the way,
Find all-ſufficient grace.

CCXXXI. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

A practical improvement of Baptiſm, Col. iii. 1.

1 ATTEND, ye children of our God;
Ye heirs of glory hear;
For accents, ſo divine as theſe,
Might charm the dulleſt ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
Your ſouls to ſin muſt die;
With Chriſt your Lord, ye live anew,
With Chriſt aſcend on high.

3 There by his Father's ſide he ſits,
Enthron'd divinely fair;
Yet owns himſelf your brother ſtill,
And your forerunner there.

4 Riſe from theſe earthly trifles, riſe,
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choiceſt treaſure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and ſin would drag us down,
When we attempt to fly;
Lord, ſend thy ſtrong attractive power
To raiſe and fix us high.

LORD's SUPPER.

Communion with Chriſt, and with Saints, 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints,
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels ſit and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Our heavenly Father calls
Chriſt and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the firſt-born Son.

3 We are but ſev'ral parts
Of the ſame broken bread;
One body hath its ſeveral limbs,
But Jeſus is the head.

4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praiſe.

CCXXXIII.

The New Teſtament in the blood of Chriſt.

1 THE promiſe of my Father's love
Shall ſtand for ever good:
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to death,
And ſeal'd the grace with blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,
I ſet my worthleſs name;
Confirm th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and ſtrength and pard'ning grace,
And glory ſhall be mine;
My ſoul, and life, and heart, and fleſh,
And all my powers are thine.

CCXXXIV.

Redeeming Grace.

1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praiſe our God on high:
Who from his boſom ſent his ſon,
To fetch us ſtrangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's name;
Jeſus, th' ambaſſador of peace,
How cheerfully he came!

3 It coſt him cries and tears,
To bring us near to God,
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.

4 Look up my ſoul to him,
Whoſe death was thy deſert:
And humbly view the living ſtream
Flow from his breaking heart.

5 There on the curſed tree,
In dying pangs he lies;
Fulfills his Father's great decree,
And all our wants ſupplies.

CCXXXV.

Chriſt Crucified, the Wiſdom and Power of God.

1 NATURE with open volumes ſtands,
To ſpread her Maker's praiſe abroad;
And every labour of his hands,
Shews ſomething worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that reſcu'd man,
His brighteſt form of glory ſhines;
Here, on the croſs, 'tis faireſt drawn,
In precious blood, and crimſon lines.

3 Here his whole name appears complete;
Nor wit can gueſs, nor reaſon prove,
Which of the letters beſt is writ,
The pow'r, the wiſdom, or the love.

4 Here I behold his inmoſt heart,
Where grace and vengeance ſtrangely join,
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt ſmart,
To make eternal pleaſures mine.

5 O! the ſweet wonders of that croſs,
Where Chriſt the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding ſide.

6 I would for ever ſpeak his name,
In ſounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's throne.

CCXXXVI.

The Goſpel Feaſt, Luke xiv. 16, &c.

1 HOW rich are thy proviſions, Lord!
Thy table furniſh'd from above!
The fruits of life o'erſpread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thy ancient family, the Jews,
Were firſt invited to the feaſt:
We humbly take what they refuſe,
And Gentiles thy ſalvation taſte.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame.
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But, at thy goſpel-call, we came,
And every want receiv'd ſupply.

4 From the highway that leads to hell,
From paths of darkneſs and deſpair,
Lord, we are come, with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy preſence here.

CCXXXVII.

Our Lord Jeſus at his own Table.

1 THE mem'ry of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he ſpread his royal board,
And bleſt the food, and ſung!

2 Happy the man that eat this bread,
But doubly bleſt was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

3 By faith, the ſame delights we taſte,
As that great fav'rite did;
And ſit and lean on Jeſus' breaſt,
And take the heavenly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the ſkies,
Hither the King deſcends;
"Come, my beloved, eat, (he cries)
And drink ſalvation, friends."

5 "My fleſh is food and phyſic too,
A balm for all your pains:
And the red ſtreams of pardon flow
From theſe my pierced veins."

6 Hoſanna to his bounteous love,
For ſuch a feaſt below!
And yet he feeds his ſaints above,
With nobler bleſſings too.

7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our ſouls to reſt!
Then we ſhall need theſe types no more,
But dwell at th' heavenly feaſt.

CCXXXVIII.

The Sufferings of Chriſt viewed by Faith.

1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our ſufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of love;
And each believes he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

3 Grace, wiſdom, juſtice, join'd and wrought,
The wonders of that day:
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

4 Our hymns ſhould ſound like thoſe above,
Could we our voices raiſe;
Yet, Lord, our hearts ſhall all be love,
And all our lives be praiſe.

CCXXXIX.

Grace and glory by the Death of Chriſt.

1 SITTING around our Father's board,
We raiſe a tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our ſins to death.

2 We ſee the blood of Jeſus ſhed,
Whence all our pardons riſe,
The ſinner views the atonement made,
And loves the ſacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy ſhameful croſs,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our higheſt gain ſprings from thy loſs;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh! 'tis impoſſible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal ſufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

CCXL. C. M. STEELE.

An Invitation to the Goſpel Feaſt, Luke xiv. 22.

1 YE wretched hungry poor,
Behold a royal feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For every humble gueſt.

2 See, Jeſus ſtands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room.---

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In ecſtacies unknown.

6 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

CCXLI. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Lyric.

Chriſt dying, riſing and reigning.

1 HE dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies!
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
Jeſus the dead revives again!
The riſing God forſakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies.

3 Break off your tears, ye ſaints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter, death, in chains!
Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King,
"Born to redeem, and ſtrong to ſave!"
Then aſk the monſter, "Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

CCXLII. L. M. Mr. J. STENNETT.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our deareſt Lord was ſlain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
'Till he appears on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide,
The curtains of the parting ſky:
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's ſwift pinions fly.

3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and ſeraphs, heavenly hoſts;
Aſſume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coaſts,

4 Come, Lord, and where thy croſs once ſtood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

CCXLIII. L. M. Mr. D. TURNER.

Set him above all Principalities and Powers---Worthy is the Lamb that was ſlain to receive glory and bleſſing. Epheſ. i. 21. Rev. v. 12.

1 NOW far above theſe ſtarry ſkies,
Our Jeſus fills his brighter throne,
Inviſible to mortal eyes,
But not to humble faith unknown.

2 [The countleſs hoſts that round him ſtand,
The ſubjects of his ſovereign power;
Fly through the world at his command,
Or proſtrate at his feet adore.

3 Satan and all his rebel crew
That rag'd to pull his kingdom down;
Cruſh'd by his hand, in ruin now
Lie trembling at his awful frown.

4 His name above all creatures great,
He all ſuſtains and all controls;
Yet from his high exalted ſtate,
Looks kindly down on humble ſouls.]

5 Though in the glories he poſſeſs'd
Long ere this world, or time began,
He ſhines the Son of God confeſs'd
Yet owns himſelf the Son of Man.

6 Here once in agonies he dy'd,
Now in the heavens he ever lives;
Of joy *there* pours th' eternal tide,
Here ſaves the ſinner who believes.

7 All hail; thou great Immanuel hail!
Ten thouſand bleſſings on thy name!
While thus thy wondrous love we tell,
Our boſoms feel the ſacred flame.

8 Come, quickly come, immortal King,
Oh earth thy regal honours raiſe,
The full ſalvation promis'd, bring,
Then ev'ry tongue ſhall ſing thy praiſe.

CCXLIV. L. M. Dr. STENNETT.

The Triumphs of the Croſs.

1 NO more, dear Saviour, will I boaſt
Of beauty, wealth, or loud applauſe:
The world hath all its glories loſt,
Amid the triumphs of thy croſs.

2 In ev'ry feature of thy face,
Beauty her faireſt charms diſplays;
Truth, wiſdom, majeſty and grace
Shine thence in ſweetly mingled rays.

3 Thy wealth the power of thought tranſcends,
'Tis vaſt, immenſe, and all divine:
Thy empire, Lord, o'er worlds extends;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars are thine.

4 Yet, (O how marvellous the ſight!)
I ſee thee on a croſs expire;
Thy godhead veil'd in ſable night;
And angels from the ſcene retire.

5 But why from theſe ſad ſcenes retreat?
Why with your wings your faces hide?
He ne'er appear'd ſo good, ſo great,
As when he bow'd his head and dy'd.

6 Then view the ſuffering Son of God
Behold what woes on him were hurl'd:
Beneath the weight he firmly ſtood,
And nobly ſav'd a falling world.

7 Theſe triumphs of ſtupendous grace
Surprize, rejoice, and melt my heart;
Lord, at thy croſs I ſtand and gaze,
Nor would I ever thence depart.

CCXLV. C. M. Mr. J. STENNETT.

1 LORD, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But moſt of all admire that we
Should find a welcome place:—

2 I that am all defil'd with ſin,
A rebel to my God;
I that have crucify'd his Son,
And trampled on his blood.

3 What ſtrange ſurpriſing grace is this,
That ſuch a ſoul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jeſus bids me come.

4 Eat O my friends, "The Saviour cries,
The feaſt was made for you:
For you I groan'd and bled, and dy'd,
And roſe and triumph'd too."

5 With humble faith, and bleeding hearts,
Lord, we accept thy love:
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,
What will it be above?

6 Ye ſaints below, and hoſts of heaven,
Join all your praiſing powers:
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thouſand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to thee:
Had I ten thouſand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

CCXLVI. L. M. Mr. BEDDOME.

Jeſus wept---he died---ſee how he loved us.
John xi. 35.

1 SO fair a face bedew'd with tears!
What beauty ev'n in grief appears!
He wept, he bled, he dy'd for you;
What more, ye ſaints, could Jeſus do?

2 Enthron'd above with equal glow
His warm affections downward flow;
In our diſtreſs he bears a part,
And feels a ſympathetic ſmart.

3 Still his compaſſions are the ſame,
He knows the frailty of our frame;
Our heavieſt burdens he ſuſtains,
Shares in our ſorrows and our pains.

4 Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wondrous love diſplay'd,
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful pleaſing anguiſh, flow;
Let thy forgiving ſmiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

CCXLVII. C. M. STEELE.

Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imagination's utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die!—
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee;
May every heart with rapture ſay,
The Saviour dy'd for me.

5 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Still ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

CCXLVIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Singing in the ways of GOD, Pſalm cxxxviii. 5.

1 NOW let our voices join,
To form one pleaſant ſong:
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With muſic paſs along.

2 How ſtraight the path appears!
How open, and how fair!
No lurking gins, t' entrap our feet;
No fierce deſtroyer there.

3 But flowers of paradiſe
In rich profuſion ſpring;
The Sun of Glory gilds the path,
And dear companions ſing.

4 See *Salem's* golden ſpires
In beauteous proſpect riſe;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which ſparkle through the ſkies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who drew the ſhining trace;
To him, who leads the wand'rers on,
And chears them with his grace.

6 Reduce the nations, Lord,
Teach all their kings thy ways,
That earth's full choir the note may ſwell,
And heaven reſound the praiſe.

CCXLIX. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

GOD's *reaſonable expectations from his Vineyard,* Iſaiah v. 1---7.

1 THE vineyard of the Lord, how fair!
Planted by his peculiar care:
Behold its branches ſpread, and fill
The borders of his ſacred hill.

2 His eye hath mark'd the choſen ground;
His mighty hand hath fenc'd it round;
His ſervants by his order wait,
To watch and aid its tender ſtate.

3 But when the vintage he demands,
For all the labour of their hands,
What cluſters doth his vine produce!
The grapes are wild, and ſour the juice.

4 Well might he tear its fence away,
And leave it to the beaſts of prey,
Might give it to the wild again,
And charge his clouds to ceaſe their rain.

5 But ſpare our land, our churches ſpare;
Thy vengeance, long provok'd, forbear;
Let the true vine its influence give,
And bid our with'ring branches live.

CCL. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Nearneſs to GOD *through* CHRIST, Eph. ii. 13.

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at diſtance ſtood!
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did *Jeſus* ſhed his blood.

2 O for a ſong of ardent praiſe
To bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning grace,
And bring us yet more near!
Here may we ſee thy glories ſhine,
And taſte thy mercies here!

4 O may that love, which ſpread thy board,
Diſpoſe us for the feaſt;
May faith behold a ſmiling God
Through Jeſus' bleeding breaſt.

5 Fir'd with the view, our ſouls ſhall riſe,
In ſuch a ſcene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That ſhall compleat our bliſs.

CCLI. Mr. R. ELLIOT.

1 BE with us at thy table, Lord,
Now feed thy ſaints with heav'nly food;
And may our ſouls with one accord,
Receive by faith, and drink thy blood.

2 New joy and ſtrength divine impart,
All doubt, and fear, and ſin expel;
And fill the whole of ev'ry heart,
With peace and love unſpeakable.

CCLII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The highway to Zion, Iſa. xxxv. 8, 9, 10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great deliv'rer ſing:
Pilgrims for *Zion's* city bound,
Be joyful in your king.

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd;
How holy, and how plain!
Nor ſhall the ſimpleſt trav'lers err,
Nor aſk the track in vain.

3 No rav'ning lion ſhall deſtroy,
Nor lurking ſerpent wound;
Pleaſure and ſafety, peace and praiſe,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine ſhall lead you on,
Through all the bliſsful road;
Till to the ſacred mount you riſe,
And ſee your ſmiling God.

5 There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on ev'ry head;
While ſorrow, ſighing, and diſtreſs,
Like ſhadows, all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's ſtrength;
Purſue his footſteps ſtill;
And let the proſpect cheer your eye,
While lab'ring up the hill.

CCLIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

GOD'S *name profaned, when his table is treated with contempt*, Malachi i. 12.

1 MY God, and is thy table ſpread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Hither be all thy children led,
And let them all its ſweetneſs know.

2 Hail ſacred feaſt, which *Jeſus* makes!
Rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred ſtream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts;
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee,
That here its ſacred pledges taſtes.

5 Let crouds approach with hearts prepar'd;
With hearts enflam'd, let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleaſure, or the profit end.

6 Revive thy dying churches Lord,
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more that energy afford,
Which our Redeemer's blood can give.

DEATH.

CCLIV. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Practical reflections on the ſtate of our Fathers. Zechariah i. 5.

1 HOW ſwift the torrent rolls,
That bears us to the ſea!
The tide, that bears our thoughtleſs ſouls
To vaſt eternity!

2 Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes, and cares,
And wealth and honour gone.

3 But joy or grief ſucceeds
Beyond our mortal thought,
While the poor remnant of their duſt
Lies in the grave forgot.

4 There, where the Fathers lie,
Muſt all the children dwell;
Nor other heritage poſſeſs,
But ſuch a gloomy cell.

5 God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlaſting friend!
While, we, as on Life's utmoſt verge,
Our ſouls to thee commend.

6 Of all the pious dead,
May we the footſteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

CCLV. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Comfort for pious parents, who have been bereaved of their children, Iſaiah lvi. 4, 5.

1 YE mourning ſaints, whoſe ſtreaming tears,
Flow o'er your children dead,
Say not in tranſports of deſpair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 While cleaving to that darling duſt,
In fond diſtreſs you lie,
Riſe, and with joy and rev'rence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though your young branches torn away,
Like wither'd trunks ye ſtand,
With fairer verdure ſhall you bloom,
Touch'd by th' Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," ſaith the Lord,
"In my own houſe a place:
"No names of daughters and of ſons
"Could yield ſo high a grace.

5 "Tranſient and vain is every hope
"A riſing race can give;
"In endleſs honour and delight
"My children all ſhall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, thoſe riſing tears,
Through which thy face we ſee,
And bleſs thoſe wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for thee.

CCLVI. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The great Journey, Job xvi. 22.

1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread,
Down to the regions of the dead!
Nor will the fleeting moments ſtay;
Nor can we meaſure back our way.

2 Our kindred and our friends are gone;
Know, O my ſoul, this doom thy own;
Feeble as theirs my mortal frame,
The ſame my way, my houſe the ſame.

3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From ſcenes of duty, means of grace,
I muſt to God's tribunal paſs!

4 Important journey! awful view!
How great the change! the ſcenes how new!
The golden gates of heaven diſplay'd,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy ſhade!

5 Awake, my ſoul; thy way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal care;
With ſteady feet, that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

6 *Jeſus*, to thee my all I truſt,
And, if thou call me down to duſt,
I know thy voice, I bleſs thy hand,
And die in ſmiles at thy command.

CCLVII. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

All the days of my appointed time will I wait, &c.
Job xiv. 14.

1 UNTHINKING mortals ye muſt die
Behold the king of dread,
Prepar'd to let the arrow fly,
That ranks you with the dead!

2 Your youth and ſtrength will nought avail;
To guard you in that day;
Your wealth and honour then will fail;
Your beauty fade away,

3 The firmeſt nerves will be unſtrung,
And every motion die:
Silent the captivating tongue,
And dim the ſparkling eye.

4 The ſoul diſmiſſed from the clay,
Receives its final doom,
In realms of everlaſting day,
Or hell's eternal gloom.

5 Celeſtial guards convey the ſaints
To their divine abode;
Now they forget their long complaints,
And ſee their Father, God.

6 O could we realize the theme,
And view this change as near!
This world would die in our eſteem,
The next employ our care.

7 May we in waiting poſture ſtand,
Prepar'd to take our flight;
When gentle death with friendly hand,
Shall change our faith to ſight.

CCLVIII. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

I muſt work the work of him, John ix. 4.

1 THE ſhort liv'd day declines in haſte,
The night of death approaches faſt;
With rapid ſpeed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

2 As flies the ſhuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals haſten to the tomb;
As ſhips that ſkim along the ſea,
Or eagles darting on the prey.

3 As vaniſhes the fleeting ſhade,
As flow'rs before the evening fade
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are meaſur'd by a ſpan.

4 I would not wiſh on earth to ſtay,
Beyond this ſhort uncertain day;
But, Lord, prepare my ſoul to do
The work appointed me below.

5 Be this my one, my great concern,
The way of life and peace to learn;
To know my dear Redeemer's love,
And his renewing grace to prove.

6 With willing heart and active hands,
Lord I would practiſe thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wiſh to die.

CCLIX. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

Death.

1 WHAT ſcenes of horror and of dread,
Await the ſinner's dying bed!
Death's terrors all appear in ſight,
Preſages of eternal night.

2 His ſins in dreadful order riſe,
And fill his ſoul with ſad ſurprize,
Mount *Sinai's* thunder ſtuns his ears;
And not one ray of hope appears.

3 Tormenting pangs diſtract his breaſt
Where'er he turns, he finds no reſt,
Death ſtrikes the blow, he groans and cries,
And in deſpair and horror dies.

4 Not ſo the heir of heavenly bliſs;
His ſoul is fill'd with conſcious peace;
A ſteady faith ſubdues his fear;
He ſees the happy *Canaan* near.

5 His mind is tranquil and ſerene,
No terror in his looks are ſeen;
His Saviour's ſmiles diſpel the gloom,
And ſmooth his paſſage to the tomb.

6 Lord, make my faith and love ſincere,
My judgment ſound, my conſcience clear;
And when the toils of life are paſt,
May I be found in peace at laſt.

CCLX. L. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

He knoweth our frame, he conſidereth that we are duſt.
Pſal. ciii. 14.

1 SHALL men of ſtrength, or beauty boaſt,
Whoſe firſt original is duſt?
Whoſe powers are all by ſin defil'd,
And of their native glory ſpoil'd?

2 Our bodies formed from the clay,
The great Creator's ſkill diſplay;
Yet feeble is our mortal frame,
And *duſt and aſhes* are our name.

3 Our life is but a brittle thread,
And ſoon we mingle with the dead;
In frailty we a while ſojourn,
Then to our native duſt return.

4 Jehovah knows how weak we are,
And makes our feeble life his care;
Strength he proportions to the day,
Rememb'ring that we are but clay.

5 He ſees our num'rous foes prevail,
He ſees our languid ſpirits fail;
Our fainting ſouls his pity move,
For everlaſting is his love.

6 Soon ſhall the toils of life be o'er,
And pains, and griefs, be felt no more;
Jeſus will raiſe us to his throne,
And form our bodies like his own.

CCLXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Our ſhort lives crowned with the Divine Goodneſs.

1 TIME! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an India arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting ſtar.

2 The preſent moments juſt appear,
Then ſlide away in haſte,
That we can never ſay they're here
But only ſay, they're paſt.

3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die.

4 Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
Thy laſting favours ſhare;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
Thou load'ſt the rolling year.

5 'Tis ſovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love;
While grace ſtands pointing out the road,
That leads our ſouls above.

6 His goodneſs runs an endleſs round;
All glory to the Lord:
His mercy never knows a bound;
And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the laſting ſong,
And when we cloſe our eyes,
Let the next age thy praiſe prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

CCLXII. S. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Support in Death.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my ſoul muſt tread,
Beſet with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleaſing ſcenes adieu,
Which I ſo long have known:
My friends, a long farewel to you,
For I muſt paſs alone.

3 And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

4 But ſee a ray of light,
With ſplendors all divine,
Breaks through theſe doleful realms of night,
And makes its horrors ſhine.

5 Where death and darkneſs reigns,
Jehovah is my ſtay:
His rod my trembling feet ſuſtains,
His ſtaff defends my way.

6 Kind ſhepherd, lead me on;
My ſoul diſdains to fear;
Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
Since life's great Lord is near.

CCLXIII. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

Death and Judgment.

1 LOW at thy feet we proſtrate fall,
And hail thee as our all in all,
Our God for ever bleſt:
Humbly we bow beneath thy throne,
And own thee as our Lord alone,
Of endleſs power poſſeſt.

2 'Tis from thine hand we now receive
The breath of life, by which we live,
If thou withdraw 'tis gone:
Teach us to live dependent here
Till thou in judgment ſhalt appear,
Seated upon thy throne.

3 On thy great name, O Lord, moſt high,
We wait a ſummons from the ſky,
With reverential fear:
Made meet by grace, may we be found,
When the great angels trump ſhall ſound
To call us to thy bar.

4 Completely draw our hearts from earth,
And raiſe us by a ſecond birth,
To pant for joys above.
Such as from thy dear preſence flow,
Such as no mortals reach below
In everlaſting love.

CCLXIV. L. M. G------;

Riſing to God.

1 NOW let our ſouls, on wings ſublime,
Riſe from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and ſee
The glories of eternity,

2 Born by a new celeſtial birth,
Why ſhould we grovel here on earth?
Why graſp at tranſitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys.

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For ſtrangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome, ſweet hour of full diſcharge,
That ſets our longing ſouls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the ſweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

CCLXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Victory over Death, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 O For an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours!

To triumph o'er the monſter, death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!

2 Joyful with all the ſtrength I have,
My quiv'ring lips ſhall ſing;
"Where is thy boaſted vict'ry, grave?
"And where the monſter's ſting?"

3 If ſin be pardon'd, I'm ſecure,
Death has no ſting beſide:
The law gives ſin its damning pow'r;
But Chriſt my ranſom dy'd,

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through Chriſt our living head.

CCLXVI. Ode; by Mr. POPE.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

1 VITAL ſpark of heavenly flame
Quit, O quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe fond nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

2 Hark, they whiſper; angels ſay
Siſter ſpirit come away,
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me my ſoul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy ſting?

CCLXVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

1 HARK! from the tombs, a doleful ſound,
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you muſt ſhortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay muſt be your bed,
"In ſpite of all your tow'rs!
"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend head,
"Muſt lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure!
Still walking downward to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our ſouls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying fleſh,
We'll riſe above the ſky.

CCLXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends,
To call us to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As faſt as time can move?
Nor would we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd every bed;
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way;
Up to the Lord our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then let the laſt loud trumpet ſound,
And bid our kindred riſe;
Awake, ye nations under ground;
Ye ſaints, aſcend the ſkies.

CCLXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord, Rev. xiv.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the ſavour of their names,
And ſoft their ſleeping bed.

2 They die in Jeſus, and are bleſt;
How kind their ſlumbers are!
From ſufferings and from ſins releas'd
And freed from every ſnare.

3 Far from this world of toil and ſtrife,
They're preſent with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

CCLXX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Death and immediate glory, 2 Cor. v. 1, 5---8.

1 THERE is a houſe not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high;
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands,
Till God ſhall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this priſon of my clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my ſoul, with joy obey,
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n;
And, as an earneſt of the place,
Hath his own ſpirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come;
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is at home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy grace;
But we had rather ſee:
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

CCLXXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Moſes dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our ſouls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkeſt ſhade,
And never yield to fear,

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moſes did.

3 Might I but climb to Piſgah's top,
And view the promis'd land;
My fleſh itſelf would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life amongst the charms
Of so divine a death.

RESURRECTION.

CCLXXII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit.
Rom. viii. 2.

1 WHY should our mourning thoughts delight
To grovel in the dust?
Or why should streams of tears unite
Around th' expiring just?

2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,
And triumph o'er the grave?
Did not our Lord ascend on high,
And prove his power to save.

3 Doth not the sacred spirit come,
And dwell in all the saints?
And should the temples of his grace
Resound with long complaints?

4 Awake, my soul, and like the sun,
Burst through each sable cloud;
And thou, my voice, though broke with sighs,
Tune forth thy songs aloud.

5 The spirit rais'd my Saviour up,
When he had bled for me;
And spite of death and hell shall raise
Thy pious friends and thee.

6 Awake, ye saints, that dwell in dust,
Your hymns of vict'ry sing;
And let his dying servants trust
Their ever-living King.

CCLXXIII. Mr. JOHN BERRIDGE.

The Reſurrection and Aſcenſion.

1 ANGELS, roll the rock away,
Den of death, reſign thy prey:
See the Saviour quits the tomb,
Riſing with immortal bloom. Hal.

2 Shout ye ſeraphs! *Gabriel*, raiſe,
Fame's eternal trump of praiſe:
Let the earth's remoteſt bound
Echo to the bliſsful ſound! Hal.

3 Saints of God, lift up your eyes,
See the conqu'ror ſcale the ſkies;
Troops of angels on the way,
Hail him to eternal day. Hal.

4 Heav'n unfolds its portals wide;
Matchleſs hero, through them ride;
King of Glory, mount thy throne;
Boundleſs empire is thine own; Hal.

5 Praiſe him, ye celeſtial choirs,
Praiſe and ſweep your golden lyres;
Praiſe him in the nobleſt ſongs
From ten thouſand thouſand tongues. Hal.

6 Every note to rapture ſwell:
Sing the pow'rs of death and hell
Dragg'd in chains behind his wheels;
Each the wound eternal feels. Hal.

7 *Truth* and *Piety*, and Love,
Siſter-cherubs from above,
Now ſhall viſit earth again,
Shall in golden ages reign. Hal.

8 Henceforth *time's* tumultuous tide
Placid, pleaſant, pure, ſhall glide
Till it joins thy ſhoreleſs ſea,
Ever-bleſt eternity. Hal.

9 Let *Immanuel* be ador'd,
Ranſom, mediator, Lord;
Let his praiſe, through earth and ſkies,
In unbounded chorus riſe! Hal.

CCLXXIV. Mr. ROBERT SEAGRAVE.

The Reſurrection.

1 HEAR *Immanuel's* voice proclaim
I the reſurrection am:
Mine the pow'r that brings to ſight
Immortality and light.

2 Welcome, ſweet, refreſhing ſound,
Welcome bleſſing lately found;
Loaded once with doubts and fears,
Pleaſing now the view appears.

3 Second *Adam*, ſacred head,
Surety of the ſleeping dead;
Conqu'ring hath ſecur'd the way
Unto everlaſting day.

4 From the grave's ignoble reſt,
He ſecures our riſing duſt;
Pattern, in his glorious ſtate,
Of the change his foll'wers wait.

5 Soon the rolling years ſhall bring
The returning Lord, our king:
Soon the joyful morn ſhall riſe,
With new gueſts to deck the ſkies.

6 Truſt his power, believing ſaints,
Baniſh all your ſore complaints;
He who once did death ſubdue,
He will conquer too for you.

CCLXXV. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

The ſame.

1 ANGELS attend, and join the ſong,
To whom immortal notes belong,
Your golden harps and voices join
To praiſe Immanuel's love divine.

2 Lo! he, who on the croſs was ſlain,
High thron'd in glory lives again;
Clad with eternal victory,
He captive leads captivity.

3 With ſongs of joy addreſs his name,
His vict'ries and his love proclaim;
Sing how he conquer'd as he fell,
And vanquiſh'd all the powers of hell.

4 Now in his conqueſts we partake,
He gain'd thoſe triumphs for our ſake:
Immortal glories to the Lamb,
Who death by his own death o'ercame.

5 Saints ſhout with joy your riſen Lord,
And ſpread his boundleſs love abroad,
Let every heart the Saviour bleſs,
And every tongue his name confeſs.

CCLXXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Triumph over Death.

1 GREAT God, I own thy ſentence juſt,
And nature muſt obey;
I yield my body to the duſt,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jeſus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty conqu'ror ſhall appear,
High on a royal ſeat;
And death, the laſt of all his foes,
Lie vanquiſh'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my ſkin
And gnaw my waſting fleſh;
When God ſhall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely face,
With ſtrong immortal eyes:
And feaſt upon thy unknown grace
With pleaſure and ſurprize.

CCLXXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

A happy Reſurrection.

1 NO, I'll repine at death, no more,
But with a cheerful gaſp reſign,
To the cold dungeon of the grave,
Theſe dying limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my waſting fleſh,
And crumble all my bones to duſt,
My God ſhall raiſe my frame anew,
At the revival of the juſt.

CCLXXVIII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Triumph over Death in hope of the Reſurrection.

1 AND muſt this body die?
This active frame decay?
And muſt theſe active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this fleſh,
Till my triumphant Saviour comes,
To put it on afreſh.

3 God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the ſkies,
Looks down, and watches all my duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall theſe vile bodies ſhine;
And every ſhape, and ev'ry face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 Theſe lively hopes we owe
To Jeſus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And ſing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praiſe
Of theſe our humble ſongs,
Till tunes of nobler ſound we raiſe
With our immortal tongues.

JUDGMENT.

CCLXXIX. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Death and Judgment appointed to all, Heb. ix. 27.

1 HEAVEN has confirm'd the great decree;
That *Adam's* race muſt die;
One gen'ral ruin ſweeps them down,
And low in duſt they lie.

2 Ye living men, the tomb ſurvey,
Where you muſt quickly dwell;
Hark how the awful ſummons ſounds
In every fun'ral knell!

3 Once you muſt die, and once for all;
The ſolemn purport weigh;
For know that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.

4 Thoſe eyes, ſo long in darkneſs veil'd,
Muſt wake the Judge to ſee;
And every word, and every thought,
Muſt paſs his ſcrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my Friend;
And, far beyond the reach of death,
With all his ſaints aſcend.

CCLXXX. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The end of the World.

1 MY waken'd ſoul, aſcend thy wings
Beyond the reach of mortal things;
See this vain world in ſmoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Through heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole:
Pale ſun no more thy luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall ye ſtarry hoſt.

3 This wreck of nature all around,
The angels ſhout, the trumpets ſound
Loud the deſcending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of *Adam*, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar,
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go,
To endleſs bliſs, or endleſs woe.

5 Lord, to mine eyes this ſcene diſplay,
Frequent through each revolving day;
And let thy grace my ſoul prepare
To meet its full redemption there.

CCLXXXI. C. M. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

1 WHEN Chriſt in judgment ſhall deſcend,
And ſaints ſurround the Lord,
He bids unnumber'd worlds attend
The ſentence of his word.

2 Thron'd on a cloud he ſoon ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm
Lead on the dreadful day.

3 Heaven from above his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear,
His juſtice and their doom.

4 But gather all my ſaints (he cries)
That ſought their peace with God
By the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
And found it in his blood.

5 Their faith and works brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confeſs,
My ſentence of reward is right,
And heaven ſhall ſing my grace.

6 Conſider e'er his wrath appear,
Ye that deſpiſe the Lord;
Give him your hearts, and learn to fear
The vengeance of his word.

CCLXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt our High Prieſt and King; and Chriſt coming to Judgment, Rev. i. 5---7.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love;
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings;
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jeſus our atoning prieſt,
To Jeſus our ſuperior king;
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſt,
And every tongue his glory ſing.

4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye ſhall ſee him move;
Though with our ſins, we pierc'd him once,
Then he diſplays his pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world ſhall wail,
While ſaints rejoice to ſee the day;
Come Lord, nor let thy promiſe fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

CCLXXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Youth and Judgment.

1 LO! the young tribes of Adam riſe,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wiſhes of their eyes,
And taſte the joys they love.

2 They give a looſe to wild deſires;
But let the ſinners know,
The ſtrict account that God requires,
Of all the works they do.

3 The judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and ſeas,
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How ſhall I bear that dreadful day,
And ſtand the fiery teſt?
I'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever bleſt.

CCLXXXIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The laſt Judgment, and Hell.

1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hoſts:
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell, through all their coaſts,
Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His ſounding chariot ſhakes the ſky;
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his ſtores of lightning lie,
'Till vengeance darts them down.

3 Think, O my ſoul, the dreadful day,
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the ſky, and burn the ſea,
And fling his wrath abroad.

4 What ſhall the wretched ſinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord:
But he ſhall dread the thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his word.

5 Tempeſts of angry fire ſhall roll,
To blaſt the rebel-worm,
And beat upon his naked ſoul,
In one eternal ſtorm.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

CCLXXXV. P. M. Mr. JOHN FAWCETT.

I determined to know nothing ſave Jeſus Chriſt, 1 Cor. ii. 2.

1 'TIS in vain to ſeek for bliſs,
Laſting bliſs can ne'er be found,
Till we reach where Jeſus is,
Till we tread on heavenly ground;
Nothing round theſe ſpangled ſkies,
Nothing on this earthly globe,
Yields to me ſubſtantial joys,
Or is lovely as my God.

2 But tis heav'n to taſte his love,
Heav'n to feel his quick'ning grace;
And the heav'n I hope above,
Is to ſee my Jeſu's face;
There are pleaſures all ſincere,
There no dreg of guilt defiles;
Long, my ſoul, to leave this ſphere,
Pant to reach th' eternal hills.

3 Come, bleſt Spirit, from above,
Bear my ſinking courage up,
Pledge of my Redeemer's love,
Calm my fears, ſupport my hope,
Then let waves and thunders roar,
I ſhall feel thy peace divine,
'Till I reach the bliſsful ſhore,
'Till the heavenly throng I join.

4 Fellow ſaints, this bliſs purſue,
Preſs ye on to reach the prize;
Bid the flattering world adieu,
Fix above your longing eyes;
Lo! the kind Redeemer waits,
To receive you to his breaſt;
Open ſtand the bliſsful gates,
Angels call you there to reſt.

CCLXXXVI. Mr. ROWLAND HILL'S Collection.

The bleſſings of a view of Heaven.

1 WHEN we behold the heavenly ſtate,
The reſt that doth thy ſaints await,
What ſtreams of comfort fill the ſoul!
What floods of bliſs around us roll!

2 Above the world by faith we riſe,
And taſte the joys above the ſkies;
With angels feaſt, with angels join
In hymns immortal and divine.

3 On wings of love ſtill upwards borne,
Downward we look with holy ſcorn;
The pains and pleaſures of this life
Afford us little joy or grief.

4 While we enjoy this bliſsful ſight
With hearts o'erwhelm'd with ſweet delight
We long to reach the heavenly ſhore,
And ſee this evil world no more.

5 But what are all theſe taſtes of love,
To thoſe we ſhall enjoy above,
Juſt as a drop to all the ſea
A moment to eternity.

6 Did worldlings know the joys we feel,
How glorious how unſpeakable,
They would no longer feed with ſwine,
On huſks, but feaſt on love divine.

7 Sinners who feed on wine and luſt,
And with the ſerpent lick the duſt,
Come taſte the ſtreams that here below
From the rich wells of Sion flow.

8 Saints who have tafted of this grace,
Drink more and more with thankfulneſs;
Drink heavenly wine, eat heavenly food,
And feaſt till you are fill'd with God.

CCCLXXXVII. P.M. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

The Pilgrim's Song.

1 RISE, my ſoul, and ſtretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Riſe from tranſitory things,
Tow'rds heav'n thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and ſtars decay,
And time ſhall ſoon this earth remove:
Riſe my ſoul and haſte away
To ſeats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor ſtay in all their courſe:
Fire aſcending ſeeks the ſun,
Both ſpeed them to their ſource;
Thus a ſoul new born of God
Delights to view his glorious face;
Upward tends to his abode,
To reſt in his embrace.

3 Ceaſe, ye pilgrims, ceaſe to mourn;
Preſs onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the ſkies:
Yet a ſeaſon and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our ſorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heaven.

CCLXXXVIII. L. M Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

The ſame.

1 STRANGERS and pilgrims here on earth,
Behold, thy lowly followers, Lord;
Call'd to the work by ſecond birth,
We yield obedience to thy word.

2 Gladly the ſummons we obey,
To tread the paths of joy and peace;
We bleſs the ſun that makes the day,
We bleſs the Sun of Righteouſneſs.

3 Cheer'd by thy healing beams we riſe,
Call'd forth by grace from graves of ſin,
We ſoar aloft, and ſeek the ſkies,
And everlaſting glories win.

4 What though with dangers all around,
We combat with a thouſand foes,
We ſoon ſhall reach the happy ground
Where peace prevails, and pleaſure flows.

5 Though ſighs and griefs our hearts ſhould leave,
And tears bedew the way we tread,
Our downcaſt hearts thou wilt relieve,
And dry the tears that once we ſhed.

6 Thy hand ſuſtains the poor with bread,
The fainting cheers with Canaan's wine;
The meek thou wilt in judgment lead,
The feeble bleſs with love divine.

7 Though lofty mountains of deſpair,
Ariſe to ſink us down to hell,
They ſhall as lowly vales appear,
Before our great Zerubbabel.

8 Hoſanna, to the pilgrim's Lord;
He'll guard us to his reſt above,
He is our ſhield and great reward,
Hoſannah to the God of love.

CCLXXXIX. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25.

1 IN what confuſion earth appears!
God's deareſt children bath'd in tears;
While they who heav'n itſelf deride,
Riot in luxury and pride.

2 But patient let my ſoul attend,
And ere I cenſure, view the end:
That end, how different, who can tell?
The wide extremes of heav'n and hell!

3 See the red flames around him twine,
Who did in gold and purple ſhine;
Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,
T' allay the ſcorching of his pain.

4 While round the ſaint ſo poor below,
Full rivers of ſalvation flow;
On Abra'm's breaſt he leans his head,
And banquets on celeſtial bread.

5 Jeſus, my Saviour, let me ſhare
The meaneſt of thy ſervant's fare;
May I at laſt, approach to taſte
The bleſſings of thy marriage-feaſt.

CCXC. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hell; or, the vengeance of God.

1 WITH holy fear and humble ſong,
The dreadful God our ſouls adore;
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
That ſpeaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far in the deep where darkneſs dwells,
The land of horror and deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal hell,
And laid her ſtores of vengeance there.

3 There guilty hoſts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's grace,
But they provok'd a dreadful God.

4 Tremble, my ſoul, and kiſs the Son;
Sinners, obey your Saviour's call;
Elſe your damnation haſtens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

CCXCI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Heaven inviſible and holy.

1 NOR eye hath ſeen, nor ear has heard,
Nor ſenſe, nor reaſon known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd,
For thoſe that love the Son.

2 But the good ſpirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word,
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the ſky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye
Can ſee or taſte the bliſs.

4 Thoſe holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, ſin and ſhame;
None ſhall obtain admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
And tread the heavenly ground.

CCXCII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hope of Heaven our ſupport under trials on earth.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear,
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth againſt my ſoul engage,
And helliſh darts be hurl'd;
Then I can ſmile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul,
In ſeas of heavenly reſt;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

CCXCIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heavenly land from ours,

3 Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſt in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood,
And Jordan roll'd between.

2 But tim'rous mortals ſtart and ſhrink,
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe;
And ſee the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb were Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er,
Not Jordan's ſtreams, nor death's cold flood,
Could fright us from the ſhore.

CCXCIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The humble worſhip of Heaven.

1 FATHER, my ſpirit longs to ſee
The place of thine abode;
I'd leave thine earthly courts and flee
Up to thy ſeat, my God!

2 Here I behold thy diſtant face,
And 'tis a pleaſing ſight;
But to abide in thine embrace
Is infinite delight.

3 I'd part with all the joys of ſenſe,
To gaze upon thy throne;
Pleaſure ſprings freſh for ever thence,
Unſpeakable, unknown.

4 The more thy glories ſtrike mine eyes,
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my joys ſhall riſe,
Unmeaſurably high.

CCXCV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Meditation of Heaven; or, the joys of Faith.

1 MY thoughts ſurmount theſe lower ſkies,
And look within the vail;
There ſprings of endleſs pleaſures riſe,
The waters never fail.

2 There I behold, with ſweet delight,
The bleſſed Three in One;
And ſtrong affections fix my ſight,
On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promiſe ſtands for ever firm;
His grace ſhall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And ſeals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings;
How ſhort our ſorrows are!
When with eternal, future things,
The preſent we compare.

5 I would not be a ſtranger ſtill
To that celeſtial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's face.

CCXCVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Joy in Heaven for a repenting ſinner, Luke xv. 7, 10.

1 WHO can deſcribe the joys that riſe
Through all the courts of paradiſe,
To ſee a prodigal return
To ſee an heir of glory born.

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and ſees
The purchaſe of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy ſoul he form'd anew!
And ſaints and angels join to ſing
The growing empire of their King.

CCXCVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Freedom from ſin, and miſery in Heaven.

1 OUR ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be!
And like a violent ſea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they riſe!
How loud the tempeſt roar!
But death ſhall land our weary ſouls,
Safe on the heav'nly ſhore.

3 There, to fulfil his ſweet commands,
Our ſpeedy feet ſhall move;
No ſin ſhall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There ſhall we ſit, and ſing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace,
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And ſmile in every face.

5 For ever his dear ſacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jeſus and ſalvation be
The cloſe of every ſong.

CCXCVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The glory of Chriſt in Heaven,

1 OH, the delights, the heavenly joys
The glories of the place,
Where Jeſus ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace.

2 Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow:
And all the glorious ranks above,
At humble diſtance bow.

3 [Princes to his imperial name,
Bend their bright ſcepters down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,
To ſee him wear the crown.

4 Archangels ſound his lofty praiſe
Through every heavenly ſtreet;
And lay their higheſt honours down
Submiſſive at his feet.

5 Thoſe ſoft, thoſe bleſſed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they ſtand,
And all the ſaints adore.

6 His head, the dear majeſtic head,
That cruel thorns did wound;
See what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

7 This is the man, th' exalted,
Whom we unſeen adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

CCXCIX. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Aſſurance of Heaven, 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may diſſolve my body now,
And bear my ſpirit home;
Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my ſalvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord:
Finiſh'd my courſe, and kept the faith,
And wait the ſure reward.

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me,
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This crown for me alone,
But all that love, and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jeſus, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe;
From every ill deſign,
And to his heavenly kingdom take
This feeble ſoul of mine.

6 God is my everlaſting aid,
And hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt glory paid,
And endleſs praiſe, *Amen.*

CCC. L. M. Dr. Watts.

The ſight of God and Chriſt in Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heaven immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower ſky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where ſolid pleaſures never die,
And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

3 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious through the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all!

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they ſing;
And ſit on ev'ry heavenly hill,
And ſpread the triumphs of their King!

6 When ſhall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand, and bow amongſt them there,
And view thy face, and ſing and love?

CCCI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The bleſſed Society of Heaven.

1 RAISE thee, my ſoul, fly up, and run,
Through every heav'nly ſtreet,
And ſay, there's nought below the ſun,
That's worthy of thy feet.

2 Thus will we mount on ſacred wings,
And tread the courts above;
Nor earth, nor all her mightieſt things,
Shall tempt our meaneſt love.

3 There, on a high majeſtic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And ſheds his glorious goodneſs down,
On all the bliſsful plains.

4 Bright, like a ſun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal noon;
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.

5 Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies,
Behold the ſacred dove;
While baniſh'd ſin and ſorrow flies,
From all the realms of love.

6 The glorious tenants of the place,
Stand bending round the throne;
And ſaints and ſeraphs ſing and praiſe
The infinite Three-One.

7 But, O what beams of heavenly grace
Tranſport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles in Jeſus' face,
And love in every ſmile.

8 Jeſus! O when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay,
To dwell amongſt them there?

CCCII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The beatific ſight of Chriſt.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my bleſſed Jeſus reigns,
In heaven's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The wonders of thy love.

CCCIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Earth and Heaven; or, the pilgrimage of the Saints.

1 LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no ſupply,
No cheering fruits, no wholeſome trees,
Nor ſtreams of living joy!

2 But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poiſons grow;
And all the rivers that are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land;
Lord! we would keep that heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our ſouls ſhall tread the deſart through
With undiverted feet;
And faith and flaming zeal ſubdue
The terrors that we meet.

5 A thouſand ſavage beaſts of prey
Around the foreſt roam;
But Judah's lion guards the way,
And guides the ſtrangers home.

6 Long nights and darkneſs dwell below,
With ſcarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlaſting day.

7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
We trace the ſacred road;
Through diſmal deeps and dang'rous ſnares,
We make our way to God.

Pauſe.

8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward ſtill;
Forget theſe troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

9 See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jeſus the forerunner waits,
To welcome trav'llers home.

10 There on a green and flow'ry mount
Our weary ſouls ſhall ſit,
And with tranſporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.

11 No vain diſcourſe ſhall fill our tongue,
Nor trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace ſhall be our ſong,
And God rejoice to hear.

12 Eternal glory to the King
That brought us ſafely through,
Our tongues ſhall never ceaſe to ſing,
And endleſs praiſe renew.

CCCIV. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Sight through a glaſs, and face to face.

1 I Love the windows of his grace,
Through which my Lord is ſeen;
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glaſs between.

2 O, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to ſight!
I ſhall behold my Lord at home,
In a diviner light,

3 Haſte, my beloved and remove
Theſe interpoſing days,
Then ſhall my paſſions all be love
And all my pow'rs be praiſe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CCCV. L. M. Dr. Doddridge.

Mary's choice of the better part, Luke x. 42.

1 BESET with ſnares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I ſtand:
Saviour divine, diffuſe thy light,
To guide my doubtful footſteps right.

2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To ſcorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildeſt ſtorms ariſe:
Let tempeſts mingle earth and ſkies;
No fatal ſhipwreck ſhall I fear;
But all my treaſures with me bear.

4 If thou, my *Jeſus*, ſtill be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thouſand worlds in thee.

CCCVI. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Paul's ſolicitude to finiſh his courſe with joy, Acts xx. 24.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy name to praiſe
For this rich goſpel of thy grace;
And, that our hearts may love it more,
Teach them to feel its vital pow'r.

2 With joy may we our courſe purſue.
And keep the crown of life in view;
That crown, which in one hour repays
The labour of ten thouſand days.

3 Should bonds or death obſtruct our way,
Unmov'd their terrors we'll ſurvey;
And the laſt hour improve for thee,
The laſt of life, or liberty.

4 Welcome thoſe bonds which may unite
Our ſouls to their ſupreme delight!
Welcome the death, whoſe painful ſtrife
Bears us to *Chriſt* our better life!

CCCVII. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The happineſs of departing and being with Chriſt. Phil. i. 23.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I ſtand,
And view the ſcene on either hand,
My ſpirit ſtruggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where *Jeſus*, dwells my ſoul would be;
It faints my much lov'd Lord to ſee:
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jeſus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That bleſſed interview, how ſweet!
To fall tranſported at his feet!
Rais'd in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace!

5 Yet, with theſe proſpects full in ſight,
I'll wait thy ſignal for my flight;
For, while thy ſervice I purſue,
I find my heaven begun below.

CCCVIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Moſes' wiſe choice, Heb. xi. 26.

1 MY ſoul, with all thy waken'd pow'rs
Survey the heav'nly prize;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

2 The ſplendid crown, which *Moſes* ſought,
Still beams around his brow;
Though ſoon great *Pharoah's* ſcepter'd pride
Was taught by death to bow.

3 The joys and treaſures of a day,
I cheerfully reſign;
Rich in that large immortal ſtore,
Secur'd by grace divine.

4 Let fools my wiſer choice deride,
Angels and God approve;
Nor ſcorn of men, nor rage of hell
My ſtedfaſt ſoul ſhall move.

5 With ardent eye that bright reward
I daily will ſurvey;
And in the blooming proſpect loſe
The ſorrows of the way.

CCCIX. L. M. Mr. Wesley.

Human righteouſneſs inſufficient to juſtify, Mic. vi. 6-8.

1 WHEREWITH, O Lord, ſhall I draw near,
Or bow myſelf before thy face?
How in thy purer eyes appear?
What ſhall I bring to gain thy grace?

2 Will gifts delight the Lord moſt high?
Will multiply'd oblations pleaſe?
Thouſands of rams his favour buy,
Or ſlaughter'd hecatombs appeaſe?

3 Can theſe aſſuage the wrath of God?
Can theſe waſh out my guilty ſtain?
Rivers of oil, or ſeas of blood,
Alas! they all muſt flow in vain.

4 What have I then wherein to truſt?
I nothing have, I nothing am;
Excluded is my every boaſt,
My glory ſwallow'd up in ſhame.

5 Guilty, I ſtand before thy face,
My ſole deſert, is hell and wrath;
'Twere juſt the ſentence ſhould take place,
But O, I plead my Saviour's death!

6 The Saviour's name alone I plead,
Who dy'd for ſinners on the tree;
In him I'll truſt nor be afraid
The Saviour liv'd, and dy'd for me.

CCCX. C. M. Mr John Fawcett.

And he ſaid, my preſence ſhall go with thee and I will give thee reſt, Exod. xxxiii. 14.

1 LORD, in a wilderneſs I rove,
With foes and fears oppreſt,
Grant me the preſence of thy love,
For that will *give me reſt*.

2 Protect my ſoul from *Satan's* wiles,
And eaſe my troubled breaſt;

Refreſh me with thy cheering ſmiles,
For thou canſt *give me reſt.*

3 Cheerful I'll walk the deſart through,
If with thy preſence bleſt;
Nor fear what earth or hell can do,
For thou wilt *give me reſt.*

4 When fears and dangers fill the way,
And I am ſore diſtreſt;
I'll fly to thee, my ſtrength and ſtay,
For thou wilt *give me reſt.*

5 The happy day is drawing nigh,
When I ſhall be releas'd;
And rife to dwell with thee on high,
In everlaſting *reſt.*

CCCXI. L. M. Mr. SCOTT.

Charitable Judgment.

1 ALL-knowing God! 'tis thine to know
The ſprings whence wrong opinions flow;
To judge, by principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we ſin.

2 Who among men, high Lord of all,
Thy ſervant to his bar ſhall call?
For modes of faith, judge him a foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read?
Or worſhip by another's creed?
Reverng thy commands alone,
We humbly ſeek and uſe our own.

4 If wrong forgive, approve if right;
While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous ſtill,
To follow as to learn thy will.

5 When ſhall our happy eyes behold
Thy people faſhion'd in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

CCCXII. L. M. Mr. Scott.

Perſecution.

1 ABSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains, the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by deſtructive flame.

2 Bold arrogance! to ſnatch from heaven,
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conſcience to uſurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

3 Mad zeal! that with hell-fury burns;
The rights of God and man o'erturns;
Whoſe blind preſumption ſanctifies
Murders, rebellions, plots and lies.

4 Thus Rome aſſerts her proud decrees,
Enforc'd by fierce anathemas;
And ſtirs up vengeance to devour
The foes of antichriſtian pow'r.

5 Jeſus, thy gentle law of love
Doth no ſuch cruelties approve:
Mild as thyſelf, thy doctrine wields
No arms but what perſuaſion yields.

6 By proofs divine, and reaſon ſtrong,
It draws the willing ſoul along;
And conqueſts to thy church requires
By eloquence which heav'n inſpires.

7 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feaſt by Jeſus held!
Britain, thy bleſſings know; and prize
The light which liberty ſupplies.

CCCXIII. S. M. Mr. Scott.

The right and duty of private judgment.

1 IMPOSTURE ſhrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye:
Thy doctrines, Lord, the teſt invite,
They bid us ſearch and try.

2 Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek, inquiring mind;
And joyful, at ſalvation's ſpring
Refreſhing truth we find.

3 With underſtanding bleſt,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not reſt;
Subject to none but thee.

4 O Lord, our ſpirit lead,
With ſoundeſt knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth once learn'd impreſs
With ſavour on our heart;
And help us firmly to poſſeſs
'Gainſt all ſeducing art.

CCCXIV. L. M. Mr. Scott.

Humility.

1 WAS pride, alas, e'er made for man?
Blind, erring, guilty creature he;
His birth ſo mean, his life a ſpan,
His wiſdom leſs than vanity.

2 Though wealth and power with dazzling rays,
And pageant ſtate this nothing dreſs;
On the fair idol ſhall we gaze,
And envy that as happineſs?

3 Jeſus, by thy inſtructions taught,
Our fooliſh paſſions are repreſs'd:
We bluſh at our miſguided thought,
And ſee and call the humble bleſs'd.

4 To know ourſelves, to learn of thee,
And bend our neeks beneath thy throne;
Thus dictates wiſe humility,
This makes the wealth of heav'n our own.

CCCXV. L. M. Mr. SCOTT.

The Conflict.

1 AWAKE my ſoul, lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes againſt thee riſe,
In long array, a numerous hoſt;
Awake my ſoul, or thou art loſt!

2 Here giant danger threatning ſtands
Muſt'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleaſure's ſilken banners ſpread,
And willing ſouls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious paſſions rage,
And fierce deſires and luſts engage;
The meaneſt foe of all the train,
Has thouſands and ten thouſands ſlain.

4 Thou tread'ſt upon enchanted ground,
Perils and ſnares beſet thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But moſt, the traitor in thy heart.

5 Come then, my ſoul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal ſhield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

6 The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell;
The man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why ſhould his faithful followers fear?

CCCXVI. Mr. ROWLAND HILL's Collection.

A Dialogue.

MEN.

1 TELL us, O women, we would know,
Whither ſo faſt ye move?

WOMEN.

We, call'd to leave the world below,
Are ſeeking one above.

MEN.

2 Whence come ye, ſay, and what the place,
That ye are trav'ling from?

WOMEN.

From tribulation, we, through grace,
Are now returning home.

MEN.

3 Is not your native country here?
Like you not this abode?

WOMEN.

We ſeek a better country far,
A city built by God.

MEN.

4 Thither *we* travel, nor intend
Short of that bliſs to reſt;

WOMEN.

Nor we, till in the ſinner's friend
Our weary ſouls are bleſt.

MEN and WOMEN.

5 *Friends of the bridegroom we ſhall reign;*
Saviour, we aſk no more;
Hail, Lamb of God! for ſinners ſlain,
Whom heav'n and earth adore!

CCCXVII. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Triumph in God's protection, Pſalm xviii. 2.

1 LEGIONS of foes beſet me round,
While marching o'er this dang'rous ground;
Yet in Jehovah's aid I truſt,
And in his pow'r ſuperior boaſt.

2 My buckler he; his ſhield is ſpread,
To cover this defenceleſs head:
Now let the fierceſt foes aſſail,
Their darts I count as rattling hail.

3 He is my rock, and he my tow'r;
The baſe how firm! the walls how ſure!
The battlements how high they riſe!
And hide their ſummits in the ſkies.

4 Deliv'rances to God belong;
He is my ſtrength, and he my ſong;
The horn of my ſalvation he,
And all my foes diſpers'd ſhall flee.

5 Through the long march my lips ſhall ſing
My great protector, and my King,
Till *Zion's* mount my feet aſcend,
And all my painful warfare end.

6 Rais'd on the ſhining turrets there,
Through all the proſpect wide and fair,
A land of peace his hoſts ſurvey,
And bleſs the grave, that led the way.

CCCXVIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The good man's proſpect for time and eternity. Pſalm xxiii. 6.

1 MY ſoul triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad;
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Through all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide,
And in that long-experienc'd care,
My heart ſhall ſtill confide.

3 His grace through all the deſart flows,
An unexhauſted ſtream:
That grace on *Zion's* ſacred mount
Shall be my endleſs theme.

4 Beyond the choiceſt joys of earth
Theſe diſtant courts I love;
But O! I burn with ſtrong deſire
To view thy houſe above.

5 Mingled with all the ſhining band,
My ſoul would there adore;
A pillar in thy temple fix'd,
To be remov'd no more.

CCCXIX. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Reliſhing the divine goodneſs, Pſalm xxxiv. 8, 9.

1 TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodneſs reigns
Through all the wide celeſtial plains;
And its full ſtreams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

2 Through nature's works its glories ſhine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

MEN and WOMEN.

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2 Through nature's works its glories ſhine;
The cares of providence are thine:
And grace erects our ruin'd frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart,
To taſte, and feel how good thou art:
With grateful love, and rev'rend fear,
To know, how bleſt thy children are.

4 Let nature burſt into a ſong:
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong:
Earth, ſea, and ſtars, your anthems raiſe,
All vocal with your Maker's praiſe.

5 Ye ſaints, with joy, the theme purſue;
Its ſweeteſt notes belong to you;
Choſe by this condeſcending King,
For ever round his throne to ſing.

CCCXX. L. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

God magnified by thoſe that love his ſalvation, Pſalm xi. 16.

1 GOD of ſalvation, we adore
Thy ſaving love, thy ſaving pow'r;
And to the utmoſt ſtretch of thought,
Hail the redemption thou haſt wrought.

2 We love the ſtroke, that breaks our chain,
The ſword, by which our ſins are ſlain:
And, while abas'd in duſt we bow,
We ſing the grace, that lays us low.

3 Periſh each thought of human pride:
Let God alone be magnify'd;
His glory let the heav'ns reſound,
Shouted from earth's remoteſt bound.

4 Saints, who his full ſalvation know,
Saints, who but taſte it here below,
Join every angel's voice to raiſe
Continu'd, never-ending praiſe.

CCCXXI. P. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The triumph of Chriſt in the cauſe of Truth, Meekneſs and Righteouſneſs, Pſalm xiv. 3, 4.

1 LOUD to the Prince of heav'n
Your cheerful voices raiſe;
To him your vows be giv'n,
And fill his courts with praiſe.
With conſcious worth,
All clad in arms,
All bright in charms,
He ſallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring ſword,
Aſcend thy ſhining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war.
Before his wheels,
In glad ſurprize,
Ye vallies riſe,
And ſink, ye hills.

3 Fair truth, and ſmiling love,
And injur'd righteouſneſs
In thy retinue move,
And ſeek from thee redreſs:
Thou in their cauſe,
Shalt proſp'rous ride,
And far and wide,
Diſpenſe thy laws.

4 Before thine awful face
Millions of foes ſhall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace, which conquers all.

The world ſhall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

5 Here, to my willing ſoul,
Bend thy triumphant way,
Here every foe controul,
And all thy pow'r diſplay.
My heart, thy throne,
Bleſt *Jeſus*, ſee,
Bows low to thee
To thee alone.

CCCXXII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Deſires of being quickened by the word of God, Pſalm cxix. 25.

1 WITH pity, Lord, thy ſervant view,
As in the duſt I lie,
Nor, while I raiſe my plaintive voice,
Diſdain the broken cry.

2 Fain would I mount on eagles' wings,
And view thy lovely face;
But cumb'rous burdens drag me down,
From thine ador'd embrace.

3 Thy quick'ning energy diffuſe
O'er all my inmoſt frame;
And animate my languid pow'rs
To celebrate thy name.

CCCXXIII. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The care of the ſoul, the one thing needful, Luke x. 42.

1 WHY will ye laviſh out your years
Amidſt a thouſand trifling cares,

While in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Why will ye chace the fleeting wind,
And famiſh an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To ſee you ſpurn a heav'nly crown?

3 Th' eternal God calls from above,
And *Jeſus* pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conſcience gives you pain;
And ſhall they join their pleas in vain.

4 Not ſo your dying eyes ſhall view
Thoſe objects, which ye now purſue;
Not ſo ſhall heav'n and hell appear,
When the deciſive hour is near.

5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindeſt eyes,
And makes the haughtieſt ſcorner wiſe.

CCCXXIV. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

God glorified by the holineſs of his ſaints.

1 GREAT teacher of thy church; we own,
Thy precepts all divinely wiſe;
O may thy mighty pow'r be ſhewn,
To fix them ſtill before our eyes.

2 Deep on our hearts thy law engrave,
And fill our ſouls with heavenly zeal;
That while we truſt thy pow'r to ſave,
We may thy ſacred law fulfil.

3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly grace,
May our examples brightly ſhine;
And the ſweet luſtre of thy face,
Reflected, beam from each of thine.

4 These lineaments, divinely fair,
Our heav'nly Father shall proclaim;
And men that view his image there,
Shall join to glorify his name.

CCCXXV. P. M.

Sinners invited to Christ.

1 COME ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r.
He his able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to see your need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the spirit's glimm'ring beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finish'd."
Sinners will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads his all-atoning blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no object else intrude,
None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb:
While the bliſsful realms of glory,
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

CCCXXVI. L. M. Mr. WESLEY.

Another.

1 COME, ſinners, to the goſpel-feaſt,
Let every ſoul be Jeſus' gueſt;
Ye need not one be left behind,
Jeſus hath dy'd for all mankind.

2 "Have me excus'd" why will you ſay,
From health, and life, and liberty;
From all that is in Jeſus given,
From pardon, holineſs, and heaven

3 Come guilty ſouls, by ſin oppreſt,
Ye weary wand'rers after reſt:
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Chriſt a hearty welcome find.

4 See him ſet forth before your eyes,
Behold the bleeding ſacrifice!
Pardon and life, let all embrace,
And freely now, be ſav'd by grace.

5 Ye who believe his record true,
Shall ſup with him, and he with you
Come to the feaſt, be ſav'd from ſin,
For Jeſus waits to take you in.

6 This is the time, no more delay,
This is the glorious goſpel day:

Come guilty ſinners at his call,
And live to him who dy'd for all.

CCCXXVII. Mr. WESLEY.

Another.

1 YE weary wanderers, now draw near
That know no ſolid peace or reſt,
Lay by your doubt and anxious fear,
And lean upon the Saviour's breaſt;
All's ſtolen fruit that can be found.
To cheer the ſoul on nature's ground.

2 Come, for the goſpel bids you come;
Jeſus for ſinners bled and dy'd;
The ſacred word reports there's room,
The Lamb ſhall take you for his bride.
Your ſouls ſhall find a reſting place,
In arms of everlaſting grace.

CCCXXVIII. C. M.

At the opening of Worſhip.

1 NOW may the ſpirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above;
His waiting family inſpire
With joy and peace and love!

2 Thee, we the comforter confeſs,
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
We utter heartleſs prayer:

3 Wake heav'nly wind, ariſe and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip,
That ſhall proclaim thy word,

And bid each awful hearer keep,
Attention to the Lord.

CCCXXIX.

Another.

1 ONCE more we come before our God,
Once more his bleſſing aſk;
O may not duty ſeem a load,
Nor worſhip prove a taſk.

2 Father, thy quick'ning ſpirit ſend,
From heaven in Jeſu's name,
To make our waiting minds attend,
And put our ſouls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honeſt heart;
Hoard up the precious treaſure there,
And never with it part!

4 To ſeek thee all our hearts diſpoſe,
To each thy bleſſing ſuit;
And let the ſeed thy ſervant ſows,
Produce abundant fruit.

5 Bid the refreſhing north-wind wake;
Say to the ſouth-wind blow;
Let every plant the pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

6 Revive the parch'd with heav'nly ſhowers,
The cold with warmth divine;
And, as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine.

CCCXXX.

Reading or hearing the Scriptures.

1 O God of wiſdom, God of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;

Whoſe truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and ſuckling wiſe;
Help thy unknowing ſervants, Lord,
To underſtand thy ſacred word.

2 Reveal thy ſcriptures to our mind,
Here let us heav'nly treaſure find,
To us thy ſacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richeſt grace behold;
O let thy ſpirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endleſs worth.

3 Direct us leſt we judge amiſs,
Leſt error cloud the hidden bliſs;
We would th' ingrafted word receive,
And back to thee the glory give.
O make us know, O make us hear,
The glorious tidings treaſured there.

CCCXXXI. S. M.

After Speaking.

1 WITH heart and voice unfeign'd,
We praiſe thee for thy word;
We bleſs thee for the joyful news,
Of our redeeming Lord.

2 Like as the kindly rain,
Returns not back to heaven,
But cheers and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas given:

3 Water thy ſacred ſeed,
And give it large increaſe:
Let neither fowls nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

CCCXXXII. C. M.

Breathing after Holineſs.

1 O That the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 Lord, ſend thy ſpirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt deſign;
Nor covetous deſires ariſe
Within this ſoul of mine.

4 Order my footſteps by thy word,
And make my heart ſincere,
Let ſin have no dominion Lord,
But keep my conſcience clear.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend againſt my God.

CCCXXXIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Chriſt precious to a Believer.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain would I ſound it out ſo loud,
That all the earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport and my truſt;
Jewels to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my capacious powers can wiſh,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is life ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 O may thy name ſtill chear my heart,
And ſhed its fragrance there!
The nobleſt balm of all my wounds,
The cordial of my fear.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name,
With my laſt laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

CCCXXXIV. C. M. Mr. WESLEY.

Looking to God through Chriſt.

1 LO! to the hills I lift my eyes,
Thy promis'd help I claim;
Father of mercies glorify,
Thy fav'rite Jeſu's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

CCCXXXV. C. M.

Praiſe to Jeſus Chriſt.

1 COME let us all unite to praiſe,
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in ſolemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how ſhall duſt his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear,
Before the Son of Man.

3 Silent O Lord! we would not be,
By love we are conſtrain'd,
To offer our beſt thanks to thee,
Our Saviour and our friend!

4 Though feeble are our beſt eſſays,
Thy love will not deſpiſe;
Our grateful ſongs of humble praiſe,
Our well-meant ſacrifice.

5 Let every tongue thy goodneſs ſhew,
And ſpread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs thy ſacred name.

6 Worſhip and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Jeſus given!
By men below---by hoſts above,
By all in earth and heaven!

CCCXXXVI. C. M.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
What pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly,
The ſpacious earth around,
While all the armies of the ſky,
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praiſe belongs;
Salvation ſhall inſpire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

CCCXXXVII. P. M. Mr. Wesley.

Living by Faith.

1 NOW I have found the ground wherein,
Sure my ſoul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jeſus for my ſin,
The Lamb of God, for ſinners ſlain;
On him alone, my ſoul ſhall ſtay,
When heav'n and earth ſhall paſs away.

2 Father! thy everlaſting grace,
Our ſcanty thought ſurpaſſes far;
Thy heart ſtill melts with tenderneſs,
Thy arms of love ſtill open are,
The worſt of ſinners to receive,
That mercy they may taſte and live.

3 O love thou bottomleſs abyſs!
My ſins are ſwallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteouſneſs,
My ſoul from condemnation free.
While Jeſu's blood through earth and ſkies,
Mercy, free, boundleſs mercy, cries.

4 By faith, I plunge me in this ſea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt;
Hither, when hell aſſails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breaſt;
Away ſad doubt, and anxious fear,
I view divine compaſſion there.

5 Though waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Though ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone;
Though earthly joys be wholly dead,
And mortal comforts be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this, my ſoul relies,
Father thy mercy never dies.

6 Fixt on this ground would I remain,
Though my heart fail and fleſh decay:
This only can my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earths foundations melt away;
Mercy's full pow'r, I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an everlaſting love.

CCCXXXVIII. C. M. Mr. WESLEY.

Inviting Sinners to Chriſt.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing,
My dear Redeemer's praiſe!
The glories of my God and king,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jeſus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd ſin;
He ſets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 Look unto him, ye nations, own
Your God, ye fallen race:
Look and be ſav'd through faith alone,
Be juſtify'd by grace.

CCCXXXIX. Sevens. Mr. WESLEY.

Thankſgiving.

1 MEET and right it is to ſing,
Glory to our God and king;
Meet in every time and place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn praiſe.

2 Join ye ſaints, with awe profound;
Angels, help the ſolemn ſound:

Publiſh through the world abroad,
Glory to th' eternal God.

3 Praiſes, here, to thee we give;
Gracious thou, our thanks receive;
Holy Father, ſov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where, be thou ador'd.

CCCXL. Dr. WATTS.

Heavenly joy on earth.

1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a ſong with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround the throne.

2 The ſorrows of the mind,
Be baniſh'd from the place;
Religion never was deſign'd,
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our God;
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,
May ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas;

5 This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

6 There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;

There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate;
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs,
Should conſtant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found,
Glory begun below,
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10 Then let our ſongs abound,
Let ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

CCCXLI.

The Pilgrim's Hymn.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O ye baniſh'd ſeed be glad,
Chriſt our advocate is made;

Us to ſave, our fleſh aſſumes;
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout ye little flock and bleſt;
Ye on Jeſu's throne ſhall reſt;
There your ſeat is now prepar'd;
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not brethren, joyful ſtand,
On the borders of your land;
Jeſus Chriſt, your Father's Son,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

6 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we ſtill will follow thee.

CCCXLII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Faith in Chriſt our Sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts,
On Jewiſh altars ſlain;
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But Chriſt the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My ſoul looks back to ſee,
The burdens thou didſt bear,
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And ſees her guilt was there.

4 Believing, we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;

We bleſs the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And ſing redeeming love.

CCCXLIII. C. M. Mr. Addison.

Gratitude to God.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My happy ſoul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt;
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 Unnumber'd comforts, Lord of all,
Thy tender care beſtow'd;
Before my infant-heart conceiv'd,
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

4 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedleſs ſteps I ran;
Thy arm, unſeeen, convey'd me ſafe,
And led me on to man.

5 When worn by ſickneſs oft haſt thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

6 Thy bounteous hand, with various good,
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And in thy ſon, my deareſt friend,
Hath doubled all my ſtore.

7 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;

And after death in diſtant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

8 Through all eternity my God,
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
But oh! eternity's too ſhort,
To utter all thy praiſe.

CCCXLIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A bleſſed Goſpel.

1 BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know,
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the paths they go,
And all their ſteps ſurround.

2 The goſpel bears their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord their helper and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives;
Jeſus, their King in glory reigns,
Their God for ever lives.

CCCXLV. L. M. Mr. D. TAYLOR.

Preaching peace by Jeſus Chriſt, Acts x. 36.

1 JESUS, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
We bleſs thee for the goſpel word;
O ſend the joyful ſound abroad,
Let all the nations know their God!

2 Our ſins have cry'd to heav'n aloud,
Provok'd the vengeance of a God;
But Jeſus undertakes our cauſe,
And ſatisfies his Father's laws.

3 Thus we are ſav'd from endleſs wrath,
Redeem'd by our Immanuel's death;

From ſin and guilt, from grief and woe,
And made the heirs of glory too.

4 O ſinners, view the bleeding Lamb!
He dy'd for you, truſt in his name:
Believe, for you the Saviour dy'd:
Believe, and you are juſtify'd.

5 Dear Jeſus, ſend thy goſpel forth,
From eaſt to weſt, from ſouth to north:
Let ſinners thy ſalvation ſee,
And diſtant nations truſt in thee.

CCCXLVI. C. M. Mr. D. TAYLOR.

Juſtified freely by his grace, Rom. iii. 24.

1 CONDEMN'D are all the ſons of men,
Jehovah's law is broke;
But Jeſus the Redeemer, came
To ſave us from the ſtroke.

2 To ſave our wretched ſouls from woe,
He left his throne above:
Glory to him that lov'd us ſo;
Let angels ſing his love.

3 The firm foundation for our hope,
Is laid in Jeſu's blood;
This bears the helpleſs ſinner up,
And brings him near to God.

5 Jeſus a full atonement made
For Adam's fallen race;
All that believe are juſtify'd,
Are juſtify'd by grace.

5 For love ſo infinite as this,
Let endleſs praiſes riſe,

To Chriſt the maker of our peace,
To Chriſt our ſacrifice.

CCCXLVII. L. M. Mr. D. TAYLOR.

Juſtified by Faith, Rom v. 1.

1 BEHOLD, to what a wretched caſe,
Hath ſin reduc'd the human race!
Juſtice condemns the rebel dead;
Nor hath the rebel aught to plead.

2 Yet all mankind have gone aſtray;
We all have choſe the crooked way;
By nature all are ſons of wrath,
Obnoxious to eternal death.

3 But (O! how wond'rous is the grace!)
Our Jeſus took the ſinner's place;
To ſave our lives, he gave his own,
And in his goſpel makes it known.

4 They who believe the goſpel word,
And truſt in thy ſalvation, Lord;
Their vileſt ſins are all forgiv'n,
Rebels are made the heirs of heav'n.

5 Awake my heart, awake my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong:
Let all on earth, and all above,
For ever ſing my Saviour's love.

CCCXLVIII. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

God beſeeching ſinners to be reconciled to him, 2 Cor. v. 20.

1 HARK how the goſpel-trumpet ſounds!
'Tis a delightful voice:
"Pris'ners of death, no longer groan;
"Ye broken hearts rejoice."

2 Pardon to ſinners is proclaim'd,
By their affronted God;

'Tis God beſeeches to accept,
Peace made by Jeſu's blood.

3 What anſwer, Lord, ſhall we return,
To this ſtupendous grace?
Shall the moſt high, t' eternal bliſs,
Beſeech a ruin'd race?

4 When vengeance might have cruſh'd to death,
The poor, rebellious worms,
The God of love propoſes peace,
In moſt alluring forms.

5 What heart ſuch kindneſs can reſiſt,
Or ſpurn ſuch wond'rous grace?
Come ſinners, hear your Maker's voice,
And take, in heaven, your place.

CCCXLIX. S. M.

The Privileges and Hopes of the Saints, 1 John iii. 1, 2, 3.

1 HOW wond'rous is the love,
That makes us heirs of heav'n!
The love that has renew'd our hearts,
And all our guilt forgiv'n!

2 The ſaints are here unknown,
Are princes in diſguiſe;
Nor ſhall their glories be reveal'd,
'Till Chriſt ſhall leave the ſkies.

3 Then ſhall they ſee his face,
And in his bliſsful ſight;
Shall with his image be adorn'd,
And ſhine divinely bright.

4 Tranſported with this hope,
And with theſe bleſſings crown'd;

Holy and heav'nly be our lives;
Such as our Lord's was found.

5 That hope ſhall not be vain,
Which operates by love;
While hourly fruits of righteouſneſs,
Its heav'nly virtue prove,

CCCL. L. M.

The ſacrifice of Chriſt accepted; or, God glorified and ſinners ſaved.

1 "TIS finiſh'd" our Immanuel cry'd,
And bow'd his ſacred head and dy'd,
At laſt the glorious conflict's o'er,
And ſin and death ſhall reign no more.

2 'Twas then the great apoſtate fell,
Doom'd in eternal chains to hell;
Black legions round their monarch wait,
And curſe his fall and ſhare his fate.

3 Death ſaw the almighty conq'ror come,
And ſpread a glory round his gloom;
Robb'd of his dart, his ſting, his pow'r,
The ghaſtly foe affrights no more.

4 *Juſtice* the wond'rous deed ſurvey'd,
And own'd the ſinner's ranſom paid;
While mercy all divinely mild,
In every heav'nly feature ſmil'd.

5 Hither, ye trembling ſinners fly;
Look up, and ſee a Saviour die:
His blood your anguiſh ſhall relieve,
And life, and joys immortal, give.

CCCLI. L. M. Mr. WESLEY.

Invitation of ſinners to Chriſt, Iſaiah lv. 1.

1 HO! every one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen race)

Mercy, and free ſalvation buy;
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel-grace.

3 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners obey your Maker's call:
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And find my grace reach'd out to all.

4 See from the rock, a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

5 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give;
Leave all ye have and are behind:
Freely the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in *Jeſus* find.

CCCLII. L. M. Mr. WESLEY.

The ſame, Iſaiah lv. 2. &c.

1 HITHER, ye lab'ring ſinners, come;
Jeſus, the Lord, invites you near:
Jeſus ſhall take you for his own,
And make you his peculiar care.

2 Why ſeek ye that which is not bread,
Nor can your hungry ſouls ſuſtain?
On aſhes, huſks, and air, ye feed;
Ye ſpend your little all in vain.

3 In ſearch of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing ſtrife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
Chriſt has the words of endleſs life.

4 Hearken to Chriſt with earneſt care,
And freely eat ſubſtantial food;

The ſweetneſs of his mercy ſhare,
And taſte that he alone is good.

5 He bids you all goodneſs prove,
His promiſes for ſinners free:
Come taſte the manna of his love,
And all his full ſalvation ſee.

CCCLIII. Mr. WESLEY.

Chriſt the Friend of Sinners.

1 WHERE ſhall my wond'ring ſoul begin?
How ſhall I all to heav'n aſpire?
A ſlave redeem'd from death and ſin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire!
How ſhall I equal triumphs raiſe,
And ſing my great deliverer's praiſe?

2 O how ſhall I thy goodneſs tell,
Father which thou to me haſt ſhew'd?
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I ſhould be call'd a child of God!
Should know my every ſin forgiv'n;
Bleſt with the antepaſt of heav'n.

3 And ſhall I ſlight my father's love?
Or baſely fear his gifts to own?
Unmindful of his favours prove?
Shall I, the hallow'd croſs to ſhun,
Refuſe to tell how good thou art,
Or hide thy bleſſings in my heart.

4 No; though the ancient dragon rage,
And call forth all his hoſts to war;
Though all the ſons of men engage,
Imbolden'd by thy love, I dare
Jeſus, the ſinner's friend proclaim;
Jeſus, to ſinners ſtill the ſame.

5 Let all attend the Saviour's word:
Sinners, the gift divine receive:
Attend the meſſage from the Lord,
Lift up your down-caſt eyes, and live.
Look unto Chriſt, and happy be,
In time and to eternity.

CCCLIV. Mr. WESLEY.

Salvation for the chief of ſinners, through faith.
1 Tim. i. 15. Acts xvi. 31.

1 HOW chearing is the goſpel ſound!
Salvation free, in Jeſu's name!
In Jeſu's blood, redemption found!
Look ſinners, to the ſlaughter'd Lamb!
Look to his all-atoning death!
Look and be ſav'd from endleſs wrath!

2 Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
Groaning beneath your load of ſin!
His bleeding heart ſhall make you room;
His open'd arms ſhall take you in.
He calls you now, invites you home;
Come, O my guilty brethren, come.

3 For you the purple current flow'd,
From his dear wounds, and bleeding ſide:
Languiſh'd for you the Son of God:
For you the Prince of glory dy'd.
Believe; and all your ſin's forgiv'n,
Believe, and you are heirs of heav'n.

CCCLV. Mr. WESLEY.

On the crucifixion of Chriſt.

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the ſhameful tree!
How vaſt the love that him inclin'd,
To bleed, and die for me!

2 Hark how he groans, while nature ſhakes,
And earth's ſtrong pillars bend!
The temple vail aſunder breaks,
The ſolid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ranſom's paid;
Receive my ſoul, he cries;
See, where he bows his ſacred head,
He bows his head and dies!

4 But ſoon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory ſhine;
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

CCCLVI. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

The eternal God, his people's refuge and ſupport,
Deut. xxxiii. 27.

1 BEHOLD the great eternal God,
Spreads everlaſting arms abroad,
And calls our ſouls to ſhelter there;
Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace,
To all his Iſrael he diſplays,
Guarded from danger, and from fear.

2 Thither my feeble ſoul ſhall fly,
When terrors preſs, and death is nigh,
And there will I delight to dwell:
On that high tow'r I rear my head
Serene, nor knows my heart to dread,
Amidſt ſurrounding pow'rs of hell.

3 The ſhadow of th' Almighty's wings,
Compoſure unmoleſted brings,
While threat'ning horrors round me croud,
In vain the ſtorms of rattling hail,
The walls of this retreat aſſail,
And the wild tempeſt roars aloud.

4 In louder ſtrains my fearleſs tongue,
Shall warble its victorious ſong,
My father's graces to proclaim:
He bears his infant offſpring on,
To glory radiant as his throne,
And joys eternal, as his name.

CCCLVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

A Morning Pſalm.

1 O Lord, how many are my foes,
In this weak ſtate of fleſh and blood!
My peace they daily diſcompoſe;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry:
Thou heardſt when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thy heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and ſlept ſecure;
Not death ſhould make my heart afraid,
Though I ſhould wake and riſe no more.

4 But God ſuſtain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong;
He rais'd my head to ſee the light,
And makes his praiſe my morning ſong.

CCCLVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's ſufferings and exaltation, Pſalm xxii.

1 NOW let our mournful ſongs record
The dying ſorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forſaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And ſhake their heads, and laugh in ſcorn;

"He reſcu'd others from the grave;
"Now let him try himſelf to ſave.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the bleſſed lov'd him ſo,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! Cruel prieſts!
How they ſtood round like ſavage beaſts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their pow'r.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
'Till ſtreams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteouſneſs,
And humble ſinners taſte his grace.

CCCLIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God our ſhepherd, Pſalm xxiii.

1 MY ſhepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall my wants be well ſupplyd;
His providence and holy word,
Become my ſafety and my guide.

2 In paſtures where ſalvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food divinely bleſt.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my ſoul to peace,

And leads me, for his mercy's ſake,
In the fair paths of righteouſneſs.

4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope ſhall never fail,
For God my ſhepherd's with me there.

5 Amidſt the darkneſs and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my ſtay;
Thy ſtaff ſupports my feeble ſteps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his houſhold all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To ſeek his face, and ſing his praiſe.

CCCLX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pſalm xxiii.

1 MY ſhepherd will ſupply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In paſtures freſh he makes me feed,
Beſide the living ſtream.

2 He brings my wand'ring ſpirit back,
When I forſake his ways:
And leads me for his mercy's ſake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the ſhades of death,
Thy preſence is my ſtay;
A word of thy ſupporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand in ſpite of all my foes,
Doth ſtill my table ſpread;

My cup with bleſſings overflows;
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The ſure proviſions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy houſe be mine abode,
And all my work be praiſe.

6 There would I find a ſettled reſt,
(While others go and come)
No more a ſtranger or a gueſt,
But like a child at home.

CCCLXI. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

1 THE Lord my ſhepherd is,
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly paſture grows,
Where living waters gently paſs,
And full ſalvation flows.

3 If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my ſoul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his moſt holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I ſhould walk through death's dark ſhade,
My ſhepherd's with me there.

5 In ſpite of all my foes
Thou doſt my table ſpread,

My cup with bleſſings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy praiſe.

CCCLXII. Dr. WATTS.

Dwelling with God. Pſalm xxiv.

1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the ſeas.

2 But who among the ſons of men
May viſit thine abode?
He that has hands from miſchief clean,
Whoſe heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may riſe and take
The bleſſings of his grace:
This is the lot of thoſe that ſeek
The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our ſouls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare:
Lift up their everlaſting doors,
The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! Who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With ſaints is his delight.

CCCLXIII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Waiting for pardon and direction, Pſalm xxv. 1, 11.

1 I Liſt my ſoul to God,
My truſt is in his name:

Let not my foes that ſeek my blood
Still triumph in my ſhame.

2 Sin and the pow'rs of hell
Perſuade me to deſpair;
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'ſcape the ſnare,

3 From the firſt dawning light,
'Till the dark evening riſe,
For thy ſalvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-longing eyes,

4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the ſins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is juſt and kind;
The meek ſhall learn his ways;
And every humble ſinner find
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodneſs ſake
He ſaves my ſoul from ſhame:
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

CCCLXIV. S. M. Dr. Watts.

Divine inſtruction, Pſalm xxv. 10, 12, 14.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God;
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,

The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his will.

CCCLXV. Dr. WATTS.

The Church is our delight and ſafety, Pſal. xxvii. 1-6.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light
And my ſalvation too;
God is my ſtrength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart deſires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy ſaints,
The temples of my God.

3 There ſhall I offer my requeſts,
And ſee thy beauty ſtill:
Shall hear thy meſſages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles riſe, and ſtorms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a ſtrong pavilion, where
He makes my ſoul abide.

5 Now ſhall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And ſongs of joy and victory
Within thy temple ſound.

CCCLXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Prayer and hope, Pſalm xxvii. 8, 9, 13, 14.

1 SOON as I heard my father ſay,
"Ye children, ſeek my grace;

My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll ſeek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my ſoul away;
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a diſtreſſing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear,
Leave me to want or die.
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need ſupply.

4 My fainting fleſh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my ſoul believ'd,
To ſee thy grace provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling ſaints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raiſe your ſpirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

CCCLXVII. S. M. Dr. Watts.

Forgiveneſs of ſins upon confeſſion, Pſalm xxxii.

1 O Bleſſed ſouls are they
Whoſe ſins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies paſt,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives without deceit,
Shall prove their faith ſincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring wound;

'Till I confeſs'd my ſins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let ſinners ſeek the Lord
Let ſaints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

CCCLXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Free pardon and ſincere obedience; or, confeſſion and forgiveneſs, Pſalm xxxii.

1 HAPPY the man to whom his God;
No more imputes his ſin;
But waſh'd in the Redemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy beyond expreſſion he
Whoſe debts are thus diſcharg'd;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his ſoul enlarg'd.

3 His ſpirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all ſincere;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes
To keep his conſcience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt ſuppreſt,
No quiet could I find:
Thy wrath lay burning in my breaſt,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confeſs'd my troubled thoughts,
My ſecret ſins reveal'd;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon ſeal'd.

6 This ſhall invite thy ſaints to pray:
When like a raging flood

Temptations riſe, our ſtrength and ſtay
Is a forgiving God.

CCCLXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Creatures vain, and God all-ſufficient, Pſalm xxxiii.

1 BLEST is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye with infinite ſurvey
Does the whole world behold:
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mold.

3 Kings are not reſcu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor ſpeed nor courage of an horſe
Can the bold rider ſave.

4 Vain is the ſtrength of beaſts or men,
To hope for ſafety thence;
But holy ſouls from God obtain
A ſtrong and ſure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their truſt,
When plagues or famine ſpread;
His watchful eye ſecures the juſt,
Among ten thouſand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bleſs us from thy throne;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And truſt thy grace alone.

CCCLXX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Prayer and praiſe for eminent deliverances, Pſalm xxxiv.

1 I'LL bleſs the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble ſouls that uſe to pray,
Come, help my lips to praiſe.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor ſufferer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to ſhame,
Nor was his ſuit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning ſorrows round me flood,
And endleſs fears aroſe,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my ſore diſtreſs,
With heavy groans and tears:
He gave my ſharpeſt torments eaſe,
And ſilenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O ſinners, come and taſte his love,
Come, learn his pleaſant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The ſweetneſs of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where is children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,
No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye ſaints of his;
His eye regards the juſt!
How richly bleſs'd their portion is,
Who make the Lord their truſt!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
And famiſh in the wood:
But God ſupplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

CCCLXXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Love to enemies; or, the love of Chriſt to ſinners typified in David, Pſalm xxxv. 12---14.

1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David ſhows:
Hark how his ſounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are ſick his ſoul complains,
And ſeems to feel the ſmart;
The ſpirit of the goſpel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!
And faſting mortify'd his ſoul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet ſtill he pleads and mourns;
And double bleſſings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Chriſt the Saviour prays,
While ſinners curſe, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He the true David, Iſr'el's King,
Bleſt and belov'd of God,
To ſave us rebels dead in ſin,
Paid his own deareſt blood.

CCCLXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The perfection and providence of God; or, general providence and ſpecial grace, Pſalm xxxvi. 5, 9.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodneſs in full glory ſhines;
Thy truth ſhall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy deſigns.

2 For ever firm thy juſtice ſtands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wiſe are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy bounty ſhare;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But ſaints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace;
Whence all my hope and comfort ſprings:
The ſons of Adam in diſtreſs
Fly to the ſhadow of thy wings.

5 From the proviſions of thy houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet repaſt;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings ſalvation to our taſte.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the preſence of my Lord;
And in thy light our ſouls ſhall ſee
The glories promis'd in thy word.

CCCLXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Practical Atheiſm; or, the being and attributes of God aſſerted, Pſalm xxxvi. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,

My heart within me often ſays,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profeſs)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they ſeek his grace.

3 What ſtrange ſelf-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a haſt'ning hour,
When they ſhall ſee with ſore ſurprize
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy juſtice ſhall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd ſea.

5 Above theſe heav'n-created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth out-lives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodneſs brings,
Nor overlooks the beaſt;
Beneath the ſhadow of thy wings
Thy children chooſe to reſt.

7 [From thee, when creature-ſtreams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual ſprings of life ſhall flow,
And raiſe our pleaſures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death cloſe up our eyes,
Thy preſence makes eternal day,
[Where clouds can never riſe.]

CCCLXXIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The cure of envy, fretfulneſs and unbelief; or, the rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, the world's hatred, and the ſaints' patience, Pſal. xxxvii.

1 WHY ſhould I vex my ſoul, and fret
To ſee the wicked riſe?
Or envy ſinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flow'ry graſs cut down at noon
Before the evening fades,
So ſhall their glories vaniſh ſoon
In everlaſting ſhades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my truſt,
And practiſe all that's good;
So ſhall I dwell amongſt the juſt,
And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my deſires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at laſt the earth poſſeſs,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace
To humble ſouls are giv'n.

CCCLXXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked, Pſalm xxxvii. 23, 34, 37.

1 MY God, the ſteps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy hand ſupports them ſtill.

2 The Lord delights to ſee their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive him of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of bleſſings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye ſons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their pride was vain,
When juſtice caſts them down.

5 Behold the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſeveral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

CCCLXXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Watchfulneſs over the tongue; or, prudence and zeal.
Pſalm xxxix. 1, 2, 3.

1 THUS I reſolv'd before the Lord;
"Now will I watch my tongue,
"Leſt I let ſlip one ſinful word,
"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er conſtrain'd to ſtay
With men of lives profane,
I'll ſet a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll ſcarce allow my lips to ſpeak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Leſt ſcoffers ſhould th' occaſion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if ſome proper hour appear,
I'll not be over-aw'd,
But let the ſcoffing ſinners hear
That we can ſpeak for God.

CCCLXXVII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

The vanity of man as mortal, Pſalm xxxix. 4---7.

1 TEACH me the meaſure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would ſurvey life's narrow ſpace,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A ſpan is all that we can boaſt,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and duſt,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like ſhadows o'er the plain;
They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy ſhow;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And ſtraight are ſeen no more.

5 What ſhould I wiſh or wait for then
From creatures, earth and duſt?
They make our expectations vain,
And diſappoint our truſt.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond deſires recall;
I give my mortal intereſt up,
And make my God my all.

CCCLXXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Sick bed devotion; or, pleading without repining, Pſalm xxxix. 9---13.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy will.

2 Diſeaſes are thy ſervants, Lord;
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy ſharp rebukes;
My ſtrength conſumes, my ſpirit dies,
Through thy repeated ſtrokes.

4 Cruſh'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the duſt;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our beauty's loſt.

5 I'm but a ſojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the ſummons hear.

6 But if my life be ſpar'd awhile
Before my laſt remove,
Thy praiſe ſhall be my buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy love.

CCCLXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A ſong of deliverance from great diſtreſs, Pſalm xl. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

1 I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my cry;
He ſaw me reſting on his word,
And brought ſalvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
Were mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me ſtand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praiſe the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful ſong.

4 I'll ſpread his works of grace abroad;
The ſaints with joy ſhall hear,
And ſinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love?
Thy mercies, Lord, how great?
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

CCCLXXX. C. M, Dr. WATTS.

The incarnation and ſacrifice of Chriſt, Pſal. xl. 6---9.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
Give your burnt-offerings o'er;
"In dying goats and bullocks ſlain
"My ſoul delights no more."

2 Then ſpake the Saviour, "Lo I'm here,
"My God, to do thy will;
"Whate'er thy ſacred books declare,
"Thy ſervant ſhall fulfil."

3 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd ſinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a ſacrifice.

4 No blood of beaſts on altars ſhed
Could waſh the conſcience clean,
But the rich ſacrifice he paid
Atones for all our ſin.

5 Then was the great ſalvation ſpread,
And Satan's kingdom ſhook;
Thus, by the woman's promis'd ſeed
The ſerpent's head was broke.

CCCLXXXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt our ſacrifice, Pſalm xl. 5—10.

1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praiſe, ſurmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My ſpeech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beaſts on altars ſpilt,
Can cleanſe the ſouls of men from guilt;
But thou haſt ſet before our eyes
An all-ſufficient ſacrifice.

3 Lo! thy beloved Son appears!
To thy deſigns he bows his ears;
Aſſumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work ſo hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes)
"I come to bear the heavy load
"Of ſins, and do thy will my God.

3 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
"'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
"I muſt fulfil the Saviour's part;
"And lo! thy law is in my heart.

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
"And rebels to obedience draw,
"When on my croſs I'm lifted high,
"Or to my crown above the ſky.

7 "The ſpirit ſhall deſcend and ſhow
"What thou haſt done, and what I do;
"The wond'ring world ſhall learn thy grace,
"Thy wiſdom, and thy righteouſneſs.".

CCCLXXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Charity to the poor; or, pity to the afflicted, Pſalm xli. 1 2, 3.

1 BLEST is the man whoſe bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whoſe ſoul, by ſympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow ſaints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He in the time of general grief
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His ſoul ſhall live ſecure on earth,
With ſecret bleſſings on his head,
When drought and peſtilence and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languiſh on his couch,
God will pronounce his ſins forgiv'n,
Will ſave him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing ſoul to heav'n.

CCCLXXXIII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Deſertion and hope; or, complaint of abſence from public worſhip, Pſalm xlii. 1---5.

1 WITH earneſt longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taſte the cooling brook.

2 When ſhall I ſee thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an abſence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary ſoul,
And tears are my repaſt;
The foe inſults without controul,
"And where's your God at laſt?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleaſure now,
I think on ancient days:
Then to thy houſe did numbers go,
And all our work was praiſe.

5 But why's my ſoul ſunk down ſo far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge deſpair,
And ſin againſt my God.

6 Hope in the Lord, whoſe mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I ſhall yet before him ſtand,
And ſing reſtoring love.

CCCLXXXIV. L. M. Dr. Watts.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, hope in affliction, Pſalm xlii. 6---11.

1 MY ſpirit ſinks within me Lord;
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of paſt diſtreſs record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles with tumultuous noiſe
Swell like a ſea, and round me ſpread;
Thy water ſpouts drown all my joys,
And riſing waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I addreſs his throne by day;
Nor in the night his grace remove:
The night ſhall hear me ſing and pray.

4 I'll caſt myſelf before his feet,
And ſay "My God, my heav'nly rock!
"Why doth thy love ſo long forget
"The ſoul that groans beneath thy ſtroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that ſinks ſo low,
Why ſhould my ſoul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praiſe him too;
He is my reſt, my ſure relief.

6 Thy light and truth ſhall guide me ſtill;
Thy word ſhall my beſt thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
My God, my moſt exceeding joy.

CCCLXXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The glory of Chriſt, and power of his goſpel, Pſalm xlv. *Firſt Part.*

1 NOW be my heart inſpir'd to ſing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jeſus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! How bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the ſons of human race
He ſhines with a ſuperior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And bleſſings all his ſtate compoſe.

3 Dreſs thee in arms, moſt mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy ſword;
In majeſty and glory ride,
With truth and meekneſs at thy ſide.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of ſtubborn heart:
Or words of mercy kind and ſweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever ſtands;
Grace is the ſceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are juſt and right;
Juſtice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly ſhed
His oil of gladneſs on thy head,
And with his ſacred ſpirit bleſt
His firſt-born Son above the reſt.

CCCLXXXVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt and his church; or, the myſtical marriage,
Pſalm xlv. *Second Part.*

1 THE King of ſaints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majeſty and grace!
He comes with bleſſings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in pureſt gold:
The world admires her heav'nly dreſs;
Her robe of joy and righteouſneſs.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
He calls and ſeats her near his throne;
Fair ſtranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native ſtate.

4 So ſhall the king the more rejoice
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou ſhalt riſe
To his fair palace in the ſkies,
And all his ſons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

6 Let endleſs honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praiſes ſpread;
While we with cheerful ſongs approve,
The condeſcenſions of his love.

CCCLXXXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Church's ſafety and triumph over national deſolations, Pſalm xlvi. *Firſt Part.*

1 GOD is the refuge of his ſaints,
When ſtorms of ſharp diſtreſs invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him preſent with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their ſeats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there:
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid world,
Our faith ſhall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In ſacred peace our ſouls abide;
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry ſhore,
Trembles, and dreads the ſwelling tide.

4 There is a ſtream, whoſe gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love and joy, ſtill gliding through
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That ſacred ſtream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promiſes afford,
And give new ſtrength to fainting ſouls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

CCCLXXXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God fights for his church. Pſalm xlvi.
Second Part.

1 LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is ſtill our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What deſolations he has made!

3 From ſea to ſea through all the ſhores
He makes the noiſe of battle ceaſe:
When from on high his thunders roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the ſpear;
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep ſilence all the earth and hear
The ſoud and glory of his name.

5 "Be ſtill, and know that I am God;
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad;
"But ſtill my throne in Sion ſtands."

6 O Lord of hoſts, almighty King,
While we ſo near thy preſence dwell,
Our faith ſhall ſit ſecure and ſing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

CCCLXXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning, Pſalm xlvii.

1 O For a ſhout of ſacred joy
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph ſing.

2 Jeſus our Lord aſcends on high!
His heav'nly guards around,
Attend him riſing through the ſky
With trumpet's joyful ſound.

3 While angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let mortals learn their ſtrains;
Let all the earth his honour ſing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.

4 Rehearſe his praiſe with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the ſong;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn ſound,
Upon a thoughtleſs tongue.

5 In Iſr'el ſtood his ancient throne;
He lov'd that choſen race:
But how he calls the world his own,
And heathens taſte his grace.

CCCXC. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Church is the honour and ſafety of a nation, Pſalm xlviii. 1---8.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Theſe temples of his grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Sion God is known,
A refuge in diſtreſs;
How bright has his ſalvation ſhone
Through all her palaces?

4 When kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In wild confuſion of the mind
They fled with haſty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to ſpoil our peace,
He ſends his tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the ſeas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the fold
Where his own ſheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new diſtreſs
We'll to his houſe repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And ſeek deliv'rance there.

CCCXCI. S. M. Dr. Watts.

The beauty of the Church; or, goſpel worſhip and order, Pſalm xlviii. 10---14.

1 FAR as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praiſe;
Thy ſaints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their ſongs of honour raiſe.

2 With joy let Judah ſtand
On Sion's choſen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counſels of thy will.

3 Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wiſe!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worſhip now
Will guide us till we die!
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the ſky.

CCCXCII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pride and death: or, the vanity of life and riches,
Pſalm xlix. 6---14.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To inſolence and pride,
To ſee his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry riſing tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with ſcorn,
Made of the ſelf ſame clay,
And boaſt as though his fleſh was born
Of better duſt than they?]

3 Not all his treaſures can procure
His ſoul a ſhort reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a bleſſing can't be ſold,
The ranſom is too high;
Juſtice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He ſees the brutiſh and the wiſe,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their poſſeſſions, cloſe their eyes,
And haſten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
"My houſe ſhall ever ſtand:
"And that my name may long abide,
"I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are loſt;
How ſoon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the duſt
Where his own carcaſe lies.

8 Men void of wiſdom and of grace,
If honour raiſe them high,
Live like the beaſt, a thougthleſs race,
And like the beaſt they die.

CCCXCIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The laſt judgment; or, the ſaints rewarded,
Pſalm l. 1—6.

1 THE Lord, the judge before his throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the riſing ſun,
And near the weſtern ſky.

2 No more ſhall bold blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuſe his long delay,
To impudence and ſin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav'n from above his call ſhall hear,
Attending angels come:
And earth and hell ſhall know and fear
His juſtice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my ſaints (he cries)
"That made their peace with God
"By the Redeemer's ſacrifice,
"And ſeal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light,
"Shall make the world confeſs
"My ſentence of reward is right,
"And heav'n adore my grace."

CCCXCIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Obedience is better than ſacrifice, Pſalm l. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

1 THUS ſaith the Lord, "The ſpacious fields,
"And flocks and herds are mine;
"O'er all the cattle of the hills,
"I claim a right divine.

2 "I aſk no ſheep for ſacrifice,
"Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
"To hope and love, to pray and praiſe,
"Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
"My hand ſhall ſet thee free;
"Then ſhall thy thankful lips declare
"The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praiſe,
"He glorifies me beſt:
"And thoſe that tread my holy ways,
"Shall my ſalvation taſte."

CCCXCV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Original and actual ſin confeſſed, Pſalm li.

1 LORD, I am vile conceiv'd in ſin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
The ſeeds of ſin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my ſpirit pure and true:
O make me wiſe betimes, to ſpy
My danger and my remedy.]

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leproſy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beaſt,
Nor hyſſop-branch, nor ſprinkling prieſt,
No running brook, nor flood, nor ſea,
Can waſh the diſmal ſtain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone;
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

CCCXCVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The backslider restored; or, repentance and faith in the blood of Christ, Psalm li.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin:
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light;
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys my God restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My ſoul lies humbled in the duſt,
And owns thy dreadful ſentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And ſave the ſoul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners ſhall learn thy ſov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they ſhall praiſe a pard'ning God.

8 O may thy love inſpire my tongue!
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my pow'rs ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord, my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

CCCXCVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Chriſt, Pſalm li. 14—17.

1 O God of mercy hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this ſeparating wall
That bars me from thy love.

3 Give me the preſence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy righteonſneſs,
And make thy praiſe my ſong,

3 No blood of goats nor heifer ſlain
For ſin could e'er atone;
The death of Chriſt ſhall ſtill remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A ſoul oppreſt with ſin's deſert
My God will ne'er deſpiſe:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our beſt ſacrifice.

CCCXCVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Support for the afflicted and tempted ſoul, Pſalm lv. 1---8, 16---18, 22.

1 O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt deviſe,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My ſoul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward ſtrife,
To ſhake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-ſtrings ſound,
I groan with every breath:
Horror and fear beſet me round,
Amongſt the ſhades of death.

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all theſe reſtleſs things.

5 Let me to ſome wild deſart go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where ſtorms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'ſcape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can ſave me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll ſeek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night ſhall hear me aſk his grace;
Nor will he long deny.

8 God ſhall preſerve my ſoul from fear,
Or ſhield me when afraid;
Ten thouſand angels muſt appear,
If he command their aid.

9 I caſt my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord ſuſtains them all;
My courage reſts upon his word,
That ſaints ſhall never fall.

10 My higheſt hopes ſhall not be vain;
My lips ſhall ſpread his praiſe;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

CCCXCIX. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Dangerous proſperity; or, daily devotion encouraged,
Pſalm lv.

1 LET ſinners take their courſe,
And chooſe the road to death;
But in the worſhip of my God
I'll ſpend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts addreſs his throne
When morning brings the light;
I ſeek his bleſſing ev'ry noon.
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God;
While ſinners periſh in ſurprize
Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Becauſe they dwell at eaſe,
And no ſad changes feel,
They neither fear nor truſt thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my burden on his arm,
And reſt upon his word.

6 His arm ſhall well ſuſtain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their ſafety ſtands
No earthly pow'r can move.

CCCC. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Confidence and gratitude, Pſalm lvi.

1 GOD counts the ſorrows of his ſaints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou haſt a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

2 When to thy throne I raiſe my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So ſwift is prayer to reach the ſky,
So near is God to me.

3 In thee, moſt holy, juſt and true,
I have repos'd my truſt;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the duſt.

4 Thy ſolemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou ſhalt receive my praiſe;
I'll ſing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

5 Thou haſt ſecur'd my ſoul from death;
O ſet thy pris'ner free:
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

CCCCI. L. M. Dr. Watts.

Praiſe for protection, grace and truth, Pſalm lvi.

1 MY God, in whom are all the ſprings
Of boundleſs love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heav'ns I ſend my cry,
The Lord will my deſires perform;
He ſends his angels from the ſky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning ſtorm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my ſong ſhall raiſe
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to ſound his praiſe,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt ſky;
His truth to endleſs years remains,
When lower worlds diſſolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

CCCCII. S. M. Dr. Watts.

Safety in God, Pſalm lxi. 1---6.

1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpleſs and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My ſhelter and my ſhade.

3 Within thy preſence Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou giveſt me the lot
Of thoſe that fear thy name;
If endleſs life be their reward,
I ſhall poſſeſs the ſame.

CCCCII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

No truſt in the creatures; or, faith in divine grace and power, Pſalm lxii. 5---12.

1 MY ſpirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my ſtraits,
My ſoul on his ſalvation waits,

2 Truſt him, ye ſaints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail, when foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient aid.

3 Falſe are the men of high degree,
The baſer ſort are vanity:
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increaſing gold your truſt,
Nor ſet your hearts on glitt'ring duſt;
Why will ye graſp the fleeting ſmoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
"He muſt be fear'd, and truſted too."

6 For ſov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our laſt reward.

CCCCIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The morning of a Lord's day, Pſalm lxiii.
Firſt Part.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy face:
My thirſty ſpirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the ſcorching ſand,
Beneath a burning ſky,
Long for a cooling ſtream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

3 I've ſeen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple ſhine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That viſion ſo divine.

4 Not all the bleſſings of a feaſt
Can pleaſe my ſoul ſo well,
As when thy richer grace I taſte,
And in thy preſence dwell.

5 Not life itſelf, with all her joys,
Can my beſt paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus, till my laſt expiring day;
I'll bleſs my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to ſing.

CCCCV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Seeking God, Pſalm lxiii.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taſte thy love divine.

2 My thirſty fainting ſoul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in deſart lands
Can pant for water more.

3 For life without thy love
No reliſh can afford;
No joy can be compar'd to this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

4 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feaſt,
Such food or pleaſure give.

5 The ſhadow of thy wings
My ſoul in ſafety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my ſteps.

CCCCVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Public prayer and praiſe, Pſalm lxv.
Firſt Part,

1 THE praiſe of Sion waits for thee,
My God, and praiſe becomes thy houſe:
There ſhall thy ſaints thy glory ſee,
And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whoſe mercy bends the ſkies
To ſave, when humble ſinners pray;
All lands to thee ſhall lift their eyes,
And iſlands of the Northern ſea.

3 Againſt my will my ſins prevail,
But grace ſhall purge away their ſtain;
The blood of Chriſt will never fail
To waſh my garments white again.

4 Bleſt is the man whom thou ſhalt chooſe,
And give him kind acceſs to thee;
Give him a place within thy houſe,
To taſte thy love divinely free.

CCCCVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The providence of God in air, earth and ſea; or, the bleſſing of rain, Pſalm lxv.

Second Part.

1 'TIS by thy ſtrength the mountains ſtand,
God of eternal pow'r!
The ſea grows calm at thy command,
And tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening ſhade
Succeſſive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harveſt glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the ſpring.

3 Seaſons and times, and moons and hours,
Heav'n earth and air are thine;
When clouds diſtil in fruitful ſhow'rs,
The author is divine.

4 Thoſe wand'ring ciſterns of the ſky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treaſures well ſupply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirſty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with bleſſings ſtill,
Thy goodneſs crowns the year.

CCCCVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The bleſſings of the ſpring; or, God gives rain, Pſalm lxv. *Third Part.*

A Pſalm for the Huſbandman.

1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Viſits the paſtures ev'ry ſpring,
And bids the graſs appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry bleſſings from the ſky,
To cheer the thirſty land.

3 The ſoften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to ſpring;
The valies rich proviſion yield,
And the poor lab'rers ſing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry ſide
Rejoice at falling ſhow'rs;
The meadows, dreſs'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods, refreſh'd with rain,
Promiſe a joyful crop;
The parching ground looks green again,
And raiſe the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodneſs crowns;
How beauteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks ſpread o'er the downs,
And ſhepherds ſhout thy praiſe.

CCCCIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe to God for hearing prayer, Pſal. lxvi. 13--20.

1 NOW ſhall my ſolemn vows be paid
To that almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge ſorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly aid:
He ſav'd my ſinking ſoul from hell,
And death's eternal ſhade.

4 If ſin lay cover'd in my heart,
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord hath ſhewn me no regard,
Nor I his praiſes ſung.

5 But God (his praiſe be ever bleſt)
Has ſet my ſpirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor requeſt,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

CCCCX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Divine majeſty, Pſalm lxviii. 32---35.

1 KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearſe;
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

2 He ſhakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Iſr'el are his mercies known,
Iſr'el is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bleſt;
He's your defence, your joy, your reſt
When terrors riſe and nations faint
God is the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

CCCCXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe for temporal bleſſings; or, common and ſpecial mercies, Pſalm lxviii.

1 WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his bleſſings from the ſkies,
And loads our days with rich ſupplies.

2 He ſends the ſun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refreſh the thirſty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near eſcapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the ſtrong.

4 He makes the ſaint and ſinner prove
The common bleſſings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endleſs joy, or endleſs pains.

5 The Lord that bruis'd the ſerpent's head,
On all the ſerpent's ſeed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn ſinner's hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting wound.

6 But his right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe
From the deep earth, or deeper ſeas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial love.

CCCCXII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Chriſt's obedience and death; or, God glorified, and ſinners ſaved, Pſalm lxix. *Third Part.*

1 FATHER, I ſing thy wond'rous grace,
I bleſs my Saviour's name,
He brought ſalvation for the poor,
And bore the ſinner's ſhame.

2 His deep diſtreſs has rais'd us high,
His duty and his zeal
Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
And finiſh'd all thy will.

3 His dying groans, his living ſongs,
Shall better pleaſe my God,
Than harp or trumpet's ſolemn ſound,
Than goats or bullock's blood.

4 This ſhall his humble followers ſee,
And ſet their hearts at reſt;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever bleſt.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raiſe,
While lands and ſeas aſſiſt the ſky,
And join t' advance the praiſe,

6 Zion is thine, moſt holy God;
Thy Son ſhall bleſs her gates,
And glory promis'd through his blood,
For thy own Iſr'el waits.

CCCCXIII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

The aged ſaints' reflection and hope, Pſal. lxxi. 5—9.

1 MY God, my everlaſting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine:
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

CCCCXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The aged christian's prayer and song; or, old age, death, and the resurrection, Psalm lxxi.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

3 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

4 By long experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign pow'r to ſave;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

5 When I lie bury'd deep in duſt,
My fleſh ſhall be thy care;
Theſe with'ring limbs with thee I truſt,
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

CCCCXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

God our portion here and hereafter, Pſalm lxxiii.

1 GOD, my ſupporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy help me up,
When ſinking in deſpair.

2 Thy counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy ſeat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And whilſt this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the ſprings of life were broke,
And fleſh and heart ſhould faint,
God is my ſoul's eternal rock,
The ſtrength of every ſaint.

5 Behold, the ſinners that remove
Far from thy preſence, die;
Not all the idol-gods they love,
Can ſave them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet employ;
My tongue ſhall ſound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

CCCCXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The proſperity of ſinners curſed, Pſal. lxxiii. 17--22.

1 LORD, what a thoughtleſs wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine,
To ſee the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour ſhine!

2 But O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy ſanctuary taught me ſo:
On ſlipp'ry rocks I ſee them ſtand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boaſt how tall they riſe,
I'll never envy them again,
There they may ſtand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endleſs pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how faſt they flee!
Juſt like a dream when man awakes;
Their ſongs of ſofteſt harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I eſteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchaſe with my blood:
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
My life, my portion, and my God.

CCCCXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Providences of God rewarded; or, pious education and inſtruction of children, Pſalm lxviii. *Firſt Part.*

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger years we ſaw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry riſing race.

3 Our lips ſhall tell them to our ſons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus they ſhall learn in God alone
Their hope ſecurely ſtands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practiſe his commands.

CCCCXIX. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The warnings of God to his people; or, ſpiritual bleſſings and puniſhments, Pſal. lxxxi. 1, 8---16.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noiſe;
God is our ſtrength, our Saviour God;
Let Iſr'el hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
"Preſerve my worſhip clean!
"I am the Lord who ſet thee free
"From ſlavery and ſin.

3 "Stretch thy deſires abroad,
"And I'll ſupply them well;
"But if ye will refuſe your God,
"If Iſr'el will rebel.

4 "I'll leave them, ſaith the Lord,
"To their own luſts a prey,
"And let them run the dang'rous road,
"'Tis their own choſen way.

5 "Yet O! that all my ſaints
"Would hearken to my voice!
"Soon I would eaſe their ſore complaints,
"And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I deſtroy their foes,
"I'd richly feed my flock,
"And they ſhould taſte the ſtream that flows
"From their eternal rock."

CCCCXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The pleaſure of public worſhip, Pſalm lxxxiv.
Firſt Part.

1 HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hoſts, thy dwellings are!
With long deſire my ſpirit faints
To meet th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints.

2 My fleſh would reſt in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why ſhould I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Bleſt are the ſaints who ſit on high
Around the throne of majeſty;
Thy brighteſt glories ſhine above,
And all their work is praiſe and love.

4 Bleſt are the ſouls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And ſeek thy face, and learn thy praiſe.

5 Bleſt are the men whoſe hearts are ſet
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their ſtrength; and through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from ſtrength to ſtrength
Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears:
O glorious ſeat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

CCCCXXIV. P. M. Dr. WATTS.

Our all in God, Pſalm lxxxiv.

1 TO ſpend one ſacred day,
Where God and ſaints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thouſand days beſide:
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than ſhine in courts.

2 God is our ſun and ſhield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd,
We draw our bleſſings thence;
He ſhall beſtow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

3 The Lord his people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From thoſe his heart approves,
From pure and pious ſouls.
Thrice happy he,
O God of hoſts,
Whoſe ſpirit truſts
Alone in thee.

CCCCXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Salvation by Chriſt, Pſalm lxxxv. 9, &c.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the Lord:
And grace, deſcending from on high,
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Chriſt the Lord came down from heav'n,
By his obedience ſo complete,
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 Our advocate is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to God;
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps, and keep the road.

CCCCXXVI. C. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Relieving Chriſt in his poor ſaints, Matt. xxv. 40.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how compleat!
How ſhall I count the matchleſs ſum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light,
Thou doſt exalted ſhine:
What can my poverty beſtow,
When all the world is thine?

3 But thou haſt brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confeſs their humble names,
Before thy father's face.

4 In them thou may'ſt be cloath'd and fed,
And viſited and cheer'd:
And in their accents of diſtreſs,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,
I in thy poor would ſee;
O rather let me beg my bread,
Than hold it back from thee.

CCCCXXVII. S. M. Dr. DODDRIDGE.

Salvation by grace, Eph. ii. 5.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound;
Harmonious to my ear;
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And God rejoice to hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd the way
To ſave rebellious man;
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet,
To tread the heav'nly road;
And new ſupplies I hourly meet,
While preſſing home to God.

4 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days;
It lays in heav'n the topmoſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

CCCCXXVIII.

Gratitude for redeeming love.

1 NOW be that ſacrifice ſurvey'd,
That ranſom which the Saviour paid
That ſight familiar to my view,
Yet always wond'rous, always new.

3 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,
And gently bow'd his dying head;
While love to ſinners fir'd his heart,
And conquer'd all the killing ſmart.

3 Bleſt *Jeſus*, while thy grace I ſing,
What grateful tribute ſhall I bring?
Let all my pow'rs and paſſions be,
Engag'd for him who dy'd for me.

CCCCXXIX. C. M.

Praiſe the Redeemer.

1 MY ſoul, let all thy nobler pow'rs
In harmony combine;
Awake, and ſing my Saviour's love,
So matchleſs, ſo divine.

2 Let all within me bleſs and praiſe,
My high-exalted king;
When he's the ſubject of the ſong,
Who can forbear to ſing?

3 Holy and rev'rend is his name;
How glorious and how ſweet!
All greatneſs and all goodneſs too,
In our Redeemer meet.

4 The ſpotleſs Lamb reſolves to fall
A bloody ſacrifice,
To reſcue rebels doom'd to death,
The prince of glory dies!

5 So, conq'ring ſin, and death, and hell,
Aroſe, and left the grave;
And to the higheſt heav'n aſcends,
Completely there to ſave.

6 Thence in due time, he will return,
With a celeſtial train
Of ſaints and angels, and amidſt
Thoſe ſhining troops ſhall reign.

CCCCXXX. C. M.

With his ſtripes we are healed, Iſa. liii. 5. 1 Pet. ii. 24.

1 GRACIOUS Redeemer, how divine,
How wond'rous is thy love!
The ſubject of th' eternal ſongs
Of happy ſouls above.

2 Join in the ſacred harmony,
Ye happy ſaints below;
And praiſe the Lamb who on the tree,
His ſacred head did bow.

3 He left his crown, he left his throne,
By his great Father's ſide;
Wore thorns ſuſtain'd a heavy croſs,
Was ſcourg'd and crucify'd.

4 His was the torment his the curſe,
Though all the guilt was ours:
To cleanſe us from our vileſt ſins,
His vital blood he pours.

5 Behold, how ev'ry wound of his,
A precious balm diſtils;
Which heals the hurts that ſin hath caus'd,
With joy the ſinner fills.

6 We ſee thy great ſalvation Lord,
By faith, with great delight:
O how refin'd the joys will be,
When faith is turn'd to ſight!

CCCCXXXI. L. M.

Chriſt's humiliation and glory.

1 LET all who love the Saviour's name,
The Saviour, full of truth and grace;
In ſongs of triumph ſpread his fame,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry place.

2 He kindly laid aſide his crown,
And robes of awful majeſty;
And came to take a ſervant's form,
To bear our ſins, and for us die.

3 By dying Jeſus pluck'd the ſting
Of death---and riſing from the grave,
He triumph'd o'er the mighty *king*
Of terrors, as his captive ſlave.

4 Then to his heav'nly throne aroſe,
Whence he'll deſcend again to be
Throughout the world ador'd and prais'd,
By ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry knee.

5 All glory to his ſacred name;
Let ev'ry tongue exalt his praiſe;
And heav'n, and earth aloud proclaim
His ſov'reign, ſaving, boundleſs grace.

CCCCXXXII. C. M.

At the parting of chriſtian friends.

1 BLEST be the dear uniting love,
That would not let us part;
Although our bodies ſep'rate move,
Still we are join'd in heart.

2 Join'd in one ſpirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And ſtill in *Jeſus'* footſteps tread,
And do *his* work below.

3 O let us ever walk in him,
And nothing know beſide;
Nothing deſire, nothing eſteem,
Like *Jeſus* crucify'd.

4 Cloſer and cloſer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace;
Till all his fulneſs we receive,
And ſee him face to face.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The ſame in mind and heart;
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death ſhall part.

6 O let us keep in view the day,
Which ſhall our fleſh reſtore,
When death ſhall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.

CCCCXXXIII. P. M.

The chriſtian's portion, 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

1 HOW great the chriſtian's portion is!
What endleſs joys, what worlds of bliſs,
The Lord for them prepares!

Their boundleſs treaſures who can know?
For all above, and all below,
And God in Chriſt, is theirs.

2 There's nothing round the heav'nly throne,
But what the ſaints may call their own,
And at their pleaſure uſe;
The angels who excel in praiſe,
Attend and guard them in their ways,
Leſt they their feet ſhould bruiſe.

3 The hand of God ſupplies their wants,
And ſupercedes their deep complaints,
With mercies ſtill renew'd:
Though they are hurry'd up and down,
And through a ſea of troubles run,
Yet all things work for good.

4 Jeſus, and all in him is theirs:
They are adopted ſons and heirs
Of God, through grace divine:
Jeſus has waſh'd them in his blood,
And with his grace, their ſouls endow'd:
They in his image ſhine.

5 Why talk we now of earthly things,
The wealth of empires, crowns of kings?
Or aught below the ſkies?
Can crowns or ſceptres be compar'd
With that exceeding great reward,
On which we fix our eyes?

6 God is our own, the God of love,
And endleſs ſtores in heav'n above;
What can we covet more?
Poſſeſs'd of this, what can we want?
Away all carnal diſcontent!
We have an endleſs ſtore.

CCCCXXXIV. C. M.

Reſolving to ſerve the Lord.

1 THY ſervice, Lord, is my delight;
I would be ſpent and ſpend for thee:
Thou art my wiſdom and my might;
O glorify thy name in me.

2 The light which thou to me haſt giv'n,
Shall, by thy grace, break forth and ſhine;
I'll point to men the road to heav'n,
And ſhew the pow'r of love divine.

3 My life, my ſtrength, my heart, my tongue,
My ſoul, my fleſh to thee I give:
All theſe to thee of right belong,
O let me to thy glory live!

CCCCXXXV. P. M.

A ſtate of nature and grace, Eph. ii. 1, 2.

1 HOW gracious is the Lord my God!
What tender pity has he ſhew'd
To ſuch a wretch as I!
How ſhall I ſhew forth all his praiſe,
Or ſpeak of that amazing grace
That mov'd my Lord to die?

2 Fooliſh, perverſe, and prone to ill,
Rooted in vice, and bent for hell,
I walk'd in my own ways:
His terrors gave me no concern,
And though his bowels ſtill did yearn,
I fought againſt his grace.

3 But Jeſus look'd and long'd to ſave,
An heir of death, a willing ſlave
To ev'ry ill deſire:

He saw me welt'ring in my blood;
He dy'd to bring me near to God;
He pluck'd me from the fire.

4 He broke my chains, and set me free;
Lord I come forth, and follow thee,
Cloath'd in thy righteousness:
Bless'd with the life, and pow'r of faith,
I triumph over sin and death,
By all-sufficient grace.

5 All blessings to me freely flow,
Of heav'n above, or earth below;
O God of love, from thee!
He gives me all that I desire;
His time of love doth ne'er expire;
But lasts eternally.

CCCCXXXVI. L. M.

Christ our only happiness.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, and my God,
Array'd in majesty and blood;
Thou art my life: my soul, in thee,
Enjoys a full felicity.

2 All my immortal hopes are laid
On thee, my surety, and my head;
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy crown,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

3 Let *Atheists* scoff, and *Jews* blaspheme
Eternal life in *Jesu's* name;
A word of his Almighty breath,
Dooms the rebellious worms to death.

4 But let *my* ſoul for ever lie
Beneath the bleſſings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To ſee thy face, and taſte thy love.

CCCCXXXVII. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The truth of chriſtianity inwardly witneſſed,
1 John v. 10.

1 WITNESS ye ſaints, that Chriſt is true,
Tell how his name imparts
The life of grace and glory too;
You have it in your hearts.

2 The heav'nly building is begun,
When we receive the Lord:
His hands ſhall lay the crowning ſtone,
And well perform his word.

3 Your ſouls are form'd by wiſdom's rules;
Your joys and graces ſhine:
You need no learning of the ſchools
To prove your faith divine.

4 Let *Heathens* ſcoff, and *Jews* oppoſe,
Let *Satan's* bolts be hurl'd:
There's ſomething wrought within you ſhews
That *Jeſus* ſaves the world.

CCCCXXXVIII. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Sins and ſorrows ſpread before God, Job xxiii. 3, 4.

1 O That I knew the ſecret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe
What ſorrows I ſuſtain:
How joy decays, and comfort dies,
And leave my heart in pain.

3 I'd ſay "how fleſh and ſenſe rebel;
"What inward foes combine
"With the vain world, and pow'rs of hell,
"To vex this ſoul of mine."

4 He knows what arguments I'd take,
To wreſtle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercies' ſake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

5 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones:
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans.

6 Ariſe, my ſoul, from deep diſtreſs,
And baniſh every fear:
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To ſpread thy ſorrows there.

CCCCXXXIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

A hopeful youth falling ſhort of heaven, Mark x. 21.

1 MUST all the charms of nature then,
So hopeleſs to ſalvation prove?
Can hell demand, or heav'n condemn,
The man whom *Jeſus* deigns to love?

2 The man who ſought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due!
(A modeſt, ſober, lovely, youth,)
And thought he wanted nothing now.

3 But mark the change! Thus ſpake the Lord,
"Come part with earth for heav'n to-day."
The youth aſtoniſh'd at the word,
In ſilent ſadneſs, went his way.

4 Poor virtues! that he boaſted ſo;
This teſt unable to endure:
Let Chriſt, and grace, and glory go,
To make his land and money ſure.

5 Ah, fooliſh choice of treaſure here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Muſt this baſe world be bought ſo dear?
And life and heav'n ſo cheaply ſold?

6 In vain the charms of nature ſhine,
If this vile paſſion governs me:
Transform my ſoul, O love divine,
And make me part with all for thee!

CCCCXL. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The ſame.

1 THUS far 'tis well; you read, you pray,
You hear God's holy word:
You hearken what your parents ſay,
And learn to ſerve the Lord.

2 Your friends are pleas'd to ſee your ways,
Your practice they approve:
Jeſus himſelf would give you praiſe,
And look with eyes of love.

3 But if you quit the paths of truth,
To follow fooliſh fires,
And give a looſe to giddy youth,
With all its wild deſires;

4 If you will let your Saviour go,
To hold your riches faſt;
Or hunt for empty joys below,
You'll loſe your heav'n at laſt.

3 The rich young man whom Jeſus lov'd,
Should teach you to forbear:
His love of earthly pleaſures prov'd
A fatal golden ſnare.

6 See, gracious God, dear Saviour ſee,
How men reject thy call!
Teach them to part with all for thee,
And love thee more than all.

CCCCXLI. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The hidden life of a chriſtian, Col. iii. 4.

1 O Happy ſoul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the ſky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conſcience knows no ſecret ſtrings,
While grace and joy combine,
To form a life whoſe holy ſprings
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in ſecret on his God;
His God in ſecret ſees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleaſures riſe from things unſeen,
Beyond this world and time:
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He wants no pomp, or royal crown,
To raiſe his figure here:
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
'Till Chriſt his life appear.

6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day;
When Chriſt his promiſe ſhall fulfil,
And call his ſoul away.

CCCCXLII. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Nearneſs to God the felicity of creatures, Pſal. lxv. 4.

1 ARE thoſe the happy perſons here,
Who dwell the neareſt to their God?
Has God invited ſinners near,
And Jeſus bought them with his blood?

2 Go then, my ſoul, addreſs the Son,
To lead thee near his Father's face:
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,
And taſte the bleſſings of his grace.

3 Vain, vexing world, and fleſh and ſenſe,
Retire, while I approach my God;
Nor let my ſins divide me thence;
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4 While to thy arms, my God, I preſs,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my ſoul from thy embrace,
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

CCCCXLIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The ſcale of bleſſedneſs.

1 ASCEND my thoughts, by juſt degrees,
Let contemplation rove,
O'er all the riſing ranks of bliſs,
Here, and in worlds above.

2 Bleſt is the *nation near to God*,
Where he makes known his ways;
Bleſt are the *men* whoſe feet have trod
The lower courts of grace.

3 Bleſt were the *Levite* and the *Prieſt*,
Who near his altar ſtood;
Bleſt are the *ſouls from ſin releas'd*,
And reconcil'd with blood.

4 Bleſt are the *ſouls diſmiſs'd from clay*;
Before his face they ſtand:
Bleſt *angels*, in their bright array
Attend his great command.

5 *Jeſus* is more divinely bleſt,
Where man to Godhead join'd,
Hath joys tranſcending all the reſt,
More noble, more refin'd.

6 But O! what words, or thoughts can trace
The bleſſed Three in One?
Here reſt my ſpirit, and confeſs
The Infinite Unknown.

CCCCXLIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Appearance before God here and hereafter, Pſalm xlii. 2.

1 WHILE I am baniſh'd from thy houſe,
I mourn in ſecret, Lord:
"When ſhall I come and pay my vows,
"And hear thy holy word?"

2 So while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my ſoul ſhould groan;
"When ſhall I wing my heav'nly way,
"And ſtand before thy throne?"

3 I love to ſee my Lord below,
His church diſplays his grace:
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

4 I love to worſhip at his feet,
Though ſin attack me there:
But ſaints exalted near his ſeat,
Have no aſſaults to fear.

5 I'm pleas'd to meet him in his courts,
And taſte his heav'nly love:
But ſtill I think his viſits ſhort,
Or I too ſoon remove.

6 He ſhines, and gives my ſoul delight,
And takes away my pain:
When ſhall I ſee the realms of light,
And with my Saviour reign?

CCCCXLV. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

A rational defence of the goſpel, Rom. i. 16.

1 SHALL *Atheiſts* dare t' inſult the croſs
Of our Redeemer-God?
Shall *Infidels* reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2 What if he chuſe myſterious ways
To take away our faults?
May not the works of ſov'reign grace,
Tranſcend *our* feeble thoughts?

3 What if his goſpel bid us fight
With fleſh, and ſenſe and ſin?
The prize is moſt divinely bright,
That we are call'd to win.

4 What if the fooliſh and the poor,
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms the truth the more;
For ſo the prophets ſpake.

5 Do ſome that own his ſacred name,
Indulge themſelves in ſin?
Jeſus ſhall never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6 Then let our faith grow firm and ſtrong;
Our lips profeſs his word:
Nor bluſh, nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

CCCCXLVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The goſpel the power of God to ſalvation, Rom. i. 16.

1 WHAT ſhall the dying ſinner do,
That ſeeks relief for all his woe?
Where ſhall the guilty conſcience find
Eaſe for the torment of his mind.

2 How ſhall we get our ſins forgiv'n?
Or form our natures meet for heav'n?
Can ſouls all o'er defil'd with ſin
Make their own pow'rs or paſſions clean?

3 In vain we ſearch, in vain we try,
'Till Jeſus brings his goſpel nigh:
'Tis there ſuch pow'r and glory dwell,
As ſaves rebellious ſouls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope
This bears our fainting ſpirits up:
We read the grace, we truſt the word,
And find ſalvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treaſure ſhines;
Brought near the doctrine of the croſs,
All nature's gold appears but droſs.

6 Should vile blaſphemers, with diſdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jeſus vain;
I'll meet the ſcandal and the ſhame;
And ſing and triumph in his name.

CCCCXLVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

None excluded from hope, Rom. i. 16.

1 JESUS, thy bleſſings are not few,
Nor is thy goſpel weak:
Thy grace can melt the ſtubborn *Jew*
And heal the dying *Greek*.

2 Wide as the reach of *Satan's* rage,
Doth thy ſalvation flow:
'Tis not confin'd to ſex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take his ſhare:
No mortal hath a juſt pretence
To periſh in deſpair.

4 Be wiſe, ye men of ſtrength and wit,
Nor boaſt your native pow'rs;
But to his ſov'reign grace ſubmit,
And glory ſhall be yours.

5 Come, all ye vileſt ſinners, come,
He'll form your ſouls anew:
His goſpel, and his heart, have room
For rebels ſuch as you.

6 His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

CCCCXLVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Truth and ſincerity.

1 LET thoſe who bear the chriſtian name,
Their holy vows fulfil;
The ſaints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour ſtill.

2 True to the ſolemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they ſwear:
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak,
For God and angels hear.

3 Still with their lips, their hearts agree;
Nor flatt'ring words deviſe:
They know the God of truth can ſee,
Through ev'ry falſe diſguiſe.

4 They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the ſhapes it wears:
Firm to the truth: and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

5 Lo from afar the Lord deſcends,
And brings the judgment down:
He bids his ſaints, his faithful friends,
Riſe and poſſeſs their crown.

6 While *Satan* trembles at the ſight
And devils wiſh to die:
Where will the faithleſs hypocrite,
And guilty liar fly?

CCCCXLIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Motives to fidelity.

1 HATH God been faithful to his word,
And ſent to men the promis'd grace?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practiſe what my lips profeſs?

2 Hath Chriſt fulfill'd his kind deſign?
The dreadful work he undertook?
And dy'd to make ſalvation mine?
And well perform'd the word he ſpoke.

3 Doth not his faithfulneſs afford,
A noble theme to raiſe my ſong?
And ſhall I dare deny my Lord?
Or utter falſehood with my tongue?

4 My king, my Saviour, and my God,
The fulneſs of thy grace I view;
Waſh my offences in thy blood,
And make my ſoul ſincere and true.

CCCCL. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Juſtice and equity.

1 COME, let us ſearch our ways, and try,
Have they been juſt and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done ſtill the ſame?
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

3 Do we relieve the poor diſtreſt?
Nor give our tongues a looſe,
To make their names our ſcorn and jeſt,
Nor treat them with abuſe?

4 Have we not found our envy grow,
To hear another's praiſe?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due,
By ſly malicious ways?

5 In all we ſell, in all we buy,
Is juſtice our deſign?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

6 In vain we talk of Jeſu's blood,
And boaſt his name in vain,
If we can ſlight the laws of God
And prove unjuſt to men.

CCCCLI. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Temperance.

1 IS it a man's divineſt good,
To make his ſoul a ſlave to food?
Vile as the beaſt, whoſe ſpirit dies,
And has no hope above the ſkies?

2 Can meats, or choiceſt wines procure
Delights that ever ſhall endure?
Was I not born above the ſwine?
And ſhall I make their pleaſures mine?

3 Am I not made for nobler things?
Made to aſcend on angel's wings?
Shall my beſt pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And grieve my God, to pleaſe my taſte?

4 Was life deſign'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth, or what the meat?
Both from the duſt derive their birth;
And both ſhall mix with common earth.

5 Lord, elevate my ſenſual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd:
Raiſe me to dwell among the bleſt,
There to enjoy eternal reſt.

CCCCLII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Chaſtity.

1 THE Lord, how great his majeſty!
How pure are all his ways
Sinners unclean offend his eye,
Nor ſtand before his face.

2 Thou haſt ordain'd immortal woes,
And everlaſting fire,
To be the juſt reward of thoſe
Who follow looſe deſire.

3 I hear, I read the dreadful doom
Of Sodom in thy word,
And dares a feeble worm preſume
Thus to provoke the Lord?

4 Dear Saviour, guard me by thy grace,
From thoughts and words unclean:
Nor let temptation gain ſucceſs,
Or draw my ſoul to ſin.

CCCCLIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

A lovely carriage.

1 O 'Tis a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart;
Whoſe thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act an uſeful part.

2 When envy, ſtrife, and wars begin,
In little angry ſouls;
Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury riſe:
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love;
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
Such pleaſures he purſu'd:
His fleſh and blood were all refin'd;
His ſoul divinely good.

6 Lord, can theſe plants of virtue grow,
In ſuch a ſoul as mine?
Thy grace can form my ſpirit ſo,
And make my heart like thine.

CCCCLIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Things of good report.

1 IS it a thing of good report,
To ſquander life and time away?
To cut the hours of duty ſhort,
While toys and follies waſte the day?

2 To aſk and prattle all affairs;
And mind all buſineſs but our own?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confuſion run?

3 Doth this become the chriſtian name
To venture near the tempter's door?
To ſort with men of evil fame,
And yet preſume to ſtand ſecure?

4 Am I my own ſufficient guard,
While I expoſe my ſoul to ſhame?
Can the ſhort joys of ſin reward,
The laſting blemiſh of my name.

5 O may it be my laſting choice
To walk with men of grace below!
'Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,
And never-fading honours grow!

CCCCLV. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Courage and honour.

1 DO I believe what *Jeſus* ſaith,
And think his goſpel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practiſe virtue too.

2 Suppreſs my ſhame, ſubdue my fear;
Arm me with heav'nly zeal!
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praiſe fulfil.

3 If men ſhall ſee my virtue ſhine,
And ſpread my name abroad,
Thine is the pow'r, the praiſe is thine,
My Saviour, and my God.

4 Thus when the ſaints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace;
They caſt their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

CCCCLVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The univerſal rule of equity, Matt. vii. 12.

1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine!
"Never to deal with others worſe,
"Than we would have them deal with us."

2 This golden leſſon, ſhort and plain,
Gives not the mind, or mem'ry pain:
And every conſcience muſt approve
This univerſal rule of love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal breaſt,
Where all our tendereſt wiſhes reſt:
We draw it from our inmoſt veins,
Where love to ſelf reſides and reigns.

4 Is reaſon ever at a loſs?
Call in ſelf-love to judge the cauſe:
Let our own fondeſt paſſions ſhew,
How we ſhould treat our neighbour too.

5 How bleſt would ev'ry nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends, without a foe,
And form a paradiſe below.

CCCCLVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The atonement of Chriſt.

1 HOW is our nature ſpoil'd by ſin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conſcience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.

2 In vain we ſeek for peace with God,
By methods of our own:
Jeſus, there's nothing but thy blood,
Can bring us near thy throne.

3 The threat'nings of the broken law
Impreſs our ſouls with dread:
If God his ſword of vengeance draw,
It ſtrikes our ſpirits dead.

4 But thy illuſtrious ſacrifice
Hath anſwer'd theſe demands;
And peace, and pardon, from the ſkies,
Come down by *Jeſus'* hands.

5 Here all the antient types agree;
The altar and the Lamb:
And prophets, in their viſions, ſee,
Salvation through his name.

6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord:
'Tis on thy croſs we reſt:
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever bleſt.

CCCCLVIII. P. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Another.

1 WHERE ſhall the guilty conſcience go
To find a ſure relief?
Can bleeding bulls or goats beſtow
A calm to eaſe my grief?

2 Will *popiſh rites* and *penances*
Releaſe my ſoul from ſin?
What inſufficient things are theſe,
To calm the wrath divine!

3 God, the great God, who rules the ſkies,
The gracious and the juſt,
Makes his own ſon a ſacrifice,
And there lies all our truſt.

4 O never let my thoughts renounce
The goſpel of my God!
Where vileſt crimes are cleans'd at once,
In Chriſt's atoning blood.

5 Here reſt my faith, and ne'er remove:
Here let repentance riſe;
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies.

5 With ſhame and ſorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been:
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my ſin.

CCCCLIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Chriſt's atonement improved.

1 LORD, didſt thou ſend thy Son to die,
For ſuch a guilty wretch as I?
And ſhall thy mercy not impart
The ſpirit to renew my heart?

2 Lord, haſt thou waſh'd my garments clean,
In *Jeſus'* blood, from ſhame and ſin?
Shall I not ſtrive with all my pow'r,
That ſin pollute my ſoul no more?

3 Shall I not bear my Father's rod;
The kind correction of my God?
When Chriſt, on the accurſed tree,
Suſtain'd a heavier curſe for me!

4 Why ſhould I dread my dying day,
Since Chriſt hath took my curſe away;
And taught me with my lateſt breath,
To triumph o'er thy terrors, death?

5 O, rather let me wiſh and cry,
"When ſhall my ſoul get looſe and fly
"To upper worlds? When ſhall I ſee
"The Son of God, who dy'd for me?"

6 I ſhall behold his glories there;
And pay him my eternal ſhare
Of praiſe, and gratitude, and love,
Among ten thouſand ſaints above.

CCCCLX. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The chriſtian's treaſure, 2 Cor. iii. 21, 22.

1 HOW vaſt the treaſure we poſſeſs!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come:
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2 Paul is our teacher; while he ſpeaks,
The ſhadows flee, the morning breaks:
His words, like beams of knowledge ſhine,
And fill our ſouls with light divine.

3 Cephas is ours; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celeſtial zeal:
While ſweet Apollos' charming voice
Gives us a taſte of heav'nly joys.

4 The ſpringing corn, the ſtately wood,
Grow to provide us houſe and food:
Fire, earth, air, water, join their force:
All nature ſerves us in her courſe.

5 The ſun rolls round, to make our day:
The moon directs our nightly way:
While angels bear us in their arms;
And ſhield us from ten thouſand harms.

6 O glorious portion of the ſaints!
Let faith ſuppreſs our ſore complaints:
And tune our hearts, and tongues to ſing
Our bounteous God, our ſov'reign King.

CCCCLXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermon.

All things work together for good to the ſaints, Rom. viii. 28.

1 MY ſoul, ſurvey thy happineſs,
If thou art found a child of grace:
How richly is the goſpel ſtor'd!
What joy the promiſes afford!

2 "All things are ours;" the gift of God;
Secur'd by our Redeemer's blood;
While the good ſpirit ſhews us how
To uſe, and to enjoy them too.

3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They call me Lord to ſpeak thy praiſe:
If bread of ſorrows be my food,
Then ſorrows work my real good.

4 I would not change my bleſt eſtate
With all that fleſh calls rich or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the ſinner's gold.

5 Father, I wait thy daily will:
Thou ſhalt divide my portion ſtill;
Grant me on earth, what ſeems the beſt,
'Till death and heav'n reveal the reſt.

CCCCLXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The privilege of the living above the dead.

1 AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And ſerve my Saviour here below;
In works which all the ſaints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.

2 My faith and hope may ſee the Lord,
Though veils and darkneſs lie between:
Faith ſhall reſt firm upon his word,
And hope rejoice in things unſeen.

3 Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry ſoul, and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no ſons of need;
There all theſe duties are no more.

4 Subdue thy paſſions, O my ſoul;
Maintain the fight, thy work purſue:
Daily thy riſing ſins controul,
And be thy victories ever new.

5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finiſh all the glorious war.

6 Let ev'ry flying hour confeſs,
I gain thy goſpel freſh renown:
And when my life and labours ceaſe,
May I poſſeſs the promis'd crown!

CCCCLXIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Death of ſaints and ſinners improved.

1 HAS death ſuch vaſt deſtruction made?
Does ev'ry hour increaſe the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of ſin,
That brought the ſpreading miſchief in.

2 Great God! how awful, and how juſt,
Thy law that turns our fleſh to duſt!
O let me learn how vile I am,
And live to glorify thy name!

3 When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake, my ſoul, adore the grace,
That gave thee a repenting ſpace.

4 But when a ſaint with cheerful air,
Meets his laſt foe, and feels no fear:
Our faith, our hope, and courage grow;
We learn to face the tyrant too.

3 We could renounce our all things here,
And wiſh that moment would appear:
When we ſhall leave this world, and riſe
To meet the joys above the ſkies.

CCCCLXIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

The death of kindred improved.

1 MUST friends and kindred drop and die?
Muſt helpers be withdrawn?
While ſorrow with a weeping eye,
Counts up our comforts gone.

2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God;
Our helper and our friend:
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,
'Till all our trials end.

3 O may our feet purſue the way,
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counſels of the dead.

4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief diſpel:
Death will invite our ſouls to go
Where our beſt kindred dwell.

CCCCLXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Death a bleſſing to the ſaints.

1 DO fleſh and nature dread to die?
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enſlave?
But grace can raiſe our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! ſhall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal ſo near?
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finiſh this important war?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why ſhould we like this twilight ſo,
When 'tis all noon in worlds above?

4 There ſhall we ſee him face to face;
There ſhall we know the great unknown:
And *Jeſus* with his glorious grace
Shines in full light amidſt the throne.

CCCCLXVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

Proſpect of heaven.

1 WHEN we put off this fleſhly load,
We're from a thouſand miſchiefs free;
For ever preſent with our God,
Where we have long'd and wiſh'd to be.

2 No more ſhall pride or paſſion riſe,
Or envy fret, or malice roar:
Or ſorrows fall, with downcaſt eyes;
And ſins defile our ſouls no more.

3 'Tis beſt, 'tis infinitely beſt,
To go where tempeſts cannot come:
Where ſaints and angels ever bleſt,
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.

4 Bleſt be the dear redeeming-God,
Who drives our fears of death away!
And helps us through this darkſome road,
To realms of everlaſting day.

CCCCLXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS's Sermons.

To the ſacred Three.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name,
Immortal praiſe we give;
Who doſt an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us, rebels, live.

2 Immortal honour to the Son,
Who bought us with his blood;
Our lives he ranſom'd with his own,
To bring us near to God.

3 To the Almighty Spirit be,
Immortal glory given:
Whoſe pow'r unites our ſouls to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God:
And ſpread his honours, and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith and love, and duty join,
One gen'ral ſong to raiſe;
And ſaints in earth and heav'n combine,
In harmony and praiſe.

CCCCLXVIII.

At the funeral of chriſtian friends.

1 OUR deareſt friends depart and die,
Their abſence makes us grieve;
But to the Lord their ſpirits fly
This doth our minds relieve.

2 No more ſhall they to us return,
But we to them ſhall go:
To bliſsful realms, our ſpirits borne,
Shall dwell with Jeſus too.

3 There glory ſits on ev'ry face,
Love ſmiles in ev'ry eye:
There ſhall our tongues adore the grace,
That brought us ſafe on high.

4 Bleſt ſouls! we leave them to enjoy
Their Saviour, and their God,
Till we are call'd to mount on high,
And reach their bleſt abode.

5 Jeſus our faithful friend ſhall come,
Our ſouls to heav'n ſhall raiſe,
His pow'rful arm ſhall bear us home
To ſing his endleſs praiſe.

CCCCLXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A general ſong of praiſe to God, Pſalm lxxxvi. 8--15.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou haſt made, ſhall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne;
For thou alone doſt wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways;
And my poor ſcatter'd thoughts unite
In God my Father's praiſe.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall thoſe ſweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my ſinking ſoul
Roſe from the deeps of hell.

CCCCLXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The church the birth-place of the ſaints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the chriſtian church, Pſal. lxxxvii.

1 GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praiſe;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But ſtill in Zion loves to dwell.

3 His mercy viſits ev'ry houſe
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful ſtay
Where churches meet to praiſe and pray.

3 What glories were deſcrib'd of old?
What wonders are of Zion told?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame ſhall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men ſhall join to ſing
The hill where living waters ſpring.

3 When God makes up his laſt account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new born, or nouriſh'd there!

CCCCLXXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A bleſſed goſpel, Pſalm lxxxix. 15, &c.

1 BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound;
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
Iſr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

CCCCLXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Mortality and hope, Pſalm lxxxix. 47, &c.

A Funeral Pſalm.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal ſtate,
How frail our life! how ſhort the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from diſeaſe, ſecure from death?

2 Lord, while we ſee whole nations die,
Our fleſh and ſenſe repine and cry,
"Muſt death for ever rage and reign;
"Or haſt thou made mankind in vain?"

3 Where is thy promiſe to the juſt;
Are not thy ſervants turn'd to duſt?
But faith forbids theſe mournful ſighs,
And ſees the ſleeping duſt ariſe.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of ſaints away,
And clears the honour of thy word;
Awake our ſouls, and bleſs the Lord.

CCCCLXXIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Man mortal, and God eternal, Pſalm xc.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

1 THROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,
Thou art our reſt, our ſafe abode;
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth thy humble footſtool laid.

2 Long hadſt thou reign'd ere time began,
Or duſt was faſhion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom ſhall endure,
When earth and time ſhall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was juſt,
"Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt."

4 Death, like an overflowing ſtream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

5 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our ſpan,
'Till a wiſe care of piety
Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

CCCCLXXIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Man frail, and God eternal, Pſalm xc.

1 OUR God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlaſting thou art God,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 Thy word commands our fleſh to duſt,
"Return, ye ſons of men:"
All nations roſe from earth at firſt,
And turn to earth again.

5 A thouſand ages in thy ſight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

6 Our God, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles laſt,
And our eternal home.

CCCCLXXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Infirmities and mortality the effects of ſin; or, life, old age, and preparation for death, Pſalm xc. 9--12.

1 LIFE, like a vain amuſement flies,
A fable or a ſong:
By ſwift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

2 'Tis but a few whoſe days amount
To threeſcore years and ten;
And all beyond that ſhort account
Is ſorrow, toil and pain.

3 [Our vitals with laborious ſtrife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag thoſe poor remains of life
Along the tireſome road.]

4 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our ſweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

5 Our ſouls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiſer part,
And live beyond the grave.

CCCCLXXVI. S. M.

The frailty and ſhortneſs of life, Pſal. xc. 5, 10, 12.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame?
Our life, how poor a trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the name!

2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body firſt!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mouldring back to duſt.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes ſtay:
Juſt like a flood our haſty days
Are ſweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days muſt fly,
We'll keep their end in ſight,
We'll ſpend them all in wiſdom's way,
And let them ſpeed their flight.

5 They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This life's tempeſtuous ſea:
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful ſhore
Of bleſt eternity.

CCCCLXXVII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance, Pſalm xci. 9---16.

1 YE ſons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry ſnare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and truſt his care.

2 No ill ſhall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And ſweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raiſe his ſaints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillows while you ſleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands ſhall bear you, leſt you fall,
And daſh againſt the ſtones:
Are they not ſervants at his call,
And ſent t' attend his ſons?

5 "Becauſe on me they ſet their love,
"I'll ſave them, "ſaith the Lord;"
"I'll bear their joyful ſouls above
"Deſtruction, and the ſword.

6 "My grace ſhall help them when they fall,
"In trouble I'll be nigh:
"My pow'r ſhall help them when they fall,
"And raiſe them when they die."

CCCCLXXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

A pſalm for the Lord's day, Pſalm xcii. 1.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal cares ſhall ſeize my breaſt;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound!

3 My heart ſhall triumph in my Lord,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4 But O, what triumphs ſhall I raiſe
To thy dear name through endleſs days!
When in the realms of joy I ſee
Thy face in full felicity!

5 Sin (my worſt enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r, find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

CCCCLXXIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The church is the garden of God, Pſalm xcii, 12. &c.

1 LORD, 'tis a pleaſant thing to ſtand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be ſeen,
Like a young cedar, freſh and green.

2 There grow thy ſaints in faith and love,
Bleſt with thine influence from above,
Not Lebanon with all its trees
Yields ſuch a comely ſight as theſe.

3 The plants of grace ſhall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace muſt thrive)
Time, that doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age they ſhew,
The Lord is holy, juſt and true;
None that attend his gates find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

CCCCLXXX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A pſalm before prayer, Pſalm xcv.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his ſtrength rejoice;
When his ſalvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful ſight,
And pſalms of honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know
How mean their natures ſeem;
Thoſe Gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious hand;
He fix'd the ſeas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills muſt ſtand.

5 Come, and with humble ſouls adore;
Come, bow before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt:
Come, leſt he rouze his wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt."

CCCCLXXXI. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

A pſalm before ſermon, Pſalm xcv.

1 COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing:
Jehovah is the ſov'reign God,
The univerſal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance dreſt
Will lift his hand, and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd reſt,
"Shall have no portion there."

CCCCLXXXII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's firſt and ſecond coming, Pſalm xcvi.

1 SING to the Lord, ye diſtant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new-diſcovered grace demands
A new and nobler ſong.

2 Say to the nations, Jeſus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the ſinking world ſuſtains,
And grace ſurrounds his throne.

3 Behold he comes, he comes to bleſs
The nations as their God;
To ſhew the world his righteouſneſs,
And ſend his truth abroad.

4 But when his voice ſhall raiſe the dead,
And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread
To ſee their Judge appear?

CCCCLXXXIII. P. M. Dr. WATTS.

The God of the Gentiles, Pſalm xcvi.

1 LET all the earth their voices raiſe
To ſing the choiceſt pſalm of praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's name:
His glory let the Heathens know,
His wonders to the nations ſhow,
And all his ſaving works proclaim.

2 The Heathens know thy glory, Lord:
The wond'ring nations read thy word;
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal hands have made:
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the ſky,
He made the ſhining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majeſty and light;
His beauties how divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth ſhall feel his ſaving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name:
Then ſhall the race of man confeſs
The beauty of his holineſs,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

CCCCLXXXIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt reigning in heaven and coming to judgment, Pſalm xcvii. 1---5.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains:
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his name:
Though gloomy clouds his way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4 His enemies, with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the fight, and ſhun the day,
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints, on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

CCCCLXXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's incarnation, Pſalm xcvii. 6---2.

1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth: the nations learn his name;
An unknown ſtar directs the road
Of eaſtern ſages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the ſkies,
Go worſhip where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worſhippers confound;
But Judah ſhout, but Zion ſing,
And earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

CCCCLXXXVI. L. M. Dr. Watts.

Grace and glory, Pſalm xcvii. *Third Part.*

1 TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the ſky;
Though clouds and darkneſs veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-ſeat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of ſin and ſhame:
He guards the ſouls of all his friends,
And from the ſnares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
For thoſe that truſt the Lord are ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes,

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the Lord;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holineſs.

CCCCLXXXVII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

Praiſe for the goſpel, Pſalm xcviii. *Firſt Part.*

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addreſt;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the word to Abr'am firſt;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The Gentiles make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

CCCCLXXXVIII. C. M. Dr. Watts.

The Meſſiah's coming and kingdom, Pſalm xcviii. *Second Part.*

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature ſing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their ſongs employ:
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

3 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow,
Far as the curſe is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

CCCCLXXXIX. S. M. Dr. Watts.

Chriſt's kingdom and majeſty, Pſalm xcix. *Firſt Part.*

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let ſinners tremble at his throne,
And ſaints be humble there.

2 Jeſus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants ſtand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church ſhall make his wonders known,
For there his glories ſhine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praiſe!
Juſtice and truth, and judgment join,
In all his works of grace.

CCCCXC. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe to our Creator.

1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your ſov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory ſing.

2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own;
The ſheep that on his paſtures live.

3 Enter his gates with ſongs of joy,
With praiſes to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy ſure:
And the whole race of man ſhall find
His truth from age to age endure.

CCCCXCI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

A paraphraſe.

1 SING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let ev'ry land his name adore;
The Britiſh iſles ſhall ſend the noiſe
Acroſs the ocean to the ſhore.

2 Nations attend before his throne
With ſolemn fear, with ſacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he deſtroy.

3 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when, like wandring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6 Wide as the world is thy command!
Vast as eternity thy love!
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

CCCCXCII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored, Psalm cii. 13—21.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice:
Behold the promis'd hour;
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He ſits a ſov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes:
He hears the dying priſ'ners groan,
And ſees their ſighs ariſe.

5 He frees the ſouls condemn'd to death;
And when his ſaints complain,
It ſhan't be ſaid, "That praying breath
"Was ever ſpent in vain."

6 This ſhall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read,
And truſt, and praiſe the Lord.

CCCCXCIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Bleſſing God for his goodneſs to ſoul and body, Pſalm ciii. 1—7.

1 BLESS, O my ſoul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the pow'rs within me join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.

2 Bleſs, O my ſoul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy higheſt praiſe:
Why ſhould the wonders he hath wrought
Be loſt in ſilence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my ſoul, that ſent his Son
To die for crimes which thou haſt done;
He owns the ranſom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the ſoul from hell, and ſaves
Our waſting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years:
He ſatisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

6 He ſees th' oppreſſor and th' oppreſt,
And often gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
But will his juſtice more diſplay
In the laſt great rewarding-day.

7 [His pow'r he ſhew'd by Moſes' hands,
And gave to Iſr'el his commands;
But ſent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confeſs;
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join
In work and worſhip ſo divine.]

CCCCXCIV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe for ſpiritual and temporal mercies, Pſalm ciii. 1---7.

1 O Bleſs the Lord, my ſoul!
Let all within me join!
And aid my tongue to bleſs his name,
Whoſe favours are divine.

2 O bleſs the Lord, my ſoul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulneſs,
And without praiſes die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy ſins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy ſickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ranſom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my ſoul from hell,
Hath ſov'reign pow'r to ſave.

5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the ſuff'rers reſt;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And juſtice for th' oppreſt.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

CCCCXCV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Abounding compaſſion of God; or, mercy in the midſt of judgment, Pſalm ciii. 8---18.

1 MY ſoul repeat his praiſe
Whoſe mercies are ſo great:
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
And when his ſtrokes are felt,
His ſtrokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r ſubdues our ſins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath;
His anger like a riſing wind,
Can ſend us ſwift to death.

7 Our days are as the graſs,
Or like the morning-flow'r;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs years endure;
And childrens children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

CCCCXCVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe to God; or, communion with ſaints, Pſalm cvi. 1---6.

1 TO God the great, the ever-bleſt,
Let ſongs of honour be addreſt;
His mercy firm for ever ſtands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs praiſe?
Bleſt are the ſouls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race thy choſen feed;
And with the ſame ſalvation bleſs
The meaneſt ſuppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I ſee thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy ſaints, and near to thee.

CCCCXCVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Love to enemies from the example of Chriſt, Pſalm cix. 1---5, 31.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praiſe,
Thy glory is my ſong;
Though ſinners ſpeak againſt thy grace
With a blaſpheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel ſlanders, falſe and vain,
They compaſs'd him around.

3 Their mis'ries his compaſſion move,
Their peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cauſe;
Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'rers on his croſs,
And bleſt his foes in death.

5 Lord, ſhall thy bright example ſhine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a ſoul akin to thine,
To love my enemies.

6 The Lord ſhall on my ſide engage,
And in my Saviour's name
I ſhall defeat their pride and rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

CCCCXCVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt exalted, and multitudes converted; or, the ſucceſs of the goſpel, Pſalm cx. 1, 2, 3.

1 THUS the eternal Father ſpake
To Chriſt the Son, "Aſcend and ſit
"At my right hand, till I ſhall make
"Thy foes ſubmiſſive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion ſhall thy word proceed,
"Thy word, the ſceptre in thy hand,
"Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
"And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day ſhall ſhew thy pow'r is great,
"When ſaints ſhall flock with willing minds,
"And ſinners crowd thy temple-gate,
"Where holineſs in beauty ſhines"

4 O bleſſed pow'r! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry ſhall enſue!
And converts who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

CCCCXCIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's kingdom and prieſthood, Pſalm cx.

1 JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy throne,
And make thy foes ſubmit,
In Zion ſhall thy power be known,
And make thy foes ſubmit.

2 What wonders ſhall thy goſpel do!
Thy converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy ſov'reign grace.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy prieſthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchiſedec, that wondrous prieſt,
"That king of high degree,
"That holy man who Abra'm bleſt,
"Was but a type of thee."

5 Jeſus our prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The bleſſings of his love.

6 God ſhall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the pow'rs and princes dead
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

D. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable, Pſalm cxii.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind;
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear.
For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His ſoul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart and bleſs his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
His works are still before his God:
His name on earth shall long remain,
While envious sinners fret in vain.

DI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Liberality rewarded, Psalm cxii.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well-establish'd mind;
His soul to God his refuge flies,
And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

DII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God sovereign and gracious, Psalm cxiii.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry age his praises sing;
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the ſky,
Stands his high throne of majeſty;
Nor time nor place his pow'r reſtrain,
Nor bound his univerſal reign.

3 Which of the ſons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love, he ſtoops to view
What ſaints above and angels do;
And condeſcends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From duſt and cottages obſcure
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his ſons,
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

DIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Miracles atttending Iſrael's journey, Pſalm cxiv.

1 WHEN Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Acroſs the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains ſhook like frighted ſheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.

4 What pow'r could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Isr'el: see him here!
Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

DIV. P. M. Dr. WATTS.

Popish idolatry reproved, Psalm l.

A psalm for the fifth of November.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due:
Thy pow'r, and grace, thy truth and justice, claim
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name,
Shine thro' the earth from heav'n thy blest abode,
Nor let the Heathens say; "And where's your God?"

2 Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love;

Yet ſottiſh mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveleſs ſaints.

4 The rich have ſtatues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor content with gods of coarſer mold,
With tools of iron carve the ſenſeleſs ſtock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and prieſt drive on the ſolemn trade,
And truſt the gods that ſaws and hammers made.]

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'tis hard to ſay
Which is more ſtupid, or their gods or they.
O Iſr'el, truſt the Lord; he hears and ſees,
He knows thy ſorrows, and reſtores thy peace:
His worſhip does a thouſand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly ſhield.

6 O Britain, truſt the Lord: thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppoſe his reign;
Had they prevail'd darkneſs had clos'd our days,
And death and ſilence had forbid his praiſe:
But we are ſav'd, and live; let ſongs ariſe,
And britons bleſs the God that built the ſkies.

DV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church; or, public thanks for private deliverances, Pſalm cxvi. 12, &c.

1 WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his kindneſs ſhown?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou haſt made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

DVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe to God from all nations, Pſalm cxvii.

1 O All ye nations, praiſe the Lord,
Each with a diff'rent tongue,
In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be ſung.

2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth ſhall ſtand:
Praiſe ye the faithful God.

DVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pſalm cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies
Let the Creator's praiſe ariſe;
Let the Redeemer's name be ſung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſun ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

DVIII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pſalm cxvii.

1 THY name, Almighty Lord
Shall ſound through diſtant lands:
Great is thy grace, and ſure thy word;
Thy truth for ever ſtands.

2 Far be thine honour ſpread,
And long thy praiſe endure,
Till morning light and evening ſhade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

DIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Public praiſe for deliverance from death, Pſalm cxviii. 17---21.

1 LORD, thou haſt heard thy ſervants cry,
And reſcu'd from the grave;
Now ſhall he live: (and none can die,
If God reſolve to ſave.)

2 Thy praiſe more conſtant than before
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chaſtis'd him ſore,
Defends him ſtill from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we ſhall worſhip there,
The houſe where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' aſſemblies of thy ſaints
Our thankful voice we raiſe:
There we have told thee our complaints,
And there we ſpeak thy praiſe.

DX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt the foundation of the church. Pſal. cxvii. 22, 23.

1 BEHOLD the ſure foundation-ſtone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praiſe.

2 Choſen of God, to ſinners dear,
And ſaints adore the name;
They truſt their whole ſalvation here,
Nor ſhall they ſuffer ſhame.

3 The fooliſh builders, ſcribe and prieſt,
Reject it with diſdain;
Yet on this rock the church ſhall reſt,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withſtood,
Yet muſt this building riſe:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

DXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hoſanna; the Lord's day; or, Chriſt's reſurrection, and our ſalvation, Pſalm cxviii. 24, 25, 26.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To-day he roſe and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy ſon!
Help us, O Lord; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the Lord who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To ſave our ſinful race.

5 Hoſanna in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

DXII. S. M. Dr. Watts.

An hoſanna for the Lord's-day; or, a new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt, Pſalm cxviii. 22—27.

1 SEE what a living ſtone
The builders did refuſe;
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpite of envious Jews.

2 The ſcribe and angry prieſt
Reject thine only ſon;
Yet on this rock ſhall Zion reſt,
As the chief corner-ſtone.

3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jeſus riſe,

4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and ſing, and pray!
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hoſanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bleſs him, ye ſaints: he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bleſs thine holy word
Which all this grace diſplays;
And offer on thine holy word
Our ſacrifice of praiſe.

DXIII. L. M. Dr. Watts.

An hoſanna for the Lord's day; or a new ſong of ſalvation by Chriſt, Pſalm cxviii. 22—27.

1 LO! what a glorious corner-ſtone
The Jewiſh builders did refuſe;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In ſpite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw it rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his name be blest;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace and light and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

DXIV. C.M. Dr. WATTS.

The character and blessedness of saints, Psalm cxix. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLEST are th' undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,
And practise thy commands:
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

DXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Inſtruction from Scripture, Pſalm cxix.

Ver. 9.

1 HOW ſhall the young ſecure their hearts,
And guard their lives from ſin?
Thy word the choiceſt rules imparts
To keep the conſcience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It ſpreads ſuch light abroad,
The meaneſt ſouls inſtruction find,
And raiſe their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the ſun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiſer than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the ſinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that riſe,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 [The ſtarry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place:
And theſe thy ſervants, night and day,
Thy ſkill and pow'r expreſs.

7 But ſtill thy law and goſpel, Lord,
Have leſſons more divine:
Not earth ſtands firmer than thy word,
Nor ſtars ſo nobly ſhine.]

Ver. 162, 140, 9, 16,

8 Thy word is everlaſting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

DXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The word of God is the ſaint's portion; or, the excellency and variety of Scripture, Pſalm cxix. Ver. 111, *paraphraſed.*

1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While through the promiſes I rove,
With ever-freſh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The beſt relief that mourners have;
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

DXVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Benefit of afflictions, and ſupport under them. Pſalm cxix. 153, 81, 82.

1 CONSIDER, all my ſorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance ſend;
My ſoul for thy ſalvation faints,
When will my troubles end!

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
When new diſtreſs begins!
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former ſins.

Ver. 92.

4 Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My ſoul oppreſt with ſorrow's weight
Had ſunk amongſt the dead.

Ver. 75.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt ſuff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

6 Before I knew thy chaſt'ning rod
My feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy word
Nor wander from thy way.

DXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Sanctified afflictions; or, delight in the word of God.
Pſalm cxix. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bleſs thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing rod,
That forc'd my conſcience to a ſtand,
And brought my wand'ring ſoul to God!

2 Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray;
Ere I hand felt thy ſcourges, Lord,
I left my guide and loſt my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's ſtroke,
That I might learn his ſtatutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law that iſſues from thy mouth,
Shall raiſe my cheerful paſſions more
Than all the treaſures of the ſouth,
Or weſtern hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame;
Thy ſpirit form'd my ſoul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me ſafe from death and ſin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my ſalvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

DXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Going to church, Pſalm cxxii.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To ſhew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And ſits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praiſes and complaints!
And while his awful voice
Divides the ſinners from the ſaints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this ſacred place,
And joy a conſtant gueſt!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bleſt!

6 My ſoul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While life or breath remains;
There my beſt friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

DXX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The ſaints trial and ſafety, Pſalm cxxv.

1 UNSHAKEN as the ſacred hill,
And firm as mountains be,
Firm as a rock the ſoul ſhall reſt
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard ſo well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As thoſe eternal arms of love
That ev'ry ſaint ſurround.

3 While tyrants are a ſmarting ſcourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine compaſſion does allay
The fury of the rod.

4 Deal, gently Lord with ſouls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
To the bright gates of paradiſe,
Where Chriſt their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace thoſe crooked ways
That the old ſerpent drew,
The wrath that drove him firſt to hell,
Shall ſmite his followers too.

DXXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, melancholy removed, Psalm cxxvi.

1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprizing grace:

3 "Great is the work" my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine;
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

DXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pardoning grace, Psalm cxxx.

1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries!
If thou severely mark our faults,
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy favours there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

3 My truſt is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy word in vain:
Let mourning ſouls addreſs the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

4 Great is his love, and large his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from ſinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

DXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Humility and ſubmiſſion, Pſalm cxxxi.

1 IS there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and ſee;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient ſoul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let ſaints in ſorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful Lord.

DXXIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

At the ſettlement of a church; or, the ordination of a Miniſter, Pſalm cxxxii. 5, 13—18.

1 WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An habitation for our God,
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,
Amongſt the ſons of fleſh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob choſe the hill
Of Zion for his ancient reſt;
And Zion is his dwelling ſtill;
His church is with his preſence bleſt.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my pow'r and love be known,
And bleſſings ſhall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their ſouls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before my door,
With ſweet proviſion ſhall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My prieſts, my miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Not Aaron in his coſtly dreſs
Made an appearance ſo divine.

6 The ſaints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing,
The Son of David here ſhall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous ſeed
Born here, t'uphold his glorious name;
His crown ſhall flouriſh on his head,
While all his foes are cloth'd with ſhame.]

DXXV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A church eſtabliſhed, Pſalm cxxxii. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.

1 [NO ſleep nor ſlumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
Till he had found below the ſkies
A dwelling for the Lord.

2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was ſettled there:
To Zion the whole nation came
To worſhip thrice a year.

3 But we have no ſuch lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy ſaints aſſemble now,
There is a houſe for God.]

PAUSE.

4 Ariſe, O King of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt;
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy ſpirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch grace afford.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread;

7 Here let the Son of David reign;
Let God's anointed ſhine;
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a laſting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

DXXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Brotherly love, Pſalm cxxxiii.

1 LO, what an entertaining ſight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren, whoſe cheerful hearts unite
In bands of piety!

2 When ſtreams of love from Chriſt the ſpring,
Deſcend to ev'ry ſoul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 As when on Aaron's reverend head,
They pour'd the rich perfume;
'Twas on his ſacred collar ſpread,
And pleaſure fill'd the room.

4 'Tis pleaſant as the morning-dews
That fall on Sion's hill,
Where God his mildeſt glory ſhews,
And makes his grace diſtil.

DXXVII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Communion of ſaints; or, love and worſhip in a family.
Pſalm cxxxiii.

1 BLEST are the ſons of peace
Whoſe hearts and hopes are one,
Whoſe kind deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe
Through all their actions run.

2 Bleſt is the pious houſe
Where zeal and friendſhip meet,
Their ſongs of praiſe, their mingled vows,
Make their communion ſweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil was on his raiment ſpread,
And pleaſure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The ſaints are bleſt above,
Where joy like morning-dew diſtils,
And all the air is love.

DXXVIII. L. M. Dr. Watts.

The church is God's houſe and care, Pſalm cxxxv. 1---4, 19---21.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait:
Ye ſaints, that to his houſe belong,
Or ſtand attending at his gate.

2 Praiſe ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praiſe his name is ſweet employ:
Iſr'el he choſe of old, and ſtill
His church is his peculiar joy.

3 The Lord himſelf will judge his ſaints;
He treats his ſervants as his friends;
And when he hears their ſore complaints,
Removes the ſorrows that he ſends.

4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name and breaks th' oppreſſor's rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring ſervants reſt,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

5 Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his love;
People and prieſt exalt his name:
Amongſt his ſaints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jeruſalem.

DXXIX. C. M. Dr. Watts.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Iſrael, and ſalvation of his people, Pſalm cxxxvi.

1 GIVE thanks to God the ſov'reign Lord;
"His mercies ſtill endure,"
And be the King of kings ador'd,
"His truth is ever ſure."

2 What wonders hath his wiſdom done!
"How mighty is his hand!"
Heav'n, earth and ſea, he fram'd alone:
"How wide is his command!"

3 The ſun ſupplies the day with light:
"How bright his counſels ſhine!"
The moon and ſtars adorn the night:
"His works are all divine."

4 He ſaw the nations dead in ſin;
He feels his pity move:"
How ſad the ſtate the world was in!
"How boundleſs was his love!"

5 He ſent to ſave us from our woe;
"His goodneſs never fails;"
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe;
And ſtill his grace prevails.

6 Give thanks to God the heav'nly King;
His mercies ſtill endure,
Let the whole earth his praiſes ſing;
His truth his ever ſure.

DXXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Pſalm cxxxvi. *Abridged.*

1 GIVE to our God immortal praiſe;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fix'd the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night,
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong,

6 He ſaw the Gentiles dead in ſin,
And felt his pity work within:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When death and ſin ſhall reign no more.

7 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

8 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

DXXXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Reſtoring and preſerving grace, Pſalm cxxxviii.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praiſe my Maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word:
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhow.

3 To God I cry'd when troubles roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears control,
And ſtrength diffus'd through all my ſoul.

4 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

DXXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The all-ſeeing God, Pſalm cxxxix. 1---6.

1 LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My riſing and my reſting hours,
My heart, and fleſh, with all their pow'rs.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God diſtinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to ſpeak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

3 Within thy circling pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My ſoul, with all the pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs proſpect loſt.

5 "O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

DXXXIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God every where present, Psalm cxxxix. 7—12.

1 COULD I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

2 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

3 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the Western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.

4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast;
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

DXXXIV L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God observes the works of darkness, Psalm cxxxix. 11, 12.

1 THE veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.

2 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

3 "O may theſe thoughts poſſeſs my breaſt,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I reſt!
"Nor let my weaker paſſions dare
"Conſent to ſin, for God is there."

DXXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Sincerity profeſſed, and grace tried; or, the heart-ſearching God, Pſalm cxxxix. 21—24.

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel
When impious men tranſgreſs thy will?
I mourn to hear their lips profane
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Lord, ſearch my ſoul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuſe me not
Of walking in a falſe diſguiſe,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

3 Doth ſecret miſchief lurk within?
Do I indulge ſome unknown ſin?
O turn my feet whene'er I ſtray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

DXXXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The mercies of God innumerable, Pſalm cxxx. 14, 17, 18.

An Evening Pſalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with ſurpriſe;
Not all the ſands that ſpread the ſhore
To equal numbers riſe.

2 My fleſh with fear and wonder ſtands
The product of thy ſkill,
And hourly bleſſings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 Theſe on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my ſleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee.

DXXXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Watchfulneſs and brotherly love, Pſalm cxli. 2—5.

A Morning or Evening Pſalm.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incenſe in thine houſe;
And let my nightly worſhip riſe,
Sweet as the ev'ning ſacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From ev'ry raſh and heedleſs word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty paths where ſinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I ſtray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment ſhed,
Shall never bruiſe, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them preſt with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove,
How much I prize their faithful love.

DXXXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Aſſiſtance and victory in the ſpiritual warfare, Pſalm cxliv. 1, 2.

1 FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my ſhield;
He ſends his ſpirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When ſin and hell their force unite,
He makes my ſoul his care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper ſo divine,
Does my weak courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his ſhall be the praiſe.

DXXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The vanity of man, and condeſcenſion of God, Pſalm cxliv. 3---6.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at firſt?
His life a ſhadow, light and vain,
Still haſting to the duſt.

2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God ſhould make it his concern
To viſit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who ſhakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love.

DXL. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Grace above riches; or, the happy nation, Pſalm cxliv. 12---15.

1 HAPPY the city, where their ſons
Like pillars round a palace ſet,
And daughters, bright as poliſh'd ſtones,
Give ſtrength and beauty to the ſtate.

2 Happy the country where the ſheep,
Cattle and corn have large increaſe;
Where men ſecurely work or ſleep,
Nor ſons of plunder break the peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely bleſt are thoſe
On whom the all-ſufficient God
Himſelf with all his grace beſtows.

DXLI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The greatneſs of God, Pſalm cxliv.

1 MY God, my King, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endleſs ſtream;
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.

4 Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine;
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let Britain round her ſhores proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name.

5 Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe:
And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can ſpeak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe.

DXLII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The greatneſs of God, Pſalm cxlv. 1—17, 11—13.

1 LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy ſhall be the ſame,
In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praiſe be great:
I'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue!
And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my ſacred ſong
Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways:
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations ſound thy praiſe.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly ſtate,
With public ſplendor ſhown,

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy ſaints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

DXLIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The goodneſs of God, Pſalm cxlv. 7, &c.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Through the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the ſouls he loves.

5 Creatures with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim,
But ſaints that taſte thy richer grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name.

DXLIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Mercy to ſufferers; or, God hearing prayer, Pſalm cxlv. 14, 15, &c.

1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrengthning hands uphold the weak,
And raiſe the poor that fall.

2 When ſorrow bows the ſpirit down,
Or virtue lies diſtreſt
Beneath ſome proud oppreſſor's frown,
Thou giv'ſt the mourners reſt.

3 The Lord ſupports our toil'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and juſt are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pain his ſervants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their beſt wiſhes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never ſhall remove
From men of heart ſincere;
He ſaves the ſouls whoſe humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [My lips ſhall dwell upon his praiſe,
And ſpread his fame abroad;
Let all the ſons of Adam raiſe
The honours of their God.]

DXLV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Praiſe to God for his goodneſs and truth, Pſalm cxlvi.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart ſhall join
In work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine,
Now while the fleſh is mine abode,
And when my ſoul aſcends to God.

2 Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt pow'rs,
While immortality endures;
My days of praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While life and thought and being laſt.

3 Why ſhould I make a man my truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to the duſt:
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whoſe hopes rely
On Iſr'el's God: he made the ſky,
And earth and ſeas, with all their train,
And none ſhall find his promiſe vain.

5 His truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' oppreſt, he feeds the poor;
He ſends the lab'ring conſcience peace,
And grants the pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking mind;
He helps the ſtranger in diſtreſs,
The widow and the fatherleſs.

7 He loves his ſaints, he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting ſtrains.

DXLVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Divine Nature, providence and grace, Pſalm cxlvii. 1---5, 11.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jeruſalem,
And gathers nations to his name:
His mercy melts the ſtubborn ſoul,
And makes the broken ſpirit whole.

3 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might:
And all his glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

5 His ſaints are lovely in his ſight:
He views his children with delight:
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

DXLVII C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The ſeaſons of the year, Pſalm cxlvii. 7---9, 13---18.

1 WITH ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Addreſs the Lord on high;
Over the heav'ns he ſpreads his cloud,
And waters veil the ſky.

2 He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the graſs the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat;
He hears the ravens cry,
But man, who taſtes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

4 His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5 His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow;
Deſcend and clothe the ground;
The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful ſtores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He ſends his word and melts the ſnow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return:

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With ſongs and honours ſounding loud
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign Lord.

DXLVIII. P. M. Dr. Watts.

Praiſe to God from all creatures, Pſalm cxlviii.

1 YE tribes of Adam join
With heav'n and earth and ſeas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praiſe.
Ye holy throng of angels bright,
In worlds of light begin the ſong.

2 Thou ſun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praiſe,
With ſtars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare, Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly in empty air.

3 The ſhining worlds above
In glorious order ſtand,
Or in ſwift courſes move
By his ſupreme command.
He ſpake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came to praiſe the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages paſt,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature laſt.
In diff'rent ways his works proclaim
His wondrous name, and ſpeak his praiſe.

DXLIX. *The ſame, continued.*

1 LET all the earth-born race,
And monſters of the deep,
The fiſh that cleave the ſeas,
Or in their boſom ſleep,

From ſea and ſhore their tribute pay,
And ſtill diſplay their Makers pow'r.

2 Ye vapours, hail and ſnow,
Praiſe ye th' Almighty Lord,
And ſtormy winds that blow,
To execute his word.
When lightnings ſhine, or thunders roar,
Let earth adore his hand divine.

3 Ye mountains near the ſkies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler ſize
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beaſts wild and tame, birds, flies and worms,
In various forms, exalt his name.

4 Ye kings and judges fear
The Lord, the ſov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours ſing.
Nor let the dream of pow'r and ſtate,
Make you forget his pow'r ſupreme.

5 Virgins and youth engage
To ſound his praiſe divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join.
Wide as he reigns his name be ſung
By ev'ry tongue in endleſs ſtrains.

6 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taſte his love.
While earth and ſky attempt his praiſe,
His ſaints ſhall raiſe his honours high.

DL. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Univerſal praiſe to God, Pſalm cxlviii. *Paraphraſed.*

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord
From diſtant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the ſolemn word,
And ſound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord! how abſolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee,
Sing of his love in heav'nly ſtrains,
And ſpeak how fierce his terrors be.

3 Wide as his vaſt dominion lies
Make the Creators name be known;
Loud as his thunder ſhout his praiſe,
And ſound it lofty as his throne.

4 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But ſaints who beſt have known the Lord,
Are bound to raiſe the nobleſt ſong.

5 Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord:
From all below, and all above,
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

DLI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A ſong of praiſe, Pſalm cl. 1, 2, 6.

1 IN God's own houſe pronounce his praiſe,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raiſe,
For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your ſacred paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his deeds;
But the great work of ſaving love,
Your higheſt praiſe exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My ſoul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

DLII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Deity and humanity of Chriſt, John i. 1, 3, 14, Col. i. 16, Eph. iii. 9, 10.

1 ERE the blue heav'ns were ſtretch'd abroad
From everlaſting was the word;
With God he was; the word was God,
And muſt divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r all things were made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere ſin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the hoſt of morning ſtars;
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years?)

4 But lo, he leaves thoſe heav'nly forms;
The word deſcends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converſe with worms,
Dreſs'd in ſuch feeble fleſh as they.

5 Mortals with joy behold his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead ſhone

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
To learn new myſt'ries here, and tell
The loves of our deſcending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

DLIII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Nativity of Chriſt, Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10. &c.

1 BEHOLD, the grace appears,
The promiſe is fulfill'd;
Mary the wond'rous Virgin bears,
And Jeſus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the ſhepherds of their joys,
And baniſhes their fears.

3 "Go, humble ſwains," ſaid he,
"To David's city fly:
"The promis'd infant, born to-day,
"Doth in a manger lie.

4 "With looks and hearts ſerene,
"Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtraight a flaming troop was ſeen;
The ſhepherds heard them ſing,

5 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth:
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth!"

6 [In worſhip ſo divine
Let ſaints employ their tongues,
With the celeſtial hoſts we join,
And loud repeat their ſongs.

7 "Glory to God on high!
"And heav'nly peace on earth:
"Good-will to men, to angels joy,
"At our Redeemer's birth!"]

DLV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Submiſſion to afflictive providences, Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then!)
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

DLV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The invitation of the goſpel; or, ſpiritual food and clothing, Iſa. lv. 1, &c.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the goſpel ſounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry ſtarving ſouls
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly ſtrive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind.

3 Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A ſoul-reviving feaſt,
And bid your longing appetites
The rich proviſion taſte.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living ſtreams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirſt
With ſprings that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 Dear God! the treaſures of thy love
Are everlaſting mines,
Deep as our helpleſs mis'ries are,
And boundleſs as our ſins!

7 The happy gates of goſpel-grace
Stand open night and day:
Come, ſinners, here receive ſupplies.
And drive your wants away.

DLVI. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The bleſſedneſs of goſpel-time; or, the revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles, Iſa. v. 2, 7---19. Matt. xiii. 16, 14.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who ſtand on Zion's hill!
Who bring ſalvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How ſweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful ſound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our eyes
That ſee this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the ſight!

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth in ſongs,
And deſarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

DLVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The triumph of faith; or, Chriſt's unchangeable love,
Rom. viii. 33, &c.

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that juſtifies their ſouls;
And mercy, like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis Chriſt that ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead!

3 He lives! he lives, and ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love?
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?

4 Shall perſecution, or diſtreſs?
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

4 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Chriſt is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Chriſt our love.

DLVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hoſanna to Chriſt, Matt. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 38, 40.

1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his perſon one,
Myſterious and divine.

2 The root of David here we find,
And offſpring, is the ſame;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bleſs'd he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hoſanna, of the higheſt ſtrain
To Chriſt the Lord be giv'n!

4 Let mortals ne'er refuſe to take
Th' hoſanna on their tongues,
Leſt rocks and ſtones ſhould riſe and break
Their ſilence into ſongs.

DLIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hope of heaven by the reſurrection of Chriſt, 1 Pet. i. 3---5.

BLESS'D be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majeſty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the ſky,
He gave our ſouls a lively hope,
That they ſhould never die.

What though our inbred ſins require
Our fleſh to ſee the duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his followers muſt.

There's an inheritance divine,
Reſerv'd againſt that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the ſalvation come;
We walk by faith, as ſtrangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us home.

DLX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Strength from heaven, Iſa. 27---30.

WHENCE do our mournful thoughts ariſe?
And where's our courage fled?
Has reſtleſs ſin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' Almighty name
That form'd the earth and ſea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treaſures of everlaſting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r ſhall fade and die,
And youthful vigour ceaſe;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feeel our ſtrength increaſe.

5 The ſaints ſhall mount on eagles wings,
And taſte the promis'd bliſs,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleaſure is.

DLXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The martyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

1 "THeſe glorious minds, how bright they ſhine!
"Whence all their white array?
"How came they to the happy ſeats
"Of everlaſting day?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endleſs joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And ſtrangely waſh'd their raiment white
In Jeſu's dying blood.

3 Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and ſacred ſongs
Adore the holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongſt his ſaints reſide,
While the rich treaſure of his grace
Sees all their wants ſupply'd.

5 Tormenting thirſt ſhall leave their ſouls,
And hunger flee as faſt;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their ſweet repaſt.

6 The lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains riſe,
And love divine ſhall wipe away
The ſorrows of their eyes.

DLXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The chriſtian race, Iſa. xl. 28---31.

1 AWAKE our ſouls, (away our fears
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the might God,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3 The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

DLXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The works of Moſes and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1 HOW ſtrong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name!
Jeſus, how ſweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb!

2 He has done more than Moſes did,
Our Prophet and our King;
From bonds of hell he freed our ſouls,
And taught our lips to ſing.

3 In the red-ſea by Moſes' hand
Th' Egyptian hoſt was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our ſins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the deſart Iſrael went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his fleſh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moſes beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place!
But Chriſt ſhall bring his followers home
To ſee his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And ſweeter voices tune the ſong
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

DLXIV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Perſevering grace, Jude 24, 25.

1 TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counſel and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great,

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer-God
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs.

DLXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The holy Scriptures, Heb. i. 1, 2. Tim. iii. 15, 16. Pſalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

1 GOD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to ſaints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in theſe latter days.

2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that ſure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the ſweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindeſt thoughts are here expreſs'd,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſs'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye Britiſh iſles, who read his love
In long epiſtles from above,
(He hath not ſent his ſacred word
To ev'ry land,) praiſe ye the Lord.

DLXVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The ſong of Moſes and the Lamb, Rev. xv. 3.

1 WE ſing the glories of thy love,
We ſound thy dreadful name;
The chriſtian church unites the ſongs
Of Moſes and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works,
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of ſaints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuſe to fear thy name,
Or worſhip at thy throne!
Thy judgments ſpeak thine holineſs
Through all the nations known.

DLXVII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt Jeſus the Lamb of God, worſhipped by all the creation, Rev. v. 11---13.

1 COME let us join our cheerful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was ſlain for us."

3 Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell below the ſky,
And air and earth and ſeas,
Conſpire to lift thy glories high,
And ſpeak thine endleſs praiſe;

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

DLXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's humiliation and exaltation, Rev. v. 12.

1 WHAT equal honours ſhall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels ſing
Are far inferior to thy name?

2 Worthy is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's ſide.

3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Though he was charg'd with madneſs here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal might,
Who left his weakneſs on the croſs.

5 Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of ſcandal and of ſcorn;
While glory ſhines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

6 Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men;
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, *Amen.*

DLXIX. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made,
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our head,

3 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our ſouls from ſenſe and ſin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove
To reſt upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like ſlaves beneath the throne;
Our faith ſhall *Abba*, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

DLXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord; or, the day of judgment, Rex. xi. 15.

1 LET the ſeventh angel ſound on high,
Let ſhouts be heard through all the ſky;
Kings of the earth with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to-come:
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign!

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear;
Now the decisive sentence hear;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

DLXXI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A morning hymn, Psal. xix. 5, 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

1 GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies;

2 From the fair chambers of the East
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines:

3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

DLXXII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

An evening hymn, Pſalm ix. 8. and iii. 5, 6. and cxliii. 8.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry evening ſhall make known
Some freſh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waſte,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies paſt,
And gives me ſtrength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to ſleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful ſtations round my bed.

4 In vain the ſons of earth or hell
Tell me a thouſand frightful things;
My God in ſafety makes me dwell
Beneath the ſhadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy preſence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindneſs of thy heart.

6 Thus when the hour of death ſhall come,
My fleſh ſhall reſt beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouſe my tomb,
With ſweet ſalvation in the ſound.]

DLXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Afflictions and death under providence, Job v. 6---8.

1 NOT from the duſt affliction grows,
Nor troubles riſe by chance;
Yet we are born to cares and woes;
A ſad inheritance!

2 As ſparks break out from burning coals,
And ſtill are upwards borne;
So grief is rooted in our ſouls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cauſe,
And truſt his promis'd grace:
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteouſneſs.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall ſpoil my future peace:
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father pleaſe.

DLXXIV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Salvation, righteouſneſs, and ſtrength in Chriſt, Iſa. xlv. 21---25.

THE Lord on high proclaims
His godhead from his throne;
"Mercy and juſtice are the names
"By which I will be known.

"Ye dying ſouls that ſit
"In darkneſs and diſtreſs,
"Look from the borders of the pit
"To my recov'ring grace."

Sinners ſhall hear the ſound;
Their thankful tongues ſhall own,
"Our righteouſneſs and ſtrength is found
"In thee, the Lord, alone."

In thee ſhall Iſr'el truſt,
And ſee their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the ſinners juſt,
And take the ſaints to heav'n.

DLXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

God dwells with the humble and penitent, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
"My name is God; I dwell on high;
"Dwell in my own eternity.

2 "But I descend to worlds below;
"On earth I have a mansion too;
"The humble spirit and contrite
"Is an abode of my delight.

3 "The humble soul my words revive;
"I bid the mourning sinner live;
"Heal all the broken hearts I find,
"And ease the sorrows of the mind."

DLXXVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Life the day of grace and hope, Eccles. ix. 4--6, 10.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

DLHXVII L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt, or wiſdom, obeyed or reſiſted, Prov. viii. 34--36.

1 THUS ſaith the wiſdom of the Lord,
"Bleſs'd is the man that hears my word;
"Keeps daily watch before my gates,
"And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 "The ſoul that ſeeks me ſhall obtain
"Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
"Immortal life is his reward,
"Life, and the favour of the Lord.

3 "But the vile wretch that flies from me,
"Doth his own ſoul an injury;
"Fools, that againſt my grace rebel,
"Seek death, and love the road to hell."

DLXXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Juſtification by faith, not by works; or, the law condemns, grace juſtifies, Rom. iii. 19---22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile ſtop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam ſtand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we aſk God's righteous law
To juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jeſus, how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a righteouſneſs
That makes the ſinner juſt.

DLXXIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Believe and be ſaved, John iii. 16, 17.

1 NOT to condemn the ſons of men,
Did Chriſt the Son of God appear;
No weapons in his hands are ſeen,
No flaming ſword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of men ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our load
Of ſins, and ſave our ſouls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Truſt in his mighty name and live;
A thouſand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thouſand bleſſings give.

DLXXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The beatitudes, Matt. v. 3---12.

1 [BLESS'D are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty:
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

2 Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of Chriſt divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]

3 [Bleſs'd are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
God will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.]

4 Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed,
With living ſtreams and living bread.]

DLXXXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The beatitudes, continued.

1 [BLESS'D are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love;
From Chriſt the Lord ſhall they obtain
Like ſympathy and love again.]

2 [Bleſs'd are the pure whoſe hearts are clean,
From the defiling pow'r of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs purity.]

3 [Bleſs'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing ſtrife;
They ſhall be call'd the heirs of bliſs,
The ſons of God, the God of peace.]

4 [Bleſs'd are the ſuff'rers who partake
Of pain and ſhame for Jeſus' ſake;
Their ſouls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

DLXXXII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Not aſhamed of the goſpel, 2 Tim. i. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his croſs.

2 Jeſus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

3 Firm as his throne his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the deciſive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthleſs name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

DLXXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A ſtate of nature and of grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor ſland'rers ſhall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surpriſing grace! and ſuch were we
By nature and by ſin,
Heirs of immortal miſery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are waſh'd in Jeſus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name;
And the good ſpirit of our God
Has ſanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a perſevering pow'r
To keep thy juſt commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

DLXXXIV. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Dead to ſin by the croſs of Chriſt, Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to ſin
Becauſe thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That we whoſe ſins are crucify'd,
Should raiſe them from the dead.

3 We would be ſlaves no more,
Since Chriſt has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his croſs,
And bought our liberty.

DLXXXV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Chriſt and Satan at enmity, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

1 DECEIV'D by ſubtil ſnares of hell,
Adam our Head, our Father fell,
When Satan in the ſerpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning: death began
To take poſſeſſion of the man;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curſes ſmote the ground.

3 But Satan found a worſe reward;
Thus ſaith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlaſting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's ſeed and thee.

4 "The woman's ſeed ſhall be my ſon;
"He ſhall deſtroy what thou haſt done
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

5 [He ſpake; and bid four thouſand years
Roll on;---at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy deſcend to earth,
And ſing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the ſons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and ſkies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

DLXXXVI S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt unſeen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the ſight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmoſt thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taſte thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unſpeakable, like thoſe above,
And heav'n begins below.

DLXXXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The value of Chriſt and his righteouſneſs, Phil. iii. 7---9.

1 NO more, my God, I boaſt no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To truſt the merits of thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loſs:
My former pride I call my ſhame,
And nail my glory to his croſs.

3 Yes, and I muſt and will eſteem
All things but loſs for Jeſus' ſake:
O may my ſoul be found in him,
And of his righteouſneſs partake!

4 The beſt obedience of my hands,
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can anſwer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

DLXXXVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Salvation by grace, Titus iii. 3---7.

1 [LORD, we confeſs our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Fooliſh and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were ſin.

2 But, O, my ſoul, for ever praiſe,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, ſin and ſhame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteouſneſs
Which our own hands have done;
But we are ſav'd by ſov'reign grace
Abounding through his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood,
Our ſouls are waſh'd from ſin.

5 'Tis through the purchaſe of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The ſpirit is ſent down to breathe
On ſuch dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew;
And juſtify'd by grace,
We ſhall appear in glory too,
And ſee our Father's face.

DLXXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

The brazen ſerpent; or, *looking to Jeſus*, John iii. 14---16.

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raiſe
The brazen ſerpent high;
The wounded felt immediate eaſe,
The camp forbore to die.

2 "Look upward in the dying hour,
"And live," the Prophet cries;
But Chriſt performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the croſs the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns;
Here ſinners, by th' old ſerpent ſtung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives:
The Jew behold the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

DXC S. M. Dr. WATTS.

Moſes and Chriſt; or, ſins againſt the law and goſpel,
John i. 16. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

1 THE law by Moſes came,
But peace and truth and love,
Were brought by Chriſt (a nobler name)
Deſcending from above.

2 Amidſt the houſe of God
Their diff'rent works were done;
Moſes a faithful ſervant ſtood,
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

3 Then to his new commands
Be ſtrict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's houſe he ſtands
The ſov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durſt deſpiſe
The law that Moſes brought,
Behold! how terrible he dies
For his preſumptuous fault.

5 But ſorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls,
And dare reſiſt his grace.

DXCI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Faith of things unſeen, Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

1 FAITH is the brighteſt evidence
Of things beyond our ſight,
Breaks through the clouds of fleſh and ſenſe,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It ſets times paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant proſpects home,
Of things a thouſand years ago,
Or thouſand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He ſought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith aſſures us though we die,
That heav'nly building ſtands.

DXCII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The firſt and ſecond Adam, Rom. v. 22, &c.

1 DEEP in the duſt before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;
Great God! we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature and our ſhame.

2 Adam, the ſinner: at his fall,
Death, like a conqu'ror, ſeiz'd us all;
Millions of new-born babes are dead,
By fatal union to their head.

3 But whilſt our ſpirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

4 We ſing thy well beloved Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam the ſecond, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his ſeed the miſchief ran;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his ſeed made righteous too.

6 Where ſin did reign and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteouſneſs.]

DXCIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's compaſſion to the weak and tempted, Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xxii. 20.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he has felt the ſame.

3 But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble fleſh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry member bears.

5 [He'll never quench the ſmoking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame;
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.]

6 Then let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

DXCIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Charity and uncharitableneſs, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 NOT diff'rent food nor diff'rent dreſs,
Compoſe the kingdom of our Lord;
But peace and joy and righteouſneſs,
Faith and obedience to his word.

2 When weaker chriſtians we deſpiſe,
We do the goſpel mighty wrong:
For God the gracious and the wiſe,
Receives the feeble with the ſtrong.

3 Let pride and wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and love our ſouls purſue;
Nor ſhall our practice give offence
To ſaints, the Gentile or the Jew.

DXCV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt's invitation to ſinners; or, humility and pride, Matt. xi. 28---30.

1 "COME hither, all ye weary ſouls,
"Ye heavy laden ſinners come:
"I'll give you reſt from all your toils,
"And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.

2 "They ſhall find reſt that learn of me;
"I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
"But paſſion rages like the ſea,
"And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

3 "Bleſs'd is the man whoſe ſhoulders take
"My yoke, and bear it with delight;
"My yoke is eaſy to his neck,
"My grace ſhall make the burden light."

4 Jeſus, we come at thy command;
With faith and hope, and humble zeal,
Reſign our ſpirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

DXCVI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The apoſtles commiſſion; or, the goſpel atteſted by miracles, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO preach my goſpel," ſaith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
"He ſhall be ſav'd that truſts my word;
"He ſhall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 "I'll make your great commiſſion known,
"And ye ſhall prove my goſpel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"By all the wonders ye ſhall do.

3 "Go heal the ſick, go raiſe the dead,
"Go caſt out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaſpheme.

4 "Teach all the nations my commands;
"I'm with you till the world ſhall end;
"All pow'r is truſted in my hands,
"I can deſtroy, and can defend."

He ſpake, and light ſhone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode:
They to the fartheſt nations ſpread
The grace of their aſcended God.

DXCVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Submiſſion and deliverance; or, Abraham offering up his ſon, Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He ſhall reſtore what you reſign,
Or grant you bleſſings more divine.

So Abra'm with obedient hand
Led forth his ſon at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful ſtroke.

"Abra'm forbear," the angel cry'd;
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy ſon ſhall live, and in thy ſeed
"Shall the whole earth be bleſs'd indeed."

Juſt in the laſt diſtreſſing hour,
The Lord diſplays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we ſhall ſee ſurpriſing grace.

DXCVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Love and hatred, Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

NOW by the bowels of my God,
His ſharp diſtreſs, his ſore complaints,
By his laſt groans, his dying blood,
I charge my ſoul to love the ſaints.

Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and ſpite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongſt the ſaints, the ſons of peace.

3 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noiſe and ſtrife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his love,
Who ſeals our ſouls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts;
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear ſake of Chriſt his Son.

DXCIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The phariſee and the publican, Luke xxviii. 10, &c.

1 BEHOLD how ſinners diſagree,
The publican and phariſee!
One doth his righteouſneſs proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and ſhame.

2 This man at humble diſtance ſtands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly riſes near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent anſwers he beſtows;
The humble ſoul with grace he crowns,
Whilſt on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boaſting phariſee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the ſuff'rings of thy Son.

DC. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Holineſs and grace, Titus ii. 10---13.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the power of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be denied,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride:
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

DCI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Love and charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2---7, 13.

1 LET phariſees of high eſteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love ſuffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haſte;
She lets the preſent inj'ry die,
And long forgets the paſt.

3 [Malice and rage, thoſe fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Though ſhe endures the wrong.]

4 [She nor deſires nor ſeeks to know
The ſcandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on thoſe below,
Nor envies thoſe that climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To ſeek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But ſaints for ever love.

DCII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Religion vain without love, 1 Cor. xii. 1---3.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler ſpeech than angels uſe,
If love be abſent, I am found
Like tinkling braſs, an empty ſound.

2 Were I inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove;
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I diſtribute all my ſtore
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God and love to men
Be abſent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

DCIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The love of God ſhed abroad in the heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte and feel
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the God whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honours done
By all the church, through Chriſt his Son.

DCIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Saints in the hands of Chriſt, John x. 28, 29.

1 FIRM as the earth thy goſpel ſtands,
My Lord, my hope, my truſt;
If I am found in Jeſu's hands,
My ſoul can ne'er be loſt.

2 His honour is engag'd to ſave
The meaneſt of his ſheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave
His hands ſecurely keep.

3 Nor death nor hell ſhall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breaſt;
In the dear boſom of his love
They muſt for ever reſt.

DCV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Hope in the covenant; or, God's promiſe and truth unchangeable, Heb. vi. 17---19.

1 HOW oft have ſin and Satan ſtrove
To rend my ſoul from thee my God?
But everlaſting is thy love,
And Jeſus ſeals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promiſe of the Lord,
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endleſs praiſe.

3 Amidſt temptations ſharp and long,
My ſoul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor firm and ſtrong,
While tempeſts blow and billows riſe.

4 The goſpel bears my ſpirits up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths and promiſes and blood.

DCVI. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A living and a dead faith; collected from ſeveral Scriptures.

1 MISTAKEN ſouls that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boaſt
Of inward joys, and ſins forgiv'n,
While they are ſlaves to luſt.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Chriſt the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all ſinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celeſtial pow'r;
This is the grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive hour.

DCVII. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The humiliation and exaltation of Chriſt, Iſa. liii. 1---5, 10.---12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy ſalvation known?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

2 The Jews eſteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief:
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with ſcorn;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their ſorrows he has borne.

4 'Twas for the ſtubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
His beſt-beloved Son.

5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom ſtand;
"My pleaſure, ſaith the God of grace,
"Shall proſper in his hand.

6 ["Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who ſaw the follies men had done,
"And bore their ſins and dy'd."]

DCVIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt and Aaron. Taken from Heb vii. and ix.

1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thouſand glories more
Than the rich gems and poliſh'd gold
The ſons of Aaron wore.

2 They firſt their own burnt-off'rings brought,
To purge themſelves from ſin;
Thy life was pure without a ſpot,
And all thy nature clean.

3 [Freſh blood as conſtant as the day,
Was on their altar ſpilt;
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]

4 [Their prieſthood ran through fev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race:
Thy never-changing office ſtands,
Eternal as thy days.]

5 Once in the circuit of a year
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears
Before the golden throne.

6 But Chriſt, by his own pow'rful blood,
Aſcends above the ſkies,
And in the preſence of our God
Shew his own ſacrifice.]

7 Jeſus, the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been ſlain,
And wears his prieſthood ſtill.

8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:
Give him, my ſoul, thy cauſe to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

DCIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Characters of Chriſt borrowed from inananimate things in Scripture.

1 GO worſhip at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to expreſs
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 [The whole creation can afford
But ſome faint ſhadows of my Lord
Nature to make his beauties known,
Muſt mingle colours [not her own.]

3 [Is he compar'd with wine or bread?
Dear Lord! our ſouls would thus be fed:
That fleſh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a roſe? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields;
Or if the lily he aſſume;
The vallies bleſs the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit,
O let a laſting union join
My ſoul to Chriſt the living vine!]

DCX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Characters of Chriſt continued.

1 [IS Chriſt a head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The ſaints below and ſaints above,
Join'd by his ſpirit and his love.]

2 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of ſin and death:
Theſe waters all my ſoul renew,
And cleanſe my ſpotted garments too.]

3 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my droſs:
But the true gold ſuſtains no loſs;
Like a refiner ſhall he ſit,
And tread the refuſe with his feet.]

4 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves;
Yet the ſweet ſtreams that from him flow
Attend us all the deſert through.]

5 [Is he a way? He leads to God;
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

6 [Is he a door? I'll enter in:
Behold the paſtures large and green;
A paradiſe divinely fair,
None but the ſheep have freedom there.]

DCXI. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Characters of Chriſt, continued.

1 [IS Chriſt deſign'd the corner-ſtone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

2 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majeſty and pow'r;
And ſtill to his moſt holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

3 [Is he a ſtar? He breaks the night,
Piercing the ſhades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning-ſtar.]

4 [Is he a ſun? His beams are grace,
His courſe is joy and righteouſneſs:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chaſe their clouds and dry their tears.

5 O let me climb thoſe higher ſkies,
Where ſtorms and darkneſs never riſe!
There he diſplays his pow'rs abroad,
And ſhines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

6 Nor earth, nor ſeas, nor ſun nor ſtars,
Nor heav'n his full reſemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

DCXII L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The names and titles of Chriſt, from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 [TIS from the treaſures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art nor nature can ſupply
Sufficient forms of majeſty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminiſh'd rays;
Th' eternal God's beloved Son,
The heir and partner of his throne.]

3 The King of kings, the Lord moſt high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh:
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb reſents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he aſſumes!
"Light of the world and life of men;"
Nor bears thoſe characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne aſcends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,
And ſaints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

DCXIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The offices of Chriſt, from ſeveral ſcriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Or ſet Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O what condeſcending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [The "Angel of the cov'nant" ſtands
With his commiſſion in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make his great ſalvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet, let me bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

5 My bright example and my guide,
I would be walking near thy ſide;
O let me never run aſtray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!

6 I love my ſhepherd, he ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul amongſt his ſheep
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his boſom bears the lambs.]

DCXIV. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Offices of Chriſt, continued.

1 [MY ſurety undertakes my cauſe,
Anſw'ring his Father's broken laws;
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet,
My ſurety paid the dreadful debt.]

2 [Jeſus my great High Prieſt has dy'd,
I ſeek no ſacrifice beſide;
His blood did once for all atone
And now it pleads before the throne,]

3 [My advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can ſay,
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

4 [My Lord, my conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy ſceptre and thy ſword I ſing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I ſit
A joyful ſubject at thy feet.

5 Aſpire, my ſoul, to glorious deeds,
The "Captain of ſalvation," leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obſtruct the way.

6 Should death and hell and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for Chriſt diſplays
Salvation in more ſov'reign ways.]

DCXV. P. M. Dr. Watts.

Offices and characters of Chriſt.

2 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wiſdom, love and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to ſpeak his worth,
Too mean to ſet the Saviour forth.

3 But, O what gentle terms,
What condeſcending ways
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder ſee
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 [Array'd in mortal fleſh,
He like an angel ſtands,
And holds the promiſes
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.]

4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bleſs thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came;
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

Be thou my counſellor,
My pattern and my guide;
And through this deſart land
Still keep me near thy ſide.
O let my feet ne'er run aſtray,
Nor rove, nor ſeek the crooked way!]

DCXVI. P. M. Dr. WATTS.

Characters of Chriſt, continued.

1 [I Love my ſhepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes ſhall keep
My wand'ring ſoul among
The thouſands of his ſheep:
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His boſom bears the tender lambs.]

2 [To this dear ſurety's hand
Will I commit my cauſe;
He anſwers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my ſoul at freedom ſet;
My ſurety paid the dreadful debt.]

3 [Jeſus, my great High Prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conſcience ſeeks
No ſacrifice beſide.
His pow'rful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.]

4 [My advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father bows his ears,
And lays his thunder by.

Not all that hell or ſin can ſay,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.

DCXVII. P. M. Dr. WATTS.

The ſame, continued.

1 [MY dear almighty Lord,
My conqu'ror and my King,
Thy ſceptre, and thy ſword,
Thy reigning grace I ſing.
Thine is the pow'r; behold I ſit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

2 [Now let my ſoul ariſe,
And tread the tempter down:
My captain leads me forth
To conqueſt and a crown.
A feeble ſaint ſhall win the day,
Though death and hell obſtruct the way.]

3 Should all the hoſts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their moſt dreadful forms
Of rage and miſchief on,
I ſhall be ſafe; for Chriſt diſplays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

DCXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Salvation in the croſs,

1 HERE at thy croſs my dying Lord,
I lay my ſoul beneath thy love,
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jeſus! nor ſhall it e'er remove.

2 Not all that tyrants think or ſay,
With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell ſhall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions riſe.

3 Should worlds conſpire to drive me thence,
Moveleſs and firm this heart ſhould lie:
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt defence)
If I muſt periſh, there to die.

4 But ſhall I Lord, indulge my fear;
Am I not ſafe beneath thy ſhade!
Thy vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor Satan dares my ſoul invade.

5 Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes ſhall loſe their aim:
Hoſanna to my dying Lord;
And my beſt honours to his name.

DCXIX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Longing to praiſe Chriſt better.

1 LORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the ſharp ſorrows of thy ſoul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by thy croſs;

2 When I behold death, hell, and ſin,
Vanquiſh'd by that dear blood of thine:
And ſee the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's ſide;

3 My paſſions riſe and ſoar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things
And learn the notes that Gabriel ſings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal ſtrains;
And in ſuch humble notes as theſe,
Muſt fall below thy victories.

5 Well, the kind minute muſt appear
When we ſhall leave theſe bodies here,
Theſe clogs of clay; and mount on high,
To join the ſongs above the ſky.

DCXX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

A morning ſong.

1 ONCE more, my ſoul, the riſing day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the ſkies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the ſound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the ſeaſons round.

3 'Tis he ſupports my mortal frame;
My tongue ſhall ſpeak his praiſe;
My ſins would rouze his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withſtand:
Thy Juſtice might have cruſh'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 How many wretched ſculs are fled
Since the laſt ſetting ſun,
And yet thou length'neſt out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the light;
Then ſhall my ſun in ſmiles decline,
And bring a pleaſant night.

DCXXI. C. M. Dr. Watts.

An evening ſong.

1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my ev'ning ſong
Like holy incenſe riſe:
Aſſiſt the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty ſkies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was ſtill my guard,
And ſtill to drive my wants away
Thy mercy ſtood prepar'd.]

3 Perpetual bleſſings from above
Encompaſs me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To ſave my wretched ſoul?
How are my follies multiply'd
Faſt as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breaſt.

DCXXII. L. M. Dr. Watts.

An hymn for morning or evening.

1 HOSANNA with a cheerful ſound,
To God's upholding hand;
Ten thouſand ſnares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

2 That was a moſt amaſing pow'r
Which rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning reſts our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb,

4 The riſing morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the day;
For death ſtands ready at the door
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by ſin
To God's avenging law;
We own thy grace immortal King,
In ev'ry gaſp we draw.

6 God is our ſun, whoſe daily light
Our joy and ſafety brings;
Our feeble fleſh lies ſafe at night
Beneath his ſhady wings.

DCXXIII. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Parting with carnal joys.

1 MY ſoul forſakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewel;
Baſe as the dirt beneath my feet,
And miſchevious as hell.

2 No longer will I aſk your love,
Nor ſeek your friendſhip more
The happineſs that I approve
Is not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this ſpacious earth
That ſuits my large deſire;
To boundleſs joy and ſolid mirth
My nobler thoughts aſpire.

4 [Where pleaſure rolls its living flood,
From ſin and droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty ruler of the ſphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-ſufficience there,
To make our bliſs complete.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There ſits my Saviour dreſs'd in love,
And there my ſmiling God.

DCXXIV. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

Chriſt is the ſubſtance of the Levitical prieſthood.

1 THE true Meſſiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the ſhadows and the ſtars
Before the riſing dawn.

2 No ſmoking ſweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock ſlain,
Incenſe and ſpice of coſtly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron muſt lay his robes away,
His mitre and his veſt,
When Chriſt himſelf comes down to be
The off'ring and the prieſt.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 "Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
"For I myself have dy'd;"
And then he shews his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

DCXXV. L. M. Dr. Watts.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that rear'd this stately frame;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now from his high imperial throne
He looks far down upon the spheres;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
Till all his saints are gather'd in:
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
To shake it all to dust again!

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

DCXXVI. S. M. Dr. WATTS.

The Lord's day; or, delight in ordinances.

1 WELCOME ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And ſit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

DCXXVII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The enjoyment of Chriſt; or, delight in worſhip.

1 FAR from my thoughts vain world be gone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour ſee;
I wait a viſit, Lord, from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire;
And kindles with a pure deſire:
Come, my dear Jeſus, from above,
And feed my ſoul with heav'nly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal ſtand
In fragrant rows at thy right hand,
And in ſweet murmurs by their ſide
Rivers of bliſs perpetual glide.

4 Haſte then, but with a ſmiling face,
And ſpread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taſte of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with ſacred wine.]

5 Bleſs'd Jeſus, what delicious fare!
How ſweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taſte above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories ſhine;
Thou brighteſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt one,
That eyes have ſeen, or angels known.

DCXXVIII. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

Part the ſecond.

1 LORD, what a heav'n of ſaving grace
Shines through the beauties of thy face,
And lights our paſſions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

2 When I can ſay, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories ſhine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

3 While ſuch a ſcene of ſacred joys
Our raptur'd eyes and ſouls employs,
Here we could ſit, and gaze away
A long, an everlaſting day.

4 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the night,
To the fair coaſts of perfect light:
Then ſhall our joyful ſenſes rove
O'er the dear object of our love.

5 [There ſhall we drink full draughts of bliſs,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, beſtow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
While we paſs through this barren land,
And in thy temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of love, a glimpſe of thee.]

DCXXIX. C. M. Dr. WATTS.

God's eternity.

1 RISE, riſe, my ſoul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouze up ev'ry tuneful ſound
To praiſe th' eternal God.

2 Long ere the lofty ſkies were ſpread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne,
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 His boundleſs years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *ever* is his time.

4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The preſent and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal now,
And ſees our ages waſte.

5 The ſea and ſky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt deſtruction come!
The creatures---look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies;
My God ſhall live an endleſs day,
When th' old creation dies.

DCXXX. L. M. Dr. WATTS.

The miniſtry of angels.

1 HIGH on a hill of dazzling light,
The King of glory ſpreads his ſeat,
And troops of angels ſtretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

2 "Go, ſaith the Lord,* my Gabriel, go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
"Make haſte,† ye cherubs, down below
"Sing and proclaim the Saviour come."

3 Here a bright ſquadron ‡ leaves the ſkies,
And thick around Eliſha ſtands;
Anon a heav'nly ſoldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's ‖ hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hoſts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are ſailing to thy coaſts,
Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy ſervants, § Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haſte obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13.
‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. ‖ Acts xii. 7.
§ Heb. i. 14.

HYMN DCXXXI. L.M.

Give us this Day our Daily Bread.

Matt. vi. 11.

1 FOUNTAIN of Bleſſing ever bleſs'd,
Enriching all, of all poſſeſs'd:
By whom the whole Creation's fed,
Give me, each Day, my daily Bread.

2 To Thee my very Life I owe,
From Thee do all my Comforts flow;
And every Bleſſing which I need,
Muſt from Thy bounteous Hand proceed.

3 Great Things are not what I deſire,
Nor dainty Meat, nor rich Attire;
Content with little would I be,
That little, Lord, muſt come from Thee.

4 While wicked Men with all their ſtore,
Are ever graſping after more;
With *Agur's* Wiſh I'm ſatisfy'd.
Nor grudge them all the World beſide.

HYMN DCXXXII. P.M.

An Invocation to praiſe the Lord.

1 YE Works of God, on Him alone,
In Earth his Footſtool, Heaven his Throne,
Be all your Praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe Hand, the beauteous Fabric made,
Whoſe Eye the finiſh'd Work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that all was good.

2 Ye Angels, that with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King;

6 Well, let the ſea ſhrink all away,
And flame melt down the ſkies;
My God ſhall live an endleſs day,
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And ſaw that all was good.

2 Ye Angels, that with loud acclaim,
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King;

Again, proclaim your Maker's Praiſe,
Again, your thankful Voices raiſe,
And ſacred Anthems ſing.

3 Ye Sons of Men, His Praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtamp'd His Image on your Clay,
And gave it Power to move;
Ye that in *Judah's* Confines dwell,
From Age to Age ſucceſſive tell
The Wonders of His Love.

4 And you, your thankful Voices join,
That oft at *Salem's* ſacred Shrine
Before His Altars kneel:
Where, Thron'd in Majeſty, He dwells,
And from the myſtic Cloud reveals
The Dictates of His Will.

5 Ye Spirits of the Juſt and Good,
That, eager for the bleſs'd Abode,
To heavenly Manſions ſoar;
O let your Songs His Praiſe diſplay,
Till Heaven itſelf ſhall melt away,
And Time ſhall be no more.

6 Praiſe Him, ye meek and humble Train,
Ye Saints, whom His Decrees ordain
The boundleſs Bliſs to ſhare;
O praiſe Him till ye take your Way
To Regions of eternal Day,
And reign for ever there.

FINIS.

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